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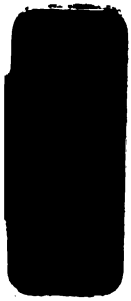

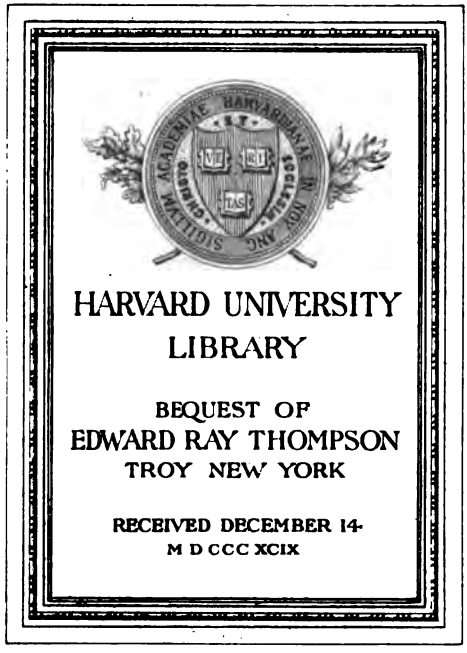

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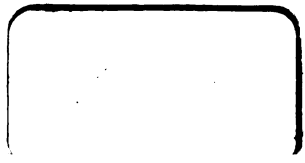

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THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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THE WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER;

THE TEXT FORMED FROM A NEW COLLATION OF THE EARLY EDITIONS.

With Notes

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

WOMEN PLEASED.
THE WOMAN'S PRIZE.
THE CHANCES.
MONSIEUR THOMAS.
THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
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WOMEN PLEASED.

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Women pleas'd.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds "*A Tragy-comedy.*"

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Women Pleased was, in all likelihood, wholly composed by Fletcher. The date of its first production on the stage has not been discovered.

That part of the play which relates to Belvidere and Silvio after the banishment of the latter, may be traced to Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale*, —rather than to the ballad of *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, which Percy thought might have furnished Chaucer with the tale in question, but which Tyrwhitt regards as less ancient than the time of Chaucer.

What I subjoin concerning the poet's obligations to Boccaccio is borrowed, with several omissions and alterations, from Weber's observations on this tragi-comedy.

The last scene of the second act is founded on the Sixth Novel of the Seventh Day with no considerable variation. 'Isabella, the wife of a rich and valiant Florentine knight, was enamoured of the young Leonetto, and at the same time besieged by the importunities of Lambertuccio, whom she much disliked, but whose threats induced her to promise a compliance with his desires. Her favoured lover had joined her, by invitation, at a country-house, during the absence of her husband; but their happiness was soon disturbed by the arrival of Lambertuccio, and she was forced to conceal Leonetto behind the bed-curtain. Lambertuccio had not been long with his mistress when the unexpected return of the husband was announced to them. By Isabella's advice, Lambertuccio drew his poignard on the husband's approach, and muttering imprecations against the coward who had shielded himself in the house from the effects of his wrath, mounted his horse, and departed. Isabella then informed her husband, within hearing of the concealed Leonetto, that a youth had taken shelter in the house, pursued by Lambertuccio. Leonetto now issued from his hiding-place, and related that he had been attacked by Lambertuccio, who either must be a madman, or else had mistaken him for some other person. The easy husband, praising the humanity of Isabella, kept Leonetto to supper, and afterwards set him on one of his own horses, and escorted him to Florence.'

The fourth scene of the third act is taken from the Eighth Novel of the Seventh Day. 'Arriguccio Berlinghieri, a rich old merchant, thought to ennoble his family by marrying a young lady named Sismonda. She indulged her passion for a young gentleman called Ruberto; but, as they were rather indiscreet in their amours, the old husband became extremely jealous. In order to enjoy the company of

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her lover securely, she was obliged to have recourse to a stratagem. She every night fastened to her great toe a string, which, passing from under the bed-clothes and along the floor, hung out of the window, nearly down to the ground. This string Ruberto was directed to pull: in case her husband was asleep, she would let it go; but, if he was awake, she would hold it firmly. One night Arriguccio perceived the string, and, suspecting some trick, took it from his wife's toe, and tied it to his own. Soon after, the lover arrived, and gave the accustomed sign. The husband rose, and, arming himself, went to the door. Ruberto fled, while Arriguccio pursued: at last they closed; but, the neighbours interfering, the latter returned to his house. Sismonda in the mean time awoke, and guessing the cause of her husband's absence, called her maid, and by promises of a large reward prevailed upon her to take her place. She then put out the candle, and retired. When Arriguccio returned, he beat and kicked the maid in the cruellest manner, and, having cut off her hair, proceeded to the dwelling of his wife's three brothers, and poured forth his complaints of her infidelity. The brothers were greatly enraged against Sismonda, and accompanied Arriguccio to his house, their mother following, and entreating them not to be too hasty in condemning their sister. By this time Sismonda had dressed herself, and arranged the bed; and they found her occupied in sewing. She feigned the utmost surprise at the violence and uproar of their arrival, shewed that she had not been beaten nor had lost her hair, and accounted for her husband's mistake by declaring, that, in one of his usual fits of drunkenness, he had been maltreating some courtesan in a bagnio. The anger and threats of the brothers were now turned against the poor husband, who from that hour never ventured to quarrel with his wife.'

The third scene of the fourth act is copied, but not closely, from the Eighth Novel of the Eighth Day—a tale of such a nature as to forbid its abridgment here.

According to the *Biographia Dramatica*, this play was revived at Drury-lane theatre about the beginning of the eighteenth century, but without success.

I have only to add, that the second scene of the fourth act of Ravenscroft's *London Cuckolds*, 1682, (a drama which, though contemptible as a composition and grossly immoral, yet kept possession of the stage for a very long period,) was suggested by the last scene [a] of the second act of *Women Pleased*.

[a] In a note ad. l. (in ed. 1778) Reed says inaccurately, "*This scene* was afterwards *introduced* by Ravenscroft," &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF SIENNA.

BARTELLO, captain of the citadel at Florence.

SILVIO, his nephew.

CLAUDIO, brother to ISABELLA.

SOTO, his servant.

LOPEZ, a jeweller.

PENURIO, his servant.

A Farmer, father to SOTO.

BOMBY, a cobbler.

A Captain.

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Two Boys.

Lords, Counsellors, Clerk, Morris-dancers, Masquers, and Attendants.

DUCHESS OF FLORENCE.

BELVIDERE, her daughter.

RHODOPE, wife to BARTELLO.

ISABELLA, wife to LOPEZ.

JAQUENET, servant to ISABELLA.

Gentlewomen.

SCENE—*Florence, and the adjacent country.*

The principal actors were—

Joseph Taylor.
John Underwood.
Robert Benfield.
Richard Sharpe.
John Lowin.
William Eggleston.
Nicholas Toolie.
Thomas Holcombe.

Fol. 1679.

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WOMEN PLEASED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Florence.—Before the Citadel.*

Enter BARTELLO *and* SILVIO.

Sil. 'Tis true, she is a right good princess, and a just one,
And Florence, when she sets, has lost a planet.

Bart. My mistress[a]? I tell thee, gentle nephew,
There is not such another friend to goodness,
To downright dealing[b], to faith, and true heart,
Within the Christian confines. Before she bless'd us,
Justice was a cheesemonger, a mere cheesemonger,
Weigh'd nothing to the world but mites and maggots,
And a main stink; Law, like a horse-courser[c],
Her rules and precepts hung with gauds and ribbands,
And pamper'd up to cozen him that bought her,
When she herself was hackney, lame, and founder'd.

Sil. But the sweet lady Belvidere, the bright one——

Bart. Ay, there 's a face indeed: oh, my dear nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that lady in his arms?

Sil. I think not.

Bart. Thou hast a parlous[d] judgment; but let that pass:

[a] *mistress*] A trisyllable here, as in act ii. sc. 3, and in several other passages of these plays.

[b] *To downright dealing*, &c.] Sympson, disliking the rhythm of this line, silently gave it with the following ridiculous alteration,—

"*To downright dealing, faith, and a true heart*".

[c] *horse-courser*] i. e. horse-dealer.

[d] *parlous*] "i. e. keen, shrewd [a corruption of *perilous*]." WEBER.

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She is as truly virtuous, fair, and noble,
As her great mother 's good ; and that 's not ordinary.
Sil. But why, so many princes, and so great ones,
Being suitors, should the duchess deny to match her ?
Bart. She is a jewel, man, hangs in her bosom ;
Her only child : with her eyes she sees all things,
Discourses with her tongue ; and, pluck her from her,
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her heart out too : besides, of late days,
The Duke of Milan, who could never win her
By love nor treaty, laid a close train for her
In her own private walks, some forty horse-men,
So to surprise her ; which we found, and dealt with,
And sent 'em running home to the duke their master,
Like dogs with bottles at their tails.
Sil. Since that, I heard, sir,
She has sent her to your citadel to secure her,
My cousin Rhodope[e], your wife, attending her.
Bart. You hear a truth ; and all convenient[f] pleasures
Are there proportion'd for her.
Sil. I would fain, sir,
Like one that owes a duteous service to her,
Sometimes, so please you——
Bart. Gentle cousin, pardon me ;
I must not, nor you must not dare to offer :
The last edi'ct lies on his life pursues it.
Your friend, sir, to command abroad, to love you,
To lend you any thing I have, to wait upon you ;
But, in the citadel where I stand charg'd,

[e] *My cousin Rhodope,* &c.] "Sympson complains that there is a mighty jumble throughout this play between 'cousin' and 'aunt'. Had he attended to it, he had found a similar jumble, as he terms it, in all the ancient plays, particularly in those of Shakspeare. In *Hamlet*, Claudius calls Hamlet his cousin, though his nephew and his step-son. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Lady Capulet calls her nephew Tybalt her cousin. And in *Richard III.*, the old Duchess of York goes still farther, for she calls her grand-children, the sons of Clarence, her cousins. In short, the word *cousin* was formerly applied to any degree of consanguinity, except that of brother and sister." MASON.

[f] *convenient*] i. e. fit, suitable.

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Not a bit upon a march, no service, sir,
No, good sir, by no means: I kiss your hands, sir. [*Exit.*
Sil. To your keeping only? none else to look upon her?
None but Bartello worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to serve her? Oh, Belvidere,
Thou saint to whom my youth is sacrific'd,
Thou point to which my life turns and my fortune,
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts
Art thou snatch'd violently[g]? Thou hear'st me not,
Nor canst thou see, fair soul, thy servant's mournings;
Yet let thy gentle heart feel what is[h] absence,
The great divorce of minds so truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one affection,
Even from our infant eyes suck'd in, and nourish'd——
Oh! let it feel but that, and there stand constant,
And I am blest! My dear niece[i] Rhodope,
That is her governess, did love me dearly;
There 's one hope yet to see her: when he is absent,
It may be ventur'd, and she may work it closely[j].

[g] *from all my comforts*
Art thou snatch'd violently?] "Sympson says that Silvio was not lamenting the lady's condition, but his own; and therefore wishes to read—

'from *me* all my comforts
Are they snatch'd violently?'

But the truth is, that he is lamenting the fate of both, as he knew that she suffered from separation as much as he did. The word '*violently*' shews that he considered her as snatched from him against her will." MASON.

[h] *is*] Both the folios "his"; and so Sympson, though he proposed in a note the obviously-necessary alteration "is".

[i] *niece.*] So the first folio.—The second folio "aunt"; and so the modern editors.—The term *niece* applied to an *aunt* (and, if it be not used as a synonyme, equivalent to—kinswoman, relation) is found in very early writers. So in *Lay le Fraine;*

"'Leman,' he said, 'thou must let be
The abbesse thy *niece*, and go with me."

Spec. of Met. Romances, iii. 294, where Ellis says "it should be 'thy *aunt*'."—See too p. 20 of this drama.—If Malone had read the present play in the first folio, he would not have ventured to assert that "niece, besides its ordinary meaning, was used to signify only grand-daughter": see his note on Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 1. (where, however, he rightly condemns the reading,

"An heir and *niece* allied unto the duke)."

[j] *closely*] i. e. secretly.

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I know the lady's will goes equal with me,
And so the danger of the edi'ct avoided:
Let me think more; for I must try all hazards.

Enter CLAUDIO, *and* SOTO *with a ladder.*

Soto. Will you go yonder, sir?

Clau. Yes, marry, will I, sir.

Soto. And by this ladder?

Clau. By that ladder, coxcomb.

Soto. Have you any more necks at home when this is broken?

For this will crack with the best friend he has, sir:
Or can you pitch of all four, like an ape, now?
Let me see you tumble.

Clau. You are very pleasant, sir.

Soto. No, truly, sir; I should be loath to see you
Come fluttering down like a young rook, cry *squab*,
And take you up with your brains beaten into your buttocks.

Clau. Hold your peace, ass.—Who's this stands musing here? Silvio?

Sil. Who calls me?

Clau. One most glad to see you, sir.

Sil. My dearest Claudio! what make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature?

Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climb birds' nests.

Sil. Prithee, what is it, friend? why start you from me?
Is your old mistress grown so coy and cruel,
She must be scal'd? It seems you are loath to tell me:
Since twenty years' continuance of our friendship
May not be worth the weight of such a secret,
'Twill be but rude to ask again. 'Save you[k]! [*Going.*

Clau. Nay, stay, dear Silvio: if you love me, take it;
For, till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.

Sil. I 'll do my best to ease it.

Clau. You have heard, the lady Belvidere——

[k] *'Save you*] Silently altered by Sympson to "so *save ye*."

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Sil. What heard, sir?
Clau. Heard, to the citadel, upon some fears,
She is confin'd.
Sil. Why dreams he on this beauty?— [*Aside.*
'Tis true, I have heard it.
Clau. And that no access,
No blessing from those eyes, but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a life——
Sil. He dares not love her!— [*Aside.*
I have heard that too: but whither points your purpose?
Clau. Oh, Silvio, let me speak that none may hear me,
None but thy truth! I have lov'd this lady long,
Long given away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruin.
Sil. Does she know this?
Clau. No; there begins my misery:
Ixion-like, I have only yet clasp'd clouds,
And fed upon poor empty dreams that starve me.
Sil. And what do you mean to do now?
Clau. Though I die for 't,
Though all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious love, I stand prepar'd now
With this to reach her chamber; there to see her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be easily done, sir——
Clau. Oh, my Silvio,
The hardest things are sweetest in possession!
Sil. Nor will shew much discretion.
Clau. Love is blind, man;
And he, that looks for reason there, far blinder.
Sil. Have you consider'd ripely?
Clau. All that may fall,
And arm'd against that all.
Sil. Her honour too?
What she may suffer in this rash adventure?
The beauty of her name?
Clau. I 'll do it closely,
And only at her window, with that caution——
Sil. Are there no guards?

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Clau. Corruption chokes their service.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred so light a woman,
To hold commèrce with strange tongues?
Clau. Why, this service,
This only hazard of my life, must tell her,
Though she were Vesta's self, I must deserve her.
Sil. I would not have you go; pray, let it sink here,
And think a nobler way to raise your service,
A safer and a wiser.
Clau. 'Tis too late, sir.
Sil. Then I must say, you shall not go.
Clau. I shall not!
Sil. You shall not go: that part bred with you, friendship,
Bids me say boldly so, and you observe me.
Clau. You stretch that tie too far.
Sil. I 'll stretch it farther:
The honour that I bear that spotless virtue
You foully seek to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command you stay; if not, thus force you!
[*Draws his sword.*
Soto. This will be worse than climbing.
Clau. Why do you draw, sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy base will be thy master.
Clau. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilst thou wert honest,
And not a night-thief of another's honour:
I never call'd a fool my friend, a madman,
That durst expose his fame to all opinions,
His life to unhonest dangers; I never lov'd him,
Durst know his name, that sought a virgin's ruin;
Nor ever took I pleasure in acquaintance
With men, that give as loose reins to their fancies
As the wild ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble soul I twin with, and my love
Follows his life dares master his affections.
Will you give off, or fight?
Clau. I will not fight with you;
The sacred name of friend ties up that anger:
Rather I 'll study——

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Sil. Do, to be a friend still.
Clau. If this way, I shall never hold.
Sil. I 'll watch you;
And, if I catch you false, by Heaven you die for 't,
All love forgot!
Clau. When I fear that, I am fit for 't.
[*Exeunt, on one side,* SILVIO, *on the other* CLAUDIO *and* SOTO.

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* LOPEZ.

LOPEZ *discovered sitting at a table with jewels and money upon it; an egg roasting by a candle.*

Lopez. Whilst prodigal young gaudy fools are banqueting,
And launching out their states[k] to catch the giddy,
Thus do I study to preserve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that saints me.
Here 's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious;
These diamonds of Ormus, bought for little,
Here vented at the price of princes' ransoms;
How bright they shine, like constellations!
The South-sea's treasure here, pearl, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet;
Here chains of lesser stones for ladies' lustres,
Ingots of gold, rings, brooches, bars of silver:
These are my studies to set off in sale well,
And not in sensual surfeits to consume 'em.—
How roasts mine egg? he heats apace; I 'll turn him.—
Penurio! where, you knave, do you wait? Penurio,
You lazy knave!

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Did you call, sir?
Lopez. Where 's your mistress?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?
Pen. The very sight of this egg has made him cockish;
What would a dozen butter'd do? [*Aside.*]—She is within, sir.
Lopez. Within, sir! at what thrift, you knave? what getting?

[k] *states*] "i. e. estates." WEBER.

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Pen. Getting a good stomach, sir, an she knew where to get meat to it;
She is praying heartily upon her knees, sir,
That Heaven would send her a good bearing[1] dinner.
Lopez. Nothing but gluttony and surfeit thought on,
Health flung behind! had she not yesternight, sirrah,
Two sprats to supper, and the oil allowable?
Was she not sick with eating? Hadst not thou
(Thou most ungrateful knave, that nothing satisfies)
The water that I boil'd my other egg in,
To make thee hearty broth?
Pen. 'Tis true, I had, sir;
But I might as soon make the philosopher's stone on't:
You gave it me in water, and, but for manners' sake,
I could give it you again in wind, it was so hearty:
I shall turn pissing-conduit[m] shortly.—My mistress comes, sir.

Enter ISABELLA.

Lopez. Welcome, my dove!
Isab. Pray you, keep your welcome to you,
Unless it carries more than words to please me.
Is this the joy to be a wife? to bring with me,
Besides the nobleness of blood I spring from,
A full and able portion to maintain me?
Is this the happiness of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a mistress,
To live a slave subject to wants and hungers,
To jealousies for every eye that wanders,
Unmanly jealousy?
Lopez. Good Isabella——
Isab. Too good for you:—do you think to famish me,
Or keep me like an alms-woman in such raiment,
Such poor unhandsome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus; and, if your misery

[1] *bearing*] i. e. solid, substantial: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iii. 594. ed. 1813. So afterwards in this play (act iii. sc. 2) Penurio says,

"the full fat dish now,
The *bearing* dish, is that I reverence."

[m] *pissing-conduit*] See note, vol. vi. 143.

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Will suffer wilful blindness to abuse me,
My patience shall be no bawd to mine own ruin.
Pen. Tickle him, mistress; to him! [*Aside to her.*
Isab. Had you love in you,
Or any part of man——
Pen. Follow that, mistress. [*Aside to her.*
Isab. Or had humanity but ever known you,
You would shame to use a woman of my way thus,
So poor and basely. You are strangely jealous of me:
If I should give you cause——
Lopez. How, Isabella!
Isab. As do not venture this way to provoke me——
Pen. Excellent well, mistress! [*Aside to her.*
Lopez. How 's this, Isabella?
Isab. 'Twill stir a saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may——
Lopez. By no means, chicken;
You know I love you: fie, take no example
By those young gadding dames (you are noted virtuous)
That stick their husbands' wealth in trifles on 'em,
And point 'em but the way to their own miseries:
I am not jealous,—kiss me,—[faith] [n], I am not:
And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthful
(Surfeits destroy more than the sword); that I am careful
Your meat should be both neat and cleanly handled,
See, sweet, I am cook myself, and mine own cater [o].
Pen. A [pox] [p] of that cook cannot lick his fingers!
Lopez. I 'll add another dish; you shall have milk to it;
'Tis nourishing and good.
Pen. With butter in 't, sir?
Lopez. This knave would breed a famine in a kingdom!—
And clothes that shall content you: you must be wise then,
And live sequester'd to yourself and me,
Not wandering after every toy comes 'cross you,
Nor struck with every spleen [q].—What 's the knave doing?
Penurio!

[n] [*faith*] A break here in both the folios.
[o] *cater*] i. e. caterer.
[p] [*pox*] A break here in both the folios.
[q] *spleen*] "i. e. humour or caprice." WEBER. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) says

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Pen. Hunting, sir, for a second course of flies here;
They are rare new sallads.

Lopez. For certain, Isabella,
This ravening fellow has a wolf in 's belly:——
Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite?——
I saw him eat two apples, which is monstrous.

Pen. If you had given me those, 't had been more monstrous.

Lopez. 'Tis a main miracle to feed this villain.—
Come, Isabella, let us in to supper,
And think the Roman dainties at our table:
'Tis all but thought. [*Exit with* ISABELLA.

Pen. Would all my thoughts would do it!
The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,
To victual out a witch for the Burmoothes[r].
'Tis treason to any good stomach living now
To hear a tedious grace said, and no meat to 't.
I have a radish yet; but that 's but transitory. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Citadel.*

Enter SOTO *dressed in* CLAUDIO'S *clothes, with a ladder.*

Soto. Can any living man, unless a rascal
That neither knows himself nor a fashion'd gentleman,
Take me for a worse man than my master now?
I am naturally proud in these clothes: but if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting?
'Tis but a proverb sound, and a neck broken,
That 's the worst can come on 't; a gentleman 's gone, then,
A gentleman o' the first house[s], there 's the end on 't.

that "*spleen*" in the present passage "seems to mean any sudden movement of the mind."—Seward proposed to read "sheen"!!

[r] *the Burmoothes*]—or *Bermoothes*,—i. e. the Bermudas, which were long supposed to be the haunt of evil spirits: see notes of the commentators on Shakespeare's *Tempest*, act i. sc. 2.—The "egg-shell" was, of course, to serve as a vessel for "the witch" to sail in to those islands.

[s] *A gentleman o' the first house*] Again in Fletcher's *Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed*, act iv. sc. 1, we find;

"*Mor.* . . . . . but to be made a whim-wham,

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My master lies most pitifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking, up to the ears in love yonder,
And such a lamentable noise he keeps, it kills me:
I have got his clothes, and, if I can get to her
By hook or crook here, such a song I 'll sing her!
I think I shall be hang'd; but that 's no matter:
What 's a hanging among friends? I am valiant now
As an elephant: I have consider'd what
To say too. Let me see now: this is the place;
'Tis plaguy high: stay; at that lower window
Let me aim finely now, like a good gunner;
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter SILVIO.

Sil. I saw somebody
Pass by me now, and, though it were dark, methought yet
I knew the clothes.—Ha! let me not be cozen'd——
The ladder too, ready to fling it! monstrous!
'Tis he, 'tis Claudio! most voluptuous villain,
Scandal to woman's credit! Love, I forget thee—
[*Draws a pistol.*

Soto. What will he do i' the name of Heaven? what 's that there? [*Aside.*

Sil. And all the friendship that I bore thee, bury here——

Soto. What has he in 's hand? I hope but a cudgel. [*Aside.*

A jib-crack, and *a gentleman o' the first house,*
For all my kindness to her——
Petron. How you take it!" &c.

In a note on the passage of our text, Weber gave with great confidence a very erroneous explanation of "*a gentleman of the first house*"; but, in a note on the lines just cited, he confessed himself puzzled. The expression answers to the French "*gentilhomme de ville*", which Cotgrave renders "*a gentleman of the first head*, an upstart gentleman."

Compare the following passage of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 4, which has not hitherto been rightly understood; "a duellist, a duellist; *a gentleman of the very first house*, of the first and second cause"; i. e. a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first rank (alias, an upstart fellow), who understands all the terms of the duello, and prates about the first and second cause on which quarrels may be grounded. Steevens was certainly mistaken in supposing that "*a gentleman of the very first house*" meant a gentleman of the first rank among duellists.

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Sil. Thy faults forgive, oh, Heaven! Farewell, thou traitor! [*Fires.*

Soto. I am slain, I am slain! [*Falls.*

Sil. He 's down, and dead, dead certain,
(It was too rash, too full of spleen,) stark dead:
This is no place now to repent in; only,
Would I had given this hand that shot the pistol
I had miss'd thee, and thou wert once more Claudio! [*Exit.*

Enter CLAUDIO.

Clau. Why should I love thus foolishly, thus desperately?
And give away my heart where no hope 's left me?
Why should not the true counsel of a friend restrain me?
The devil's mouth I run into affright me?
The honour of the lady charm my wildness?
I have no power, no being of myself,
No reason strong enough now left within me
To bind my will. Oh, Love, thou god, or devil,
Or what thou art, that plays the tyrant in me——

Soto. Oh!

Clau. What 's that cry?

Soto. A surgeon, a surgeon,
Twenty good surgeons!

Clau. 'Tis not far from me;
Some murder, o' my life!

Soto. Will you let me die here?
No drink come, nor no surgeon?

Clau. 'Tis my man, sure,
His voice; and here he lies.—How is it with thee?

Soto. I am slain, sir, I am slain.

Clau. Slain! who has slain thee?

Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, outright kill'd.

Clau. Where 's thy hurt?

Soto. I know not;
But I am sure I am kill'd.

Clau. Canst thou sit up,
That I may find the hurt out?

Soto. I can sit up;
But, ne'ertheless, I am slain.

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Clau. 'Tis not o' this side.
Soto. No, sir, I think it be not.
Clau. Nor o' this side.
Was it done with a sword?
Soto. A gun, a gun, sweet master.
Clau. The devil a bullet has been here; thou art well, man.
Soto. No, sure, I am kill'd.
Clau. Let me see thy thighs and belly:
As whole as a fish, for any thing I see yet;
Thou bleed'st no where.
Soto. I think I do not bleed, sir;
But yet I am afraid I am slain.
Clau. Stand up, fool:
Thou hast as much hurt as my nail. Who shot thee?
A pottle or a pint?
Soto. Signior Silvio shot me,
In these clothes taking me for you, and seeing
The ladder in my hand here, which I stole from you,
Thinking to have gone to the lady myself, and have spoke for you.
Clau. If he had hit you home, he had serv'd you right, sirrah,
You saucy rogue!—How poor my intent shews to me,
How naked now, and foolish! [*Aside.*
Soto. Are you sure he has not hit me?
It gave a monstrous bounce.
Clau. You riss of[8] your right side,
And said your prayers too; you had been paid else:
But what need'st thou a bullet, when thy fear kills thee?
Sirrah, keep your own counsel for all this; you'll be hang'd else,
If it be known.
Soto. If it be by my means, let me.
I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My gentleman-like humour 's out; I feel 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman is to be kill'd twice a-week.
Clau. Keep yourself close i' the country for a while, sirrah:
There's money: walk to your friends.

[8] *riss of*] i. e. rose on: see notes, vol. iv. 7, 97, vol. vi. 435. So the first folio.—The second folio "rose o'"; and so the modern editors.

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Soto. They have no pistols,
Nor are no gentlemen, that 's my comfort. [*Exit.*
Clau. I will
Retire too, and live private; for this Silvio,
Inflam'd with nobleness, will be my death else;
And, if I can, forget this love that loads me,
At least the danger: and, now I think on't better,
I have some conclusions[t] else invite[u] me to it. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Before the Citadel.*

Enter, severally, RHODOPE *and* SILVIO.

Rhod. Nephew!
Sil. My dear aunt!
Rhod. Would you go by thus slily,
And never see me? not once send in to me,
Your loving niece[v]? she that, above all those
I call my kindred, honour'd you, and plac'd you
Nearest my heart?
Sil. I thank you, worthy cousin[w];
But such at this time are my occasions——
Rhod. You shall not go yet; by my faith, you shall not;
I will not be denied. Why look you sad, nephew?
Sil. I am seldom other.—Oh, this blood sits heavy!—
[*Aside.*
As I walk'd this way late last night,
In meditation of some things concern'd me——
Rhod. What, nephew?

[t] *conclusions*] i. e. experiments.
[u] *invite*] Both the folios "invites."
[v] *niece*] See note, p. 9. So the first folio.—The second folio "aunt"; and so the modern editors.
[w] *cousin*] See note, p. 8. So the first folio.—The second folio "aunt"; and so the modern editors.

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Sil. Why, methought I heard a piece, lady,
A piece shot off, much about this place too,
(But could not judge the cause, nor what it boded,)
Under the castle-wall.
Rhod. We heard it too;
And the watch pursu'd it presently, but found nothing,
Not any track.
Sil. I am right glad to hear it:
The ruffians surely that command the night
Have found him, stript him, and into the river
Convey'd the body. [*Aside.*
Rhod. You look still sadder, nephew.
Is any thing within these walls to comfort you?
Speak, and be master of it.
Sil. You are a right courtier;
A great professor, but a poor performer.
Rhod. Do you doubt my faith? you never found me that way
(I dare well speak it boldly) but a true friend.
Sil. Continue, then.
Rhod. Try me, and see who falters.
Sil. I will, and presently: 'tis in your power
To make me the most bound man to your courtesy.
Rhod. Let me know how, and, if I fail——
Sil. 'Tis thus, then:
Get me access to the lady Belvidere,
But for a minute, but to see her; your husband now
Is safe at court; I left him full employ'd there.
Rhod. You have ask'd the thing without my power to grant you;
The law lies on the danger: if I lov'd you not,
I would bid you go, and there be found, and die for 't.
Sil. I knew your love, and where there shew'd a danger
How far you durst step for me! Give me a true friend,
That, where occasion is to do a benefit,
Aims at the end, and not the rubs before it.
I was a fool to ask you this; a more fool
To think a woman had so much noble nature
To entertain a secret of this burden:

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You had best to tell the duchess I persuaded you,
That 's a fine course, and one will win you credit;
Forget the name of cousin, blot my blood out,
And, so you raise yourself, let me grow shorter.
A woman-friend? he that believes that weakness,
Steers in a stormy night without a compass.

Rhod. What is 't I durst not do might not impeach you?

Sil. Why, this you dare not do, you dare not think of.

Rhod. 'Tis a main hazard.

Sil. If it were not so,
I would not come to you to seek a favour.

Rhod. You will lose yourself.

Sil. The loss ends with myself, then.

Rhod. You will but see her?

Sil. Only look upon her.

Rhod. Not stay?

Sil. Prescribe your time.

Rhod. Not traffic with her
In any close dishonourable action [w]?

Sil. Stand you yourself by.

Rhod. I will venture for you:
Because you shall be sure I am a touch'd friend [x],
I 'll bring her to you. Come, walk; you know the garden;
And take this key to open the little postern;
There stand no guards.

Sil. I shall soon find it, cousin [y]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*At the gate of the Citadel.*

Enter two Soldiers.

First Sold. Is the captain come home?

Sec. Sold. No: who commands the guard to-night?

First Sold. I think Petruchio.

Sec. Sold. What 's the word?

[w] *action*] So the second folio.—The first folio "actions"; and so Weber.

[x] *a touch'd friend*] i. e. a friend who stands the test.

[y] *cousin*] See note, p. 8. So the first folio.—The second folio "aunt"; and so the modern editors.

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First Sold. None knows yet.

Sec. Sold. I would this lady were married out o' the way once,
Or out of our custodies! I wish they would take in more companies,
For I am sure we feel her in our duties shrewdly.

First Sold. 'Tis not her fault, I warrant you; she is ready for 't;
And that 's the plague; when they grow ripe for marriage,
They must be slipt[a] like hawks.

Sec. Sold. Give me a mean wench!
No state-doubt lies on her, she is always ready.

First Sold. Come, to the guard; 'tis late, and sure the captain
Cannot be long away.

Sec. Sold. I have watch'd these three nights;
To-morrow they may keep me tame for nothing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The garden of the Citadel.*

Enter SILVIO.

Sil. This is the place, I think. What light is that there?
The lady and my cousin?

Enter BELVIDERE, *and* RHODOPE *with a light.*

Bel. Is this the garden?

Rhod. Yes, madam.

Sil. Oh, my blessèd mistress[a],
Saint of my soul!

Bel. Speak softly: take me to you;
Oh, Silvio, I am thine, thine ever, Silvio! [*They embrace.*

Rhod. Is this your promise, sir?—lady, your honour?
I am undone, if this be seen, disgrac'd,
Faln under all discredit.

Bel. Do you love still?
Dear, do you keep your old faith?

[a] *slipt*] i. e. let loose.

[a] *mistress*] To be read as a trisyllable: see note, p. 7.

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Sil. Ever, lady;
And, when that fails me, all that 's good forsake me!
Rhod. Do not you shame?—Madam, I must not suffer this,
I will not suffer it: men call you virtuous;
What do you mean, to lose yourself thus?—Silvio,
I charge thee get away, charge you retire you;
I 'll call the watch else.
Sil. Call all the world to see us:
We live in one another's happiness,
And so will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever.
Rhod. As you respect me, as hereafter, madam,
You would enjoy his love—Nothing prevail with ye?
I 'll try my strength, then: get thee gone, thou villain,
[*Struggles with him.*
Thou promise-breaker!
Sil. I am tied; I cannot.
Rhod. I 'll ring the bell, then.
Sil. Ring it to death, I am fix'd here.

Enter BARTELLO, *and two* Soldiers *with torches.*

Bart. I saw a light over the garden-wall [b],
Hard by the lady's [c] chamber: here 's some knavery:
As I live, I saw it twice.
Rhod. The guard, the guard there!—
I must not suffer this, it is too mischievous.
Bart. Light up the torch: I fear'd this. Ha! young Silvio!
How got he in?
First Sold. The devil brought him in, sure;
He came not by us.
Bart. My wife between 'em bustling!
Guard, pull him off.
Rhod. Now, now, ye feel the misery.
Bart. You, madam, at an hour so far undecent!
Death o' my soul, this is a foul fault in you!

[b] *garden-wall*] The folios "*garden* walke" and "*garden* walk".
[c] *lady's*] Happens to be spelt "ladies" in both the folios; and so the modern editors!

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Your mother's care abus'd too!—Lights[d] to her chamber!—
I am sorry to see this.

Bel. Farewell, my Silvio,
And let no danger sink thee.

Sil. Nor death, lady. [*Exeunt* BELVIDERE *and* RHODOPE.

Bart. Are you so hot? I shall prepare you physic
Will purge you finely, neatly; you are too fiery:
Think of your prayers, sir, an you have not forgot 'em.
Can you fly i' th' air, or creep you in at key-holes?
I have a gin will catch you, though you conjur'd.—
Take him to guard to-night, to strong and sure guard:
I 'll back to the duchess presently.—No less sport serve you,
Than the heir to a dukedom? play at push-pin there, sir?
It was well-aim'd; but, plague upon 't, you shot short,
And that will lose your game.

Sil. I know the loss, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A street.*

Enter CLAUDIO, *disguised as a merchant.*

Clau. Now, in this habit, may I safely see
How my incensèd friend carries my murder;
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To such a height of rage: and much I grieve now
Mine own blind passion had so master'd me
I could not see his love; for, sure, he loves her,
And on a nobler ground than I pretended.
It must be so, it is so.

Enter PENURIO.

What, Penurio,
My shotten[e] friend, what wind blew you?

Pen. Faith, 'tis true,
Any strong wind will blow me like a feather:

[d] *Lights*] Both the folios have "Light 's"; and so Sympson.—The Editors of 1778 printed "light us"!!

[e] *shotten*] "i.e. lean. Herrings [and other fish] are said to be *shotten* when they have ejected their spawn; at which time they are very lean." WEBER.

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I am all air, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this month, but that good dinner
Your worship gave me yesterday; that stays by me,
And gives me ballass[f], else the sun would draw me.
Clau. But does thy[g] mistress speak still of me?
Pen. Yes, sir,
And in her sleep; that makes my master mad too,
And turn, and fart for anger.
Clau. Art sure she saw me?
Pen. She saw you at a window.
Clau. 'Tis most true,
In such a place I saw a gentlewoman,
A young, sweet, handsome woman——
Pen. That 's she, that 's she, sir.
Clau. And well she view'd me: I view'd her—
Pen. Still she, sir.
Clau. At last she blush'd, and then look'd off.
Pen. That blush, sir,
If you can read it truly——
Clau. But didst thou tell her,
Or didst thou fool me, thou knew'st such a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her such a sweet tale—
Clau. But did she hear thee?
Pen. With a thousand ears, sir,
And swallow'd what I said as greedily
As great-bellied women do cherries, stones and all, sir.
Clau. Methinks she should not love thy master?
Pen. Hang him, pilcher[h]!
There 's nothing loves him; his own cat cannot endure him.
She had better lie with a bear; for he is so hairy,
That a tame warren of fleas frisk round about him.
Clau. And wilt thou work still?
Pen. Like a miner for you.
Clau. And get access?

[f] *ballass*] i. e. ballast (as before). So the first folio.—The second folio "ballast"; and so the modern editors.

[g] *thy*] Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*).—Both the folios "my"; and so the modern editors.

[h] *pilcher*] i. e. pilchard.

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Pen. Or conjure you together;
Tis her desire to meet: she is poison'd with him,
And, till she take a sweet fresh air—that 's you, sir—
Clau. There 's money for thee; thou art a precious varlet:
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy master backward.
Pen. Blow you my mistress, sir, as flat as a flounder,
Then blow her up again, as butchers blow their veals:
If she die[1] upon the same,
Bury her, bury her, in God's name!
Clau. Thou art a merry knave. By this hand, I 'll feed thee
Till thou crack'st at both ends, if thou dar'st do this;
Thou shalt eat no fantastical porridge,
Nor lick the dish where oil was yesterday,
Dust and dead flies to-day: capons, fat capons—
Pen. Oh, hearty sound!
Clau. Cramm'd full of itching oysters——
Pen. Will you have the duchess?
Clau. And lobsters big as gauntlets:
Thou shalt despise base beef.
Pen. I do despise it:
And now, methinks, I feel a tart come sliding——
Clau. Leaping into thy mouth: but first deal faithfully.
Pen. When will you come?
Clau. To-morrow.
Pen. I 'll attend you;
For then my master will be out in business.
Clau. What news abroad?
Pen. Mass, as I was coming to you,
I heard that Signior Silvio, a good gentleman,
(Many a good meal I have eaten with him)——
Clau. What of him?
Pen. Was this day to be arraign'd before the duchess;
But why, I could not hear.
Clau. Silvio arraign'd!— [*Aside.*
Go, get you gone, and think of me.
Pen. I fly, sir. [*Exit.*

[1] *If she die,* &c.] Perhaps part of some song, though not marked as such in the old copies.

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Clau. Arraign'd! for what? for my suppos'd death? No,
That cannot be, sure; there 's no rumour of it.
Be it what it will, I will be there and see it,
And, if my help will bring him off, he has it. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duchess, Lords, SILVIO *as prisoner*, BELVIDERE, BARTELLO, RHODOPE, Clerk, Counsellors, *and* Attendants.

Duch. Read the edict last made.—Keep silence, there!

Clerk. [*reads*] "*If any man, of what condition soever, and a subject, after the publishing of this edict, shall, without special licence from the Great Duchess, offer, or make an attempt, to solicit*[i] *the love of the Princess Belvidere, the person so offending shall forfeit his life.*"

First Couns. The reason why—My royal mistress here,
In her last treaty with Sienna's Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous daughter there in marriage;
The Duke of Milan, rival in this fortune,
Unnobly sought by practice[j] to betray her;
Which found and cross'd, the citadel receiv'd her,
There to secure her mother's word; the last cause,
So many gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this most beauteous princess, and not brooking
One more than other to deserve a favour,
Blood has been spilt, many brave spirits lost,
And more, unless she had been kept close from their violence,
Had like to have follow'd: therefore, for due prevention
Of all such hazards and unnoble actions,
This last edict was publish'd; which thou, Silvio,

[i] *without special licence from the Great Duchess, offer, or make an attempt, to solicit,* &c.] Both the folios have "*without speciall Licence from the great Duchesse,* attempt or buy, *offer, or make an attempt, to solicite,*" &c.; and so the modern editors,—Sympson proposing to read (see *Errata* to vol. viii. ed. 1750) "*without special licence from the Great Dutchess* attained, try, *offer, or make an attempt to solicit,*" &c., and Weber remarking that "the text may be an inadvertency of the poet, not correctly imitating the phrases of law." The passage is evidently corrupted; and I have preferred omitting the superfluous words.

[j] *practice*] i. e. artful contrivance, stratagem.

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Like a false man, a bad man, and a traitor,
Hast rent a-pieces, and contemn'd; for which cause
Thou stand'st a guilty man here now.

Enter CLAUDIO, *disguised as before.*

Clerk. Speak, Silvio;
What canst thou say to avoid the hand of justice?
Sil. Nothing, but I confess, submit, and lay my head to it.
Bel. Have ye no eyes, my lords, no understandings?
The gentleman will cast himself away,
Cast himself wilfully! Are you, or you, guilty?
No more is he, no more taint sticks upon him:
I drew him thither, 'twas my way betray'd him;
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forc'd him to me:
Poor gentle soul, he 's in no part transgressing;
I wrote unto him——
Sil. Do not wrong that honour,
Cast not upon that pureness these aspersions.—
By Heaven, it was my love, my violence!
My life must answer it: I broke in to her,
Tempted the law, solicited unjustly——
Bel. As there is truth in Heaven, I was the first cause!
How could this man have come to me, left naked[k],
Without my counsel and provision?
What hour could he find out to pass the watches,
But I must make it sure first? Reverend judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lie
Upon your shaking conscience[s]: I did it;
My love the main wheel that set him a-going,
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye believe this,
And know with what a modesty and whiteness
Her life was ever rank'd? Can ye believe this,
And see me here before ye, young and wilful?
Apt to what danger love dares thrust me on,

[k] *left naked*] "Means—left destitute of assistance." MASON. Sympson proposed to read "less *naked*"!!

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And where law stops my way, apt to contemn it?
If I were bashful, old, or dull, and sleepy
In love's alarms, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happiness;
But I, like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occasions, and run through 'em.

Bel. I charge ye, as your honest souls will answer it—

Sil. I charge ye, as you are the friends to virtue,
That has no pattern living but this lady——

Bel. Let not his blood——

Sil. Let not her wilfulness
(For then you act a scene hell will rejoice at)——

Bel. He is clear.

Sil. She is as white in this as infants.

Clau. The god of love protect your cause, and help ye!
Two nobler pieces of affection
These eyes ne'er look'd on: if such goodness perish,
Let never true hearts meet again, but break!

[*Aside, and then exit.*

First Lord. A strange example of strong love, a rare one!

Sec. Lord. Madam, we know not what to say, to think on.

Duch. I must confess, it strikes me tender too,
Searches my mother's heart.—You found 'em there?

Bart. Yes, certain, madam.

Duch. And so link'd together?

Bart. As they had been one piece of alabaster[1].

Duch. Nothing dishonourable?

Sil. So let my soul have happiness,
As that thought yet durst never seek this bosom!

Duch. What shall I do? h'as broke my law, abus'd me;
Fain would I know the truth:—either confess it,
And let me understand the main offender,
Or both shall feel the torture.

[1] *alabaster*] Both the folios "alablaster"; and so the word used commonly to be written even as late as the days of Milton; see the first eds. of *Comus*, v. 660, and *Par. Lost*, B. iv. 544. In two passages of Middleton (*Works*, i. 281, iv. 108) I retained "alablaster"; but certain critics having blamed me for such unnecessary deference to the old copies, I give in the present passage the correct spelling of the word.

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Sil. Are you a mother,
The mother of so sweet a rose as this is,
So pure a flower, and dare you lose that nature?
Dare you take to yourself so great a wickedness
(Oh, holy Heaven!) of thinking what may ruin
This goodly building? this temple where the gods dwell?
Give me a thousand tortures,—I deserve 'em,—
And shew me death in all the shapes imagin'd—
Bel. No death but I will answer it, meet it, seek it;
No torture but I 'll laugh upon 't, and kiss it.
First Lord. This is no way.
Sec. Lord. They say no more, for certain,
Than their strong hearts will suffer.
Duch. I have bethought me:
No, lords, although I have a child offending,
Nature dares not forget she is a child still:
Till now, I never look'd on love imperious.—
I have bethought me of a way to break ye,
To separate, though not your loves, your bodies:
Silvio, attend; I 'll be your judge myself now.
The sentence of your death (because my daughter
Will bear an equal part in your afflictions)
I take away, and pardon: this remains, then,
An easy and a gentle punishment,
And this shall be fulfill'd;—because unnobly
You have sought the love and marriage of a princess,
The absolute and sole heir of this dukedom,
By that means, as we must imagine strongly,
To plant yourself into this rule hereafter,
We here pronounce you a man banish'd from us.
Sil. For ever banish'd, lady?
Duch. Yet more mercy;—
But for a year, and then again in this place
To make your full appearance. Yet more pity;—
If in that time you can absolve [m] a question
Writ down within this scroll, absolve it rightly,
This lady is your wife, and shall live with you;
If not, you lose your head.

[m] *absolve*] i. e. solve.

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Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiss those[n] royal hands.
Duch. Receive it.— [*Gives him a paper.*
Bartello, to your old guard take the princess.—
And so, the court break up!
Sil. Farewell to all,
And to that spotless heart my endless service! [*Exit.*
First Lord. What will this prove?
Sec. Lord. I'll tell you a year hence, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A room in the house of* LOPEZ.

Enter PENURIO, ISABELLA, *and* CLAUDIO *disguised as before.*

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? have I not wrought this wonder?
Non è ben fatto, signor?
Clau. Rarely, Penurio.
Pen. Close, close, then, and work, wax!
Clau. I am studying for thee
A dinner, that shall victual thee for ten year.
Pen. Do you hear, mistress?
You know what a dunder-whelp my master is;
I need not preach to you how unfit and wanting
To give a woman satisfaction; how
He stinks and snores; a bull's a better bed-fellow;
And, for his love, never let that deceive you.
Isab. Nay, sure, he loves me not.
Pen. If he could coin you,
Or turn you into metal, much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is traffic:
I have heard him swear he would sell you to the Grand Signior.
Isab. The Turk!
Pen. The very Turk; and how they would use you——
Isab. I'll fit him for't: the Turk!
Pen. I know the price too:
Now you have time to pay him, pay him home, mistress,

[n] *those*] Weber printed "these".

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Pay him o' the pate, clout [l] him for all his courtesies:
Here 's one that dances in your eyes, young, delicate,
To work this vengeance; if you let it slip now,
There is no pitying of you: 'od's precious, mistress,
Were I his wife, I would so maul his mazzard [m]!
'Tis charity, mere charity, pure charity:
Are you the first? has it not been from Eve's time,
Women would have their safe revenges this way?
And good and gracious women, excellent women?
Is 't not a handsome gentleman, a sweet gentleman?
View him from head to foot, a complete gentleman?
When can you hope the like again? I leave you,
And my revenge, too, with you: I know my office;
I 'll not be far off. Be not long a-fumbling:
When danger shall appear, I 'll give the 'larm. [*Exit.*

Isab. You are welcome, sir; and would it were my fortune
To afford a gentleman of your fair seeming
A freer entertainment than this house has!
You partly know, sir——

Clau. Know, and pity, lady,
Such sweetness in the bud should be so blasted:
Dare you make me your servant?

Isab. Dare you make, sir,
That service worthy of a woman's favour
By constancy and goodness?

Clau. Here I swear to you,
By the unvalu'd [n] love I bear this beauty,
(And kiss the book too,) never to be recreant;
To honour you, to truly love and serve you,
My youth to wait upon you, what my wealth has—

Isab. Oh, make me not so poor to sell affection!
Those bought loves, sir, wear faster than the moneys.—
A handsome gentleman! [*Aside.*

Clau. A most delicate sweet one [o]!— [*Aside.*
Let my truth purchase, then.

[l] *clout*] i. e. strike, bang (the "clouting" in question being, of course, metaphorical): see note, vol. vi. 484.

[m] *mazzard*] i. e. head.

[n] *unvalu'd*] i. e. invaluable.

[o] *A most delicate sweet one*] The Editors of 1778 chose to give these words to Isabella!

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Isab. I should first try it;
But you may happily——
Clau. You shall not doubt me:—
I hope she loves me [*Aside*]:—when I prove false, shame take me!
Will you believe a little?
Isab. I fear, too much, sir.
Clau. And will you love a little?
Isab. That should be your part.
Clau. Thus I begin then, thus and thus. [*Kisses her.*
Isab. A good beginning,
We have a proverb says, makes a good ending.
Clau. Say you so? 'tis well inferr'd.
Isab. Good sir, your patience:
Methinks I have ventur'd now, like a weak bark,
Upon a broken billow that will swallow me,
Upon a rough sea of suspicions,
Stuck round with jealous rocks.
Pen. [*within*] A-hem, a-hem, there!
Isab. This is my man: my fears too soon have found me.

Re-enter PENURIO.

Now, what 's the news?
Pen. A pox of yonder [p] old rigel [q]!
The captain, the old captain!
Isab. What old captain?
Pen. Captain Courageous yonder, of the castle,
Captain Don Diego [r], old Bartello.
Isab. Where is he?
Pen. He 's coming in:
'Twould vex the devil that such an old pot-gun [s] as this,
That can make no sport, should hinder them that can do it.
Isab. I would not have him see the gentleman
For all the world; my credit were undone then.

[p] *yonder*] Silently altered to "yond" by Sympson; and so his successors.

[q] *rigel*] A word variously written—means an animal half castrated. See Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* and Richardson's *Dict.* in v. *Ridgel.*

[r] *Don Diego*] See note, vol. iii. 274.

[s] *pot-gun*] See note, vol. iii. 253.

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Pen. Shall I fling a piss-pot on 's head as he comes in,
And take him into the kitchen, there to dry him?
Isab. That will not do: and he is so humorous too,
He will come in.
Clau. What is he?
Isab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Isab. Your sight now,
Out of a drivelling dotage he bears to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.
Clau. What would you have me do?
Isab. But for a while, sir,
Step here behind this hanging; presently
I 'll answer him, and then——
Clau. I will obey you. [*Retires behind the arras.*

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. Where 's my rich jeweller? I have stones to set.
Pen. He is abroad, and sure, sir.
Bart. There 's for your service.
[*Gives him money.* *Exit* PENURIO.
Where 's the fair lady?—All alone, sweet beauty?
Isab. She 's never much alone, sir, that 's acquainted
With such companions as good honest thoughts are.
Bart. I 'll sit down by thee, and I 'll kiss thy hand too,
And in thine ear swear, by my life, I love thee.
Isab. You are a merry captain.
Bart. And a mad one, lady.
By the mass, thou hast goodly eyes, excellent eyes, wench!
You twinkling rogue[a]! look what thy captain brings thee:
Thou must needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me close.
Isab. Fie, captain!
Bart. Nay, I have strength, and I can strain you, sirrah,
And vault into my seat as nimbly, little one,
As any of your smooth-chinn'd boys in Florence.
I must needs commit a little folly with you;

[a] *rogue*] So the first folio.—The second folio "rogues" (meaning, of course, her eyes); and so the modern editors: but compare p. 58, l. 15.

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I 'll not be long ; a bridling cast [s], and away, wench :
The hob-nail thy husband 's as fitly out o' the way now—
Isab. Do you think he keeps a bawdy-house?
Bart. That 's all one.
Isab. Or did you ever see that lightness in my carriage,
That you might promise to yourself——
Bart. Away, fool!
A good turn 's a good turn ; I am an honest fellow.
Isab. You have a handsome wife, a virtuous gentlewoman——
Bart. They are not for this time o' th' year.
Isab. A lady,
That ever bore that great respect to you,
That noble constancy——
Bart. That 's more than I know.

Enter JAQUENET *with* PENURIO.

Jaq. Oh, mistress, you are undone! my master 's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bart. Plague consume the rascal!
Shall I make petty-patties of him?
Isab. Now what love, sir?
Fear of your coming made him jealous first ;
Your finding here will make him mad and desperate,
And what in that wild mood he will execute——
Bart. I can think of nothing ; I have no wit left me ;
Certain my head 's a mustard-pot [t].
Isab. I have thought, sir ;
And, if you 'll [u] please to put in execution
What I conceive——

[s] *a bridling cast*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*a brideling* case."—This expression has already occurred: see note, vol. iii. 37. Since writing that note, I have met with the following passage ;

"I come, my laddes : my markets once ore-past,
At Flutterkins weele haue one *brideling cast*."

D. Belchier's *Hans Beer-pot his invisible comedie of See me, and See me not*, 1618, sig. B 3.

[t] *I have no wit left me ;*
Certain my head's a mustard-pot] "So in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* act ii. sc. iv. Falstaff says, in answer to Doll Tearsheet's observation that Poins had a good wit, 'He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his *wit* is as thick as Tewkesbury *mustard* ; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.'" REED.

[u] *you 'll*] Weber chose to print "you".

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Bart. I 'll do it; tell it quickly.

Isab. Draw your sword quickly, and go down enrag'd,
As if you had pursu'd some foe up hither,
And grumble to yourself extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him; and so pass by him.

Bart. I 'll do it perfectly.

Enter LOPEZ.

Isab. Stand you still, good sir.

Bart. Rascal, slave, villain! take a house so poorly,
After thou hast wrong'd a gentleman, a soldier!
Base poltroon boy! you will forsake your nest, sirrah?

Lopez. The matter, good sweet captain?

Bart. Run-away rogue!
And take a house to cover thy base cowardice!
I 'll whip you, I 'll so scourge you! [*Exit.*

Lopez. Mercy upon me!
What 's all this matter, wife?

Isab. Did you meet the madman?

Lopez. I never saw the captain so provok'd yet.

Isab. Oh, he 's a devil sure, a most bloody devil!
He follow'd a young gentleman, his sword drawn,
With such a fury—how I shake to think on 't!
And foin'd[u], and slash'd at him, and swore he 'd kill him;
Drove him up hither, follow'd him still bloodily,
And, if I had not hid him, sure had slain him:
A merciless old man! [CLAUDIO *comes from behind the arras.*

Clau. Most virtuous lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank you!

Lopez. This fellow must not stay here, he is too handsome.—
[*Aside.*
He is gone, sir, and you may pass now with all security;
I 'll be your guide myself, and such a way
I 'll lead you, none shall cross, nor none shall know you.—
The doors left open, sirrah? I 'll starve you for this trick;
I 'll make thee fast o' Sundays:——and for you, lady,
I 'll have your lodgings farther off and closer;
I 'll have no street-lights to you.—Will you go, sir?

[u] *foin'd*] i. e. thrust.

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Clau. I thank you, sir.—The devil take this fortune!—
[*Aside.*
And, once more, all my service to your goodness!
[*Exeunt* LOPEZ *and* CLAUDIO.

Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madness:
Cross'd in the nick o' the matter! Vengeance take it,
And that old cavalier that spoil'd our cock-fight!
I 'll lay the next plot surer.

Isab. I am glad, and sorry;
Glad that I got so fairly off suspicion,
Sorry I lost my new-lov'd friend.

Pen. Not lost, mistress;
I 'll conjure once again to raise that spirit.
In, and look soberly upon the matter:
We 'll ring him one peal more; and, if that fall,
The devil take the clappers, bells, and all! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duchess, Lords, *and* RHODOPE.

Duch. Now, Rhodope, how do you find my daughter?

Rhod. Madam, I find her now what you would have her,
What the state wishes her: I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her see the mischief
She was running with a headlong will into;
Made her start at her folly, shake and tremble
At the mere memory of such an ignorance:
She now contemns his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to hear the name of Silvio,
His person spits at——

Duch. I am glad to hear this.

Rhod. And humbly now to your will, your care, madam,
Bends her affections, bows her best obedience:

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Sienna's Duke with new eyes now she looks on,
And with a princely love, fit for his person,
Returns that happiness and joy he look'd for;
The general good of both the neighbour dukedoms,
Not any private end, or rash affection,
She aims at now: hearing the duke arriv'd too
(To whom she owes all honour and all service),
She charg'd me kneel thus at your grace's feet,
And not to rise without a general pardon. [*Kneels.*

Duch. [*raising her*] She has it, and my love again, my old love;
And with more tenderness I meet this penitence,
Than if she ne'er had started from her honour.
I thank you, Rhodope, am bound to thank you,
And daily to remember this great service,
This honest faithful service. Go in peace,
And by this ring, deliver'd to Bartello,
Let her enjoy our favour and her liberty;
And presently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted.

Rhod. Your grace has made me happy. [*Exit.*

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Sienna's noble Duke craves his admittance.

Duch. Go, wait upon his grace.

Enter DUKE OF SIENNA, *with* Attendants.

Fair sir, you are welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your virtues:
And now, methinks, my court looks truly noble.
You have taken too much pains, sir.

Duke. Royal lady,
To wait upon your grace is but my service.

Duch. Keep that, sir, for the saint you have vow'd it to.

Duke. I keep a life for her: since your grace pleases
To jump so happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claim your royal promise,
The beauteous Belvidere in marriage;
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlasting love.

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Duch. You are like to win, sir.

Enter BELVIDERE, BARTELLO, RHODOPE, *and* Attendants.

All is forgot, forgiven too: no sadness,
My good child; you have the same heart still here.
The Duke of Sienna, child: pray, use him nobly.
Duke. An angel beauty!
Bel. Your grace is fairly welcome;
And what in modesty a blushing maid may
Wish to a gentleman of your great goodness—
But wishes are too poor a pay for princes.
Duke. You have made me richer than all states and titles;
One kiss of this white hand 's above all honours:
My faith, dear lady, and my fruitful service,
My duteous zeal——
Bel. Your grace is a great master,
And speak too powerfully to be resisted.
Once more, you are welcome, sir; to me you are welcome,
To her that honours you: I could say more, sir;
But in another's tongue 'twere better spoken.
Duke. As wise as fair!——You have made your servant happy.—
I never saw so rich a mine of sweetness.
Duch. Will your grace please, after your painful journey,
To take some rest?—Are the duke's lodgings ready?
First Lord. All, madam.
Duch. Then wait upon his grace, all:—and to-morrow, sir,
We 'll shew you in what high esteem we hold you:
Till then, a fair repose!
Duke. My fairest service!

[*Exeunt* Duke, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duch. You have so honour'd me, my dearest daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
I mean, your loving carriage to Sienna,
That both for ever I forget all trespasses,
And, to secure you next of my full favour,
Ask what you will within my power to grant you,
Ask freely——and, if I forget my promise—
Ask confidently.
Bel. You are too royal to me;

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To me that have so foolishly transgress'd you[v],
So like a girl, so far forgot my virtue;
Which now appears as base and ugly to me,
As did his dream, that thought he was in Paradise,
Awak'd and saw the devil. How was I wander'd!
With what eyes could I look upon that poor, that coarse thing,
That wretched thing, call'd Silvio! that now despis'd thing!
And lose an object of that graceful sweetness,
That god-like presence, as Sienna is!
Darkness and cheerful day had not such difference.
But I must ever bless your care, your wisdom,
That led me from this labyrinth of folly:
How had I sunk else! what example given!

Duch. Prithee, no more; and, as thou art my best one,
Ask something that may equal such a goodness.

Bel. Why did you let him go so slightly from you,
More like a man in triumph than condemn'd?
Why did you make his penance but a question,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks?

Duch. 'Tis not so,
Nor do not fear it so; he will not find it:
I have given that (unless myself discover it)
Will cost his head.

Bel. 'Tis subject to construction?

Duch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be, then, absolv'd[w],
And then are we both scorn'd and laugh'd at, madam:
Beside the promise you have tied upon it,
Which you must never keep.

Duch. I never meant[x] it.

Bel. For Heaven-sake, let me know it! 'tis my suit to you,
The boon you would have me ask: let me but see it,
That, if there be a way to make 't so strong
No wit nor powerful reason can run through it
For my disgrace, I may beg of Heaven to grant it.

Duch. Fear not; it has been put to sharper judgments
Than e'er he shall arrive at: my dear father,

[v] *transgress'd you*] Compare vol. v. 65, 441.
[w] *absolv'd*] i. e. solved.
[x] *meant*] Weber chose to print "mean."

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That was as fiery in his understanding
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two years, and studied it, yet lost it.
This night you are my bedfellow ; there, daughter,
Into your bosom I 'll commit this secret,
And there we'll both take counsel.
Bel. I shall find
Some trick, I hope, too strong yet for his mind.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter PENURIO.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd[y] well of late, grown lusty,
Fat, high, and kicking,—thanks to the bounteous Rugio ;
And now, methinks, I scorn these poor repasts,
Cheese-parings and the stinking tongues of pilchers[z]:
But why should I remember these? they are odious,
They are odious in mine eyes ; the full fat dish now,
The bearing[a] dish, is that I reverence,
The dish an able serving-man sweats under,
And bends i' th' hams, as if the house hung on him,
That dish is the dish ; hang your bladder-banquets
Of[b] half a dozen of turnips and two mushrooms!
These, when they breed their best, hatch but two belches :
The state of a fat turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the train and circumstance,—
'Tis such a matter, such a glorious matter!
And then his sauce with oranges and onions,
And he display'd in all parts! for such a dish now,
And at my need, I would betray my father,
And, for a roasted conger, all my country.

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. What, my friend Lean-gut! how does thy beauteous mistress?
And where 's your master, sirrah? where 's that horn-pipe?

[y] *batten'd*] i. e. fattened.
[z] *pilchers*] i. e. pilchards.
[a] *bearing*] See note, p. 14.
[b] *Of*] Mason's correction.—Both the folios "Or" ; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

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Pen. My mistress, sir, does as a poor wrong'd gentlewoman
(Too much, Heaven knows, oppress'd with injuries)
May do, and live.
Bart. Is the old fool still jealous?
Pen. As old fools are and will be, still the same, sir.
Bart. He must have cause, he must have cause.
Pen. 'Tis true, sir;
And would he had with all my heart!
Bart. He shall have.
Pen. For then he had salt to his saffron porridge [c].
Bart. Why
Do not I see thee sometime? why, thou starv'd rascal?
Why do not you come to me, you precious bow-case?
I keep good meat at home, good store.
Pen. Yes, sir;
I will not fail you all next week.
Bart. Thou art welcome.
I have a secret I would fain impart to thee;
But thou art so thin, the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it through thee.
Pen. Wrapt up in beef, sir,
In good gross beef, let all the world look on me:
The English have that trick to keep intelligence.
Bart. A witty knave! First, there's to tie your tongue up. [*Gives money.*
Pen. Dumb as a dog, sir.
Bart. Next, hark in your ear, sirrah. [*Whispers.*
Pen. Well, very well, excellent well! 'Tis done, sir;
Say no more to me.
Bart. Say, and hold.
Pen. 'Tis done, sir.
Bart. As thou lov'st butter'd eggs, swear.
Pen. Let me kiss the book first:
But here's my hand, brave captain.
Bart. Look you hold, sirrah. [*Exit.*
Pen. Oh, the most precious vanity of this world,

[c] *his saffron porridge*] i. e. his jealousy (the said porridge being, of course, yellow, a colour which was supposed to be characteristic of jealousy).

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When such dried [c] neats' tongues must be soak'd and larded
With young fat supple wenches! Oh, the devil,
What can he do? he cannot suck an egg off,
But his back 's loose i' the hilts. Go thy ways, captain!
Well may thy warlike name work miracles;
But, if e'er thy founder'd courser win match more,
Or stand right but one train——

Enter three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Now, Signior Shadow,
What art thou thinking of? how to rob thy master?

Pen. Of his good deeds? The thief that undertakes that
Must have a hook will pose all hell to hammer.
Have ye din'd, gentlemen, or do you purpose?

Sec. Gent. Din'd! two long hours ago.

Pen. Pray ye, take me with ye.

Third Gent. To supper, dost thou mean?

Pen. To any thing
That has the smell of meat in 't. Tell me true, gentlemen;
Are not you three now going to be sinful?
To jeopard [d] a joint, or so? I have found your faces [e],
And see *whore* written in your eyes.

First Gent. A parlous [f] rascal!
Thou art much upon the matter.

Pen. Have a care, gentlemen:
'Tis a sore age, very sore age, lewd age;
And women now are like old knights' adventures,
Full of enchanted flames, and dangerous.

Sec. Gent. Where the most danger is, there 's the most honour.

Pen. I grant ye, honour most consists in sufferance;
And by that rule you three should be most honourable.

Third Gent. A subtle rogue! But canst thou tell, Penurio,
Where we might [g] light upon——

[c] *dried*] So the second folio.—The first folio "dry"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[d] *jeopard*] The first folio "jeabard"; the second "iropard".

[e] *found your faces*] "i. e. discovered the meaning of your looks." *Ed.* 1778. Sympson proposed, most unnecessarily, to substitute "conn'd" for "*found*".

[f] *parlous*] See note, p. 7.

[g] *might*] So the first folio.—The second folio "may"; and so the modern editors.

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Pen. A learnèd surgeon?

Third Gent. Pox take you, fool! I mean, good wholesome wenches.

Pen. Faith, wholesome women will but spoil ye too,
For you are so us'd to snap-haunces [g]. But take my counsel;
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty;
The dog-days are come in.

Sec. Gent. Take fat old women!

Pen. The fatter and the older, still the better:
You do not know the pleasure of an old dame,
A fat old dame; you do not know the knack on 't:
They are like our country grots, as cool as Christmas,
And sure i' the keels.

First Gent. Hang him, starv'd fool, he mocks us!

Third Gent. Penurio, thou know'st all the handsome wenches:
What shall I give thee for a merchant's wife now?

Pen. I take no money, gentlemen; that 's base:
I trade in meat: a merchant's wife will cost ye—
A glorious capon, a great shoulder of mutton,
And a tart as big as a conjurer's circle.

Third Gent. That 's cheap enough.

First Gent. And what a haberdasher's?

Pen. Worse meat will serve for her,—a great goose-pie
(But you must send it out o' the country to me,
It will not do else), with a piece of bacon,
And, if you can, a pot of butter with it.

Sec. Gent. Now do I aim at horse-flesh: what a parson's [h]?

Pen. A tithe-pig has no fellow, if I fetch her;
If she be Puritan [i], plum-porridge does it,
And a fat loin of veal, well sauc'd and roasted.

[g] *snap-haunces*] "*Snaphance.* A spring-lock to a gun or pistol; a fire-lock, which term, as *snaphance* sometimes was, is since given to the gun itself." Nares's *Gloss.* The word was frequently used, as here, metaphorically: see, for instance, Middleton's *Works*, iv. 23, ed. Dyce. The Editors of 1778 chose to print "*snap*-haunches".

[h] *Now do I aim at horse-flesh: what a parson's?*] "There is a vulgar proverb, that he who cuckolds a parson shall have good luck in horse-flesh." WEBER.

[i] *If she be Puritan*] "Seward proposes to read 'If she be *not* Puritan': and

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Sec. Gent. We 'll meet one night, and thou shalt have all these,
O' that condition we may have the wenches.—
A dainty rascal!

Pen. When your stomachs serve ye,
(For mine is ever ready,) I 'll supply ye.

First Gent. Farewell; and there 's to fill thy paunch. [*Gives money.*

Pen. Brave gentleman!

Sec. Gent. Hold, sirrah, there. [*Gives money.*

Pen. Any young wench i' the town, sir——

Third Gent. It shall go round. [*Gives money.*

Pen. Most honourable gentlemen! [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
All these are courtiers; but they are mere coxcombs,
And only for a wench their purses open;
Nor have they so much judgment left to choose her.
If e'er they call upon me, I 'll so fit 'em!
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrel ladies,
Stink like a standing ditch, and those dear damsels—
But I forget[j] my business:—I thank ye, monsieurs!—
I have a thousand whimsies in my brains now. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace. A banquet set out.*

Enter Duchess, Duke of Sienna, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Duch. Your grace shall now perceive how much we honour you,
And in what dear regard we hold your friendship.
Will you sit, sir, and grace this homely banquet?

what he says in the beginning of his note is true, that the Puritans warmly opposed the celebration of festivals, and the feasting attending them; but it does not follow from thence that the negative he contends for ought to be inserted. There is much more humour in the present reading; for the dishes Penurio mentions are not the bribes or inducements for the women to come, but the rewards he expects for bringing them, which he ludicrously contrasts with their inclinations and opinions." MASON.

[j] *forget*] So the second folio.—The first folio "forgot"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

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Duke. Madam, to your poor friend you are too magnificent.
Duch. To the duke's health, and all the joys I wish him!
Let no man miss this cup [*They drink*]. Have we no music?
[*Music.*
Duke. Your noble favours still you heap upon me:
But where 's my virtuous mistress? such a feast,
And not her sparkling beauty here to bless it?
Methinks, it should not be; it shews not fully.
Duch. Young ladies, sir, are long and curious
In putting on their trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good-morrow when they are ready.—
Go some and call her, and wait upon her hither;
Tell her the duke and I desire her company.—
I warrant you, a hundred dressings now
She has survey'd; this and that fashion look'd on,
For ruffs and gowns; cast this away, these jewels
Suited to these, and these knots: o' my life, sir,
She fears your curious eye will soon discover else—
Why stand ye still? why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go, and tell my daughter?
Are ye nail'd here? nor stir, nor speak? who am I?
And who are you?
First Lord. Pardon me, gracious lady!
The fear to tell you that you would not hear of
Makes us all dumb: the princess is gone, madam.
Duch. Gone! whither gone? Some wiser fellow answer me.
Sec. Lord. We sought the court all over; and, believe, lady,
No news of where she is, nor how convey'd hence.
Duch. It cannot be, it must not be!
First Lord. 'Tis true, madam;
No room in all the court but we search'd through it.
Her women found her want first, and they cried to us.
Duch. Gone! stoln away! I am abus'd, dishonour'd.
Duke. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I dishonour'd.
Is this your welcome? this your favour to me?
To foist a trick upon me? this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or, since I was your guest, am I grown odious?
Duch. Your grace mistakes me; as I have a life, sir——

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Duke. And I another, I will never bear this,
Never endure this dor[k].
Duch. But hear me patiently.
Duke. Give me my love.
Duch. As soon as care can find her;
And all care shall be us'd.
Duke. And all my care, too,
To be reveng'd: I smell the trick; 'tis too rank;
Fie, how it smells o' the mother!
Duch. You wrong me, duke.
Duke. For this disgrace ten thousand Florentines
Shall pay their dearest bloods, and dying curse you:
And so I turn away, your mortal enemy! [*Exit.*
Duch. Since you are so high and hot, sir, you have half arm'd us.—
Be careful of the town, of all the castles,
And see supplies of soldiers every where,
And musters for the field when he invites us;
For he shall know, 'tis not high words can fright us.——
My daughter gone! has she so finely cozen'd me?
This is for Silvio's sake, sure; oh, cunning false one!——
Publish a proclamation thorough the dukedom,
That whosoe'er can bring to the court young Silvio,
Alive or dead, beside our thanks and favour,
Shall have two thousand ducats for his labour:
See it despatch'd, and sent in haste.—Oh, base one! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A bed-room in the house of* LOPEZ.

Enter ISABELLA, *and* PENURIO *with a light.*

Isab. Wast thou with Rugio?
Pen. Yes, marry, was I, closely[l].

[k] *dor*] Which Weber erroneously explains "disappointment,"—means—mockery, scornful trick, cheat. The *dor* is properly the hedge-chafer, "which," observes Gifford, "appears to *mock*, or *play upon*, the passenger, by striking him on the face, and then flitting away preparatory, as it were, to a fresh attack." Note on Jonson's *Works*, i. 132.

[l] *closely*] "i. e. privately." WEBER.

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Isab. And does he still remember his poor mistress?
Does he desire to see me?
Pen. Yes, and presently;
Puts off all business else, lives in that memory,
And will be here according to directions.
Isab. But where 's thy master?
Pen. Where a coxcomb should be;
Waiting at court with his jewels; safe for
This night, I warrant you.
Isab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would you were, as close as I could tie you!
Isab. Thou art my best, my truest friend.
Pen. I labour,
I moil and toil for you; I am your hackney.
Isab. If ever I be able——
Pen. Steal the great cheese, mistress,
Was sent him out o' the country.
Isab. Any thing.
Pen. That 's meat; 'tis lawful, mistress[m]. Where 's the castle-custard[n],
He got at court?
Isab. He has look'd it in 's study.
Pen. Get a warrant
To search for counterfeit gold.
Isab. Give me thy candle:
I 'll find a time to be thy careful cater[o].
Pen. And many a time I 'll find to be his cook,
And dress his calf's head to the sweetest sauce, mistress.
Isab. To bed, Penurio; go: the rest is my charge;
I 'll keep the watch out.
Pen. Now, if you spare him——
Isab. Peace, fool. [*Exit* PENURIO.
I hope my Rugio will not fail; 'twould vex me.
Now to my string: so; sure, he cannot miss now,
[*Ties a string to her finger.*

[m] *That 's meat; 'tis lawful, mistress*] "To steal food was vulgarly held to be without the censure of the law." WEBER.

[n] *castle-custard*] i. e. custard in a crust, shaped like a castle.

[o] *cater*] i. e. caterer.

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And this end to my finger. I 'll lie down,
For on a sudden I am wondrous heavy:
'Tis very late too. If he come, and find this,
And pull it, though it be with easy motion,
I shall soon waken, and as soon be with him.
[*Lies down, and falls asleep.*

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. Thou secret friend[p], how am I bound to love thee!
And how to hug thee for thy private service!
Thou art the star all my suspicions sail by,
The fixèd point my wrongèd honour turns to:
By thee I shall know all, find all the subtilties
Of devilish women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my conjurer, my spell, my spirit.—
All 's hush'd and still; no sound of any stirring,
No tread of living thing. The light is in still;
And there 's my wife: how prettily the fool lies,
How sweet, and handsomely! and in her clothes too,—
Waiting for me, upon my life! her fondness
Would not admit her rest till I came to her:
Oh, careful fool, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'st thy loving husband?
I am an ass, an over-doting coxcomb;
And this sweet soul the mirror of perfection.
How admirable fair and delicate!
And how it stirs me! I 'll sing thy sweets a requiem,
But will not waken thee. [*Sings.*

Oh, fair sweet face! oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in Heaven, that now adorn the night!
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow!
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning net 's made of that hair;
And, as he weaves himself for curious eyes,
"Oh me, oh me, I 'm caught myself!" he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts, your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

---

[p] *Thou secret friend*] "His private key." SYMPSON.

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Now will I steal a kiss, a dear kiss from her,
And suck the rosy breath of this bright beauty.—
What a devil is this? tied to her finger too?
A string, a damnèd string, to give intelligence!
Oh, my lov'd key, how truly hast thou serv'd me!
I'll follow this: soft, soft; to the door it goes,
And through to th' other side: a damn'd string 'tis!
I am abus'd, topt, cuckolded, fool'd, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madness!—Stay; this helps not;
Stay, stay: and now invention help me!
I'll sit down by her, take this from her easily,
And thus upon mine own—dog, I shall catch you;
[*Ties the string to his finger.*
With all your cunning, sir, I shall light on you.—
I felt it pull, sure; yes, but wondrous softly;
'Tis there again, and harder now: have at you!
Now an thou scap'st, the devil 's thy ghostly father! [*Exit.*

Isab. [*awaking*] Sure, 'twas my husband's voice: the string is gone too;
He has found the trick on 't: I am undone, betray'd,
And, if he meet my friend, he perishes;
What fortune follows me, what spiteful fortune!——
Ho, Jaquenet!

Enter JAQUENET.

Jaq. Here, mistress; do you call me?

Isab. Didst thou hear no noise?

Jaq. I hear my master mad yonder,
And swears, and chafes——

Isab. Dar'st thou do one thing for me?
One thing concerns mine honour? all is lost else.

Jaq. Name what you will.

Isab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompense so largely——

Jaq. Name it.

Isab. Sit here as if thou wert asleep.

Jaq. Is that all?

Isab. When he comes in, whate'er he do unto thee
(The worst will be but beating), speak not a word,
Not one word, as thou lov'st me.

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Jaq. I 'll run through it.
Isab. I 'll carry away the candle. [*Exit with the light.*
Jaq. And I the blows, mistress. [*Lies down.*

Re-enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. Have you put your light out? I shall stumble to you,
You whore, you cunning whore! I shall catch your rogue too:
H 'as light legs, else I had so ferret-claw'd him!
Oh, have I found you? do you play at dog-sleep still, whore?
Do you think that can protect you? Yes, I will kill thee;
But first I 'll bring thy friends to view thy villanies,
Thy whorish villanies: and first I 'll beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-dust, thou salt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes; I 'll spoil your tempting visage!—
[*Beats her.*
Are you so patient? I 'll put my nails in deeper.
Is it good whoring? whoring, you base rascal?
Is it good tempting men with strings to ride you?
So: I 'll fetch your kindred and your friends, whore;
And such a justice I will act upon thee! [*Exit.*

Re-enter ISABELLA, *with the light.*

Isab. What, is he gone?
Jaq. The devil go with him, mistress!
H 'as harrow'd me, plough'd land was ne'er so harrow'd;
I had the most ado to save mine eyes.
Isab. H 'as paid thee;
But I 'll heal all again with good gold, Jaquenet:
H 'as damn'd nails.
Jaq. They are tenpenny nails, I think, mistress;
I 'll undertake he shall strike 'em through an inch-board.
Isab. Go up and wash thyself; take my pomatum;
And now let me alone to end the tragedy.
Jaq. You had best beware.
Isab. I shall deal stoutly with him.
Reach me my book, and see the door made fast, wench;
And so, good night. [*Exit* JAQUENET.
Now to the matter politic. [*Knocking within.*

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Lopez. [*within*] You shall see what she is, what a sweet jewel.

Isab. Who 's there? what madman knocks? is this an hour,
And in mine husband's absence?

Lopez. [*within*] Will you open?
You know my voice, you whore! I am that husband.—
Do you mark her subtilty? but I have paid her;
I have so ferk'd[p] her face! here 's the blood, gentlemen;
Ecce signum! I have spoil'd her goatish beauty;
Observe her how she looks now, how she is painted!
Oh, 'tis the most wicked'st whore, and the most treacherous——

Re-enter LOPEZ, *with* BARTELLO, Gentlemen, *and two* Gentlewomen.

First Gent. Here walks my cousin, full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.

Bart. Is this the monster?

First Gentlew. Is this the subject of that rage you talk'd of,
That naughty woman you had pull'd a-pieces?

Bart. Here 's no such thing.

First Gentlew. How have you wrong'd this beauty!
Are not you mad, my friend? what time o' the moon is 't?
Have not you maggots in your brains?

Lopez. 'Tis she, sure!

First Gent. Where 's the scratch'd face you spoke of, the torn garments,
And all the hair pluck'd off her head?

Bart. Believe me,
'Twere better far you had lost your pair of pebbles,
Than she the least adornment of that sweetness.

Lopez. Is not this blood? [*Shewing his hands.*

First Gentlew. This is a monstrous folly,
A base abuse.

Isab. Thus he does ever use me,
And sticks me up a wonder, not a woman:
Nothing I do, but[q] subject to suspicion;
Nothing I can do, able to content him.

Bart. Lopez, you must not use this.

[p] *ferk'd*] Or *firk'd*: see t e, vol. iv. 216.

[q] *but*] So the first folio.—The second folio "but's"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

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Sec. Gentlew. 'Twere not amiss, sir,
To give you sauce to your meat, and suddenly.
First Gentlew. You that dare wrong a woman of her goodness,
Thou have a wife? thou have a bear tied to thee,
To scratch thy jealous itch! Were all o' my mind,
I mean, all women, we would soon disburden you
Of that that breeds these fits, these dog-flaws[r] in you;
A sow-gelder should trim you.
Bart. A rare cure, lady,
And one as fit for him as a thief for a halter.—
You see this youth; will you not cry him quittance?
Body 'me[s], I would pine, but I would pepper him:
I 'll come anon [*Aside to* ISAB.].—He, hang him, poor pompillion[t]!
How like a wench bepiss'd he looks!—I 'll come, lady.—
[*Aside to* ISAB.
Lopez, the law must teach you what a wife is,
A good, a virtuous wife.
Isab. I 'll ne'er live with him.
I crave your loves all to make known my cause,
That so a fair divorce may pass between us:
I am weary of my life; in danger hourly.
Bart. You see how rude you are—I will not miss you—
[*Aside to* ISAB.
Unsufferable rude—I 'll pay him soundly— [*Aside to her.*
You should be whipt in Bedlam—I 'll reward him.
[*Aside to her.*
Sec. Gentlew. Whipping 's too good.
Lopez. I think I am alive still,
And in my wits.
Bart. I 'll put a trick upon him,

[r] *dog-flaws*] i. e. gusts of rage, like those of a dog: *flaw* was very common in the sense of—gust.

[s] *Body 'me*] Silently altered to "*Body o' me*" by the Editors of 1778; and so Weber.

[t] *pompillion*] "Cotgrave interprets *populeon*, 'populeon, or pompillion, an ointment made of blacke poplar buds.' The allusion in the text is perhaps to the artificial aids which Lopez was obliged to make use of, to conceal the effects of age." WEBER. It may be so. Coles too gives "A *Pompilion*, unguentum populneum." *Dict.*

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And get his goods confiscate; you shall have 'em.
I will not fail at nine. [*Aside to* ISAB.
Lopez. I think I am here too;
And once I would have sworn I had taken her napping;
I think my name is Lopez.
First Gent. Fie, for shame, sir!
You see you have abus'd her, foully wrong'd her,
Hung scandalous and coarse opinions on her,
Which now you find but children of suspicion:
Ask her forgiveness, shew a penitence.
She is my kinswoman; and what she suffers
Under so base and beastly jealousies,
I will redress, else I 'll seek satisfaction.
Bart. Why, every boy i' the town will piss upon thee.
Lopez. I am sorry for 't——
First Gentlew. Down o' your marrow-bones!
Lopez. Even sorry from my heart: forgive me, sweet wife!
[*Kneels.*
Here I confess most freely I have wrong'd you;
As freely here I beg a pardon of you!
From this hour no debate, no cross suspicion——
Isab. To shew you, sir, I understand a wife's part,
Thus I assure my love, and seal your pardon.
[*Kisses him. He rises.*
Sec. Gentlew. 'Tis well done: now to bed, and there confirm it.
First Gent. And so, good night.
Bart. Aware relapses, Lopez.
[*Exeunt all except* LOPEZ *and* ISAB.
Lopez. Now, Isabella, tell me truth, and suddenly,
And do not juggle with me, nor dissemble,
For, as I have a life, you die then! I am not mad,
Nor does the devil work upon my weakness:
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Isab. Will, then, that satisfy you?
Lopez. If you deal ingenuously.
Isab. I 'll tell you all, and tell you true and freely.
Bartello was the end of all this jealousy;
His often visitations brought by you, first

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Bred all these fits and these suspicions;
I knew your false key, and accordingly
I fram'd my plot, to have you take him finely,—
Too poor a penance for the wrong his wife bears,
His worthy virtuous wife; I felt it sensibly
When you took off the string, and was much pleas'd in 't,
Because I wish'd his importunate dotage paid well;
And, had you stay'd two minutes more, you had had him.

Lopez. This sounds like truth.

Isab. Because this shall be certain,
Next time he comes (as long he cannot tarry)
Yourself shall see, and hear, his lewd temptations.

Lopez. Till then I am satisfied: and, if this prove true,
Henceforward mistress of yourself I give you,
And I to serve you. For my lusty captain,
I 'll make him dance, and make him think the devil
Claws at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him.
Come now to bed; and, prove but constant this way,
I 'll prove the man you ever wish'd.

Isab. You have blest me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A village.*

Enter SILVIO, *disguised as a rustic.*

Sil. What labour and what travail have I run through,
And through what cities, to absolve[t] this riddle!
Diviners, dreamers, schoolmen, deep magicians,
All have I tried; and all give several meanings,
And from all hope of any future happiness.
To this place am I come at length, the country;
The people simple, plain, and harmless-witty,
Whose honest labours Heaven rewards with plenty

[t] *absolve*] i. e. solve.

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Of corn, wine, oil, which they again, as thankful [u],
To their new crops new pastimes celebrate,
And crown their joyful harvests with new voices.
By a rich farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank'd among the number of his servants,
Not guessing what I am, but what he would have me.
Here may be so much wit (though much I fear it)
To undo this knotty question; and would to Heaven
My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never known a pitch above their plainness!

Enter, from a house, Soto, *dressed as a morris-dancer* [v], *with a proclamation.*

Soto. That it is, that it is—what 's this word now? this
Is a plaguy word, that it is—*r, e, a,*—that it is,—*reason.*
By your leave, Master Soto, by your leave, you are too quick, sir;
There 's a strange parlous [w] *T* before the *reason,*
A very tall *T,* which makes the word *high-treason.*

Sil. What treason 's that? does this fellow understand himself? [*Aside.*

Soto. Pitch will infect; I 'll meddle no more with this gear.—
What a devil ails this fellow, this foolish fellow,
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the masters of the sports proceeding,
Thus to appear, before me too, unmorris'd [x]?— [*Aside.*
Do you know me, friend?

Sil. You are my master's son, sir.

Soto. And do you know what sports are now in season?

Sil. I hear there are some a-foot.

[u] *which they again, as thankful, &c.*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) thinks that something has dropt out here, pronouncing the passage, as it now stands, to be nonsense; and I agree with him: but the modern editors seem to have found no difficulty in it.

[v] *dressed as a morris-dancer*] Added by Weber, and, it would seem, rightly; for Soto (though May-lord—see note, p. 61) tells us afterwards (*ibid.*) that he is one of the dancers in the present festivities.

[w] *parlous*] See note, p. 7.

[x] *unmorris'd*] "i. e. not attired as a morris-dancer." WEBER.

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Soto. Where are your bells, then?
Your rings, your ribbands, friend? and your clean napkins[x]?
Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? Am not I here
My father's eldest son? and at this time, sir,
I would have you know it, though you be ten times his servant,
A better man than my father far, lord of this harvest, sir;
And shall a man of my place want attendance?

Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, sir, not duty, bred this;
I would have made suit else for your lordship's service.

Soto. In some sort I am satisfied now; mend your manners:
But thou art a melancholy fellow, vengeance melancholy,
And that may breed an insurrection amongst us:
Go to! I'll lay the best part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can guess with whom too;
I saw the wench that twir'd[y] and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that 's new come hither,
The young smug wench.

Sil. You know more than I feel, sir.

Soto. Go to! I'll be thy friend, I'll speak a good word for thee,
And thou shalt have my lordship's countenance to her.
May be I have had a snap myself; may be ay, may be no;
We lords are allow'd a little more.

Sil. 'Tis fit, sir.
I humbly thank you; you are too, too tender of me:
But what, sir, I beseech you, was that paper
Your lordship was so studiously employ'd in,
When you came out a-doors?

[x] *napkins*] "A napkin formerly meant an handkerchief, as appears from *Othello* and many other plays." MASON,—who seems not to have known that the "*napkins*" formed part of the accoutrements of the morris-dancers: they were held in the hand, or (see *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act iv. sc. 5., vol. ii. 214) tied to the shoulders. Kempe in his *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600, tells us that the girl who danced the morris with him at Chelmsford "would haue *the olde fashion, with napking on her armes.*" p. 7, *Camden Soc. reprint.*

[y] *twir'd*] "So Ben Jonson, in his *Sad Shepherd*, act ii. scene 3.—

'*Which maids will* twire *at 'tween their fingers thus.*'"

SYMPSON.

On the passage just cited Gifford observes, "To twire is to leer affectedly, to glance at obliquely or surreptitiously, at intervals, &c." Jonson's *Works*, vi. 280.

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Soto. Thou mean'st this paper?
Sil. That, sir, I think.
Soto. Why, 'tis a proclamation,
A notable piece of villany, as ever thou heard'st in thy life;
By mine honour, it is.
Sil. How, sir? or what concerns it?
Soto. It comes you from the duchess, a plaguy wise woman,
To apprehend the body of one Silvio
(As arrant a rascal as ever piss'd against post),
And this same Silvio, or this foresaid rascal,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good service
The man that brings him has two thousand ducats.
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis so indeed.—
This proclamation bears my bane about it:
Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the country 's laid round for thee.
Oh, Claudio, now I feel thy blood upon me!
Now it speaks loudly here, I am sure, against me;
Time now has found it out, and Truth proclaim'd it,
And Justice now cries out, I must die for it! [*Aside.*
Soto. Hast thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And dost thou know that Silvio?
Sil. I never saw him, sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better;
And, if I light upon him, for a trick he play'd me once,
A certain kind of dog-trick, I 'll so fiddle him!
Two thousand ducats? I 'll so pepper him!
And with that money I 'll turn gentleman,
Worth a brown baker's dozen of such Silvios.
Sil. There is no staying here; this rogue will know me,
And for the money-sake betray me too:
I must bethink me suddenly and safely. [*Aside.*

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Enter BOMBY *dressed as the Hobby-horse*[y], *and other* Morris-dancers.

Soto. Mine own dear lady[z], have at thy honey-comb !—
[*Kisses one of the female* Morris-dancers.
Now, for the honour of our town, boys, trace sweetly !
[*Cry within of*, Arm, arm !
What a vengeance ails this whobub[a]! pox refuse[b] 'em!
Cannot they let us dance in our own[c] defence here?

Enter Farmer *and* Captain.

Capt. Arm, honest friends, arm suddenly and bravely,
And with your ancient resolutions follow me!
Look how the beacons shew like comets! your poor neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted through the villages;
Sienna's Duke is up, burns all before him,
And with his sword makes thousand mothers childless.

Soto. What 's this to our morris-dancers?

Sil. This may serve my turn. [*Aside.*

Soto. There 's ne'er a duke in Christendom but loves a May-game.

Capt. At a horse you were always cess'd; put your son on him,
And arm him well; i' the state's name, I command you:
And they that dare go voluntary shall receive reward.

Soto. I dare go no way, sir. This is strange, Master Captain,

[y] *the Hobby-horse*] This important personage in the old morris-dance was represented by a man round whose waist was buckled a light wicker frame, to which were attached the head, neck, and hinder parts of a horse in paste-board, while the wicker frame and the performer's legs were concealed by a foot-cloth (housing) which reached nearly to the ground. His prancing, curvetting, and neighing were of the most violent description. Various feats of legerdemain were expected from the actor of the Hobby-horse; and in earlier times a ladle was suspended from the horse's mouth for the purpose of collecting money from the spectators.

[z] *lady*] See note, p. 61.

[a] *whobub*] i. e. hubbub: see Todd's Johnson's *Dict.* This form of the word occurs again in *Monsieur Thomas*, act iv. sc. 2. We have "*whoobub*" in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, act ii. sc. 5, as also in Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3.

[b] *pox refuse*] A nonsensical variation, for the sake of avoiding profaneness, of the imprecation *God refuse* (i. e. God reject).

[c] *own*] Omitted by Weber.

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You cannot be content to spoil our sport here
(Which I do not think your worship 's able to answer),
But you must set us together by the ears, with I know not who too?
We are for the bodily part o' the dance.
Capt. Arm him suddenly:—
This is no time to fool:—I shall return you else
A rebel to the general state and duchess;
And how you 'll answer then——
Farmer. I have no more sons, sir;
This is my only boy; I beseech you, Master Captain—
Soto. I am a rank coward too, to say the truth, sir;
I never had good luck at buffets neither.
Farmer. Here 's vorty shillings; spare the child.
Capt. I cannot.
Soto. Are you a man? will you cast away a May-lord[d]?
Shall all the wenches in the country curse you?
Sil. An 't please you, captain, I 'll supply his person
('Tis pity their old custom should be frighted);
Let me have horse and good arms, I 'll serve willingly,
And, if I shrink a foot of ground, hell take me!
Capt. A promising aspèct, face full of courage.
I 'll take this man, and thank you too[e].
Farmer. There 's for thee;
'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.
Sil. I thank you, sir.
Farmer. Go, saddle my forehorse, put his feather on too,
(He 'll prance it bravely, friend, he fears no colours,)
And take the armour down, and see him dizen'd.
Soto. Farewell; and, if thou carriest thyself well in this matter—

[d] *May-lord*] "It was usual at May-games to have a Lord and a Lady of the May [see note, vol. ii. 212]. Both characters occur in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* [act iii. sc. 5]; and the former is personated by Ralph in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* [act iv. sc. 5]. In the text, Soto is Lord of the May, and some female villager personated the Lady, as he exclaims on the entrance of the Morris-dancers,—'Mine own dear lady, have at thy honeycomb!' From the conclusion of the play, it appears probable that this May-lady was Belvidere, so disguised." WEBER.

[e] *and thank you too*] After these words, the modern editors put a break, as if the sense were incomplete!

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I say no more but this, there must be more May-lords,
And I know who are fit.

Sil. Dance you; I 'll fight, sir.

Capt. Away, away!

Sil. Farewell.—I am for thee, captain [f]. [*Exit with* Captain.

Farmer. Now to this matter again, my honest fellows;
For, if this go not forward, I foresee, friends,
This war will fright our neighbours out o' the villages:
Cheer up your hearts; we shall hear better news, boys.

Bomby [g]. Surely I will dance no more, 'tis most ridiculous:
I find my wife's instructions now mere [h] verities,
My learnèd wife's; she often hath pronounc'd to me
My safety,—"Bomby, defy these sports; thou art damn'd else."
This beast of Babylon I will never back again;
His pace is sure profane, and his lewd wi-hies
The songs [i] of Hymyn and Gymyn in the wilderness.

Farmer. Fie, neighbour Bomby, in your fits again,
Your zeal-sweats? this is not careful, neighbour;
The Hobby-horse is a seemly Hobby-horse——

Soto. And as pretty a beast on 's inches, though I say it—

Bomby. The beast is an unseemly and a lewd beast,
And got at Rome by the pope's coach-horses;
His mother was the mare of Ignorance.

Soto. Cobbler, thou liest, an thou wert a thousand cobblers!

[f] *thee, captain*] Theobald's correction.—Both the folios "the *captain*"; and so the modern editors.

[g] *Bomby*] To the speeches of this person the prefix in both the folios is "*Hob.*", which puzzled Sympson and the Editors of 1778, and which Mason understood as *Hobbinal*, observing "I suppose *Bomby* was the short or familiar name for *Hobbinal*"!! Weber saw that it was the abbreviation of *Hobby-horse*, the character which Bomby represents.—"The remainder of this scene is a very just and a highly humorous banter upon the absurd prejudices of the Puritans, who represented the innocent May-games as remains of popery. Mr. Douce, in his curious dissertation *On the Ancient English Morris Dance,—Illust. of Shakspeare*, ii. 464, makes the following extract from Thomas Hall's *Funebria Floræ, the Downfall of May-games*, 1661, 'Papists are forward to give the people May-poles; and the Pope's holiness, with might and main, keeps up his superstitious festivals as a prime prop of his tottering kingdome.'" WEBER.

[h] *mere*] i. e. absolute.

[i] *songs*] Theobald's correction.—Both the folios "Sons".

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His mother was an honest mare, and a mare of good credit;
I know the mare, and, if need be, can bring witness;
And, in the way of honesty, I tell thee,
Scorn'd any coach-horse the pope had: thou art foolish,
And thy blind zeal makes thee abuse the beast.

Bomby. I do defy thee, and thy foot-cloth [j] too;
And tell thee to thy face, this profane riding,
(I feel it in my conscience, and I dare speak it,)
This unedified ambling hath brought a scourge upon us;
This hobby-horse sincerity we liv'd in,
War and the sword of slaughter: I renounce it,
And put the beast off thus, the beast polluted.
[*Throws off the hobby-horse.*
And now no more shall Hope-on-high Bomby [k]
Follow the painted pipes of worldly pleasures,
And, with the wicked, dance the devil's measures.
Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity [l],
Stand at the livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prick-ear'd folly!
My dance shall be to the pipe of persecution.

Farmer. Will you dance no more, neighbour?

Bomby. Surely, no:
Carry the beast to his crib; I have renounc'd him
And all his works.

Soto. Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot, then [m]?
The hopeful Hobby-horse, shall he lie founder'd?
If thou dost this, thou art but a cast-away cobbler:
My anger's up; think wisely, and think quickly,

[j] *foot-cloth*] See note, p. 60.

[k] *Hope-on-high Bomby*] "This is in ridicule of the absurd Christian names given by the Puritans to their children," &c. WEBER.

[l] *Away, thou pamper'd jade of vanity*] Another allusion to a line in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*: see note, vol. iii. 152.

[m] *Shall the Hobby-horse be forgot, then?*] An almost proverbial expression. Besides the well-known line cited (from some ballad probably) in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, act iii. sc. 2 (and in his *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii. sc. 1),—

"For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot,"

parallel passages are to be found in various early writers. The allusion is to the omission of the Hobby-horse in the May-games, from which the Puritans, by their preachings and invectives, had succeeded in banishing him for a time.

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And look upon the *quondam* beast of pleasure:
If thou dost this (mark me, thou serious sowter[n],
Thou bench-whistler of the old tribe of toe-piecers[o]),
If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;
Every man shall have a special care of his own sole,
And in his pocket carry his two confessors,
His lingel[p] and his nawl[q]: if thou dost this——

Farmer. He will dance again, for certain.

Bomby. I cry out on't!
'Twas the fore-running sin brought in those tilt-staves
They brandish 'gainst the church, the devil calls May-poles.

Farmer[r]. Take up your horse again, and girth him to you,
And girth him handsomely, good neighbour Bomby.

Bomby. I spit at him.

Soto. Spit in the horse' face, cobbler!
Thou out-of-tune-psalm-singing slave, spit in his visnomy!

Bomby. I spit again; and thus I rise against him,
Against this beast, that signified destruction,
Fore-shew'd i' the falls of monarchies[s].

Soto. I' the face of him!
Spit such another spit, by this hand, cobbler,
I 'll make you set a new piece o' your nose there.
Take't up, I say, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont; you have been excellent,
And art still, but for this new nicety[t],
And your wife's learnèd lectures: take up the Hobby-horse;

[n] *sowter*] "i. e. cobbler." WEBER.

[o] *toe-piecers*] Mason's correction.—The folios "*toe*-peeces" and *toe*-pieces"; and so the modern editors.

[p] *lingel*] Or *lingle*, i. e. a thread or thong used by shoemakers and cobblers. The folios "Yugell" and "Yugel."

[q] *nawl*] i. e. awl,—"by," says Nares, "a familiar and easy transmutation, *a nawl*, instead of *an awl*." *Gloss.* in *v.*

[r] *Farmer*] Omitted by mistake in the first folio. The second folio "*Soto*"; and so the modern editors: but the words "good neighbour" determine that the speech belongs to the Farmer (who twice before calls Bomby "neighbour"): Soto is too angry at the cobbler to address him in such terms.

[s] *Fore-shew'd i' the falls of monarchies*] i. e. as Weber rightly explains it, foreshewed in the falls of the four monarchies.—Sympson, at Seward's suggestion, printed "*Fore-shew'd falls of monarchies*"; and so the Editors of 1778.

[t] *nicety*] i. e. scrupulousness, preciseness.

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Come, 'tis a thing thou hast lov'd with all thy heart, Bomby,
And wouldst do still but for the round-breech'd brothers:
You were not thus in the morning: take 't up, I say;
Do not delay, but do it. You know I am officer;
And I know 'tis unfit all these good fellows
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge:
Choose whether you will dance, or have me execute:
I'll clap your neck i' the stocks, and there I'll make you
Dance a whole day, and dance with these at night too.
You mend old shoes well; mend your old manners better;
And suddenly see you leave off this sincereness,
This new hot batch, borrow'd from some brown baker[t],
Some learnèd brother, or I 'll so bait you for 't!
Take it quickly up.

Bomby. I take my persecution; [*Takes up the hobby-horse.*
And thus I am forc'd, a by-word to my brethren.

Soto. Strike up, strike up, strike merrily!

Farmer. To it roundly! [*A Morris-dance.*
Now to the harvest-feast; then sport again, boys! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The open country.*

Enter SILVIO, *in armour.*

Sil. What shall I do? live thus unknown and base still?
Or thrust myself into the head o' the battle,
And there, like that I am, a gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of Danger
(So in her angry eyes she carried honour),
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) die nobly?

SONG [*within*].

Silvio, go on, and raise thy noble mind
To noble ends; fling coarse base thoughts behind:
Silvio, thou son of ever-living fame,
Now aim at virtue and a noble name:

---

[t] *brown baker*] Sympson (who proposes, very unnecessarily, to read "bake" for "*bait*" in the next line) observes that "the Brownists are the people against whom the satire here was principally levelled." It is possible that in the present speech Soto may use the epithet "brown" with some allusion to that sect; but he has previously (p. 59) employed the expression "brown baker" (which was a very common one) without any such allusion.

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Silvio, consider, honour is not won,
Nor virtue reach'd, till some brave thing be done.
Thy country calls thee now, she burns and bleeds;
Now raise thyself, young man, to noble deeds:
Into the battle, Silvio! there seek forth
Danger and blood; by them stands sacred Worth.

Sil. What heavenly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd and ready for the battle:
It names me often, steels my heart with courage,
And in a thousand sweet notes comforts me.

Enter BELVIDERE, *disguised as a deformed old woman.*

What beldam 's this? how old she is, and ugly!
Why does she follow me? [*Aside.*

Bel. Be not dismay'd, son;
I wait upon thee for thy good and honour:
'Twas I that now sung to thee, stirr'd thy mind up,
And rais'd thy spirits to the pitch of nobleness.

Sil. Though she be old, and of a crookèd carcase,
Her voice is like the harmony of angels. [*Aside.*

Bel. Thou art my darling; all my love dwells on thee,
The son of virtue; therefore I attend thee.
Inquire not what I am; I come to serve thee;
For, if thou be'st inquisitive, thou hast lost me.
A thousand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a cave, where, but mine own, no foot treads:
There, by mine art, I found what danger, Silvio,
And deep distress of heart, thou wert grown into;
A thousand leagues I have cut through empty air,
Far swifter than the sailing rack[u] that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to seek thee.
Sometimes o'er a swelling tide,
On a dolphin's back, I ride;
Sometimes pass the earth below,
And through th' unmovèd centre go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire,
Like a meteor, I aspire;

[u] *rack*] i. e. thin vapoury clouds: see note, vol. ii. 120.

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Sometimes in mine own shape, thus,
When I help the virtuous:
Men of honourable minds
Command my art in all his kinds.
Pursue the noble thought of war;
From thy guard I 'll not be far:
Get thee worship on thy foe;
Lasting fame is gotten so:
Single Sienna's Duke alone;
Hear thy friends, thy country groan,
And with thy manly arm strike sure;
Then thou hast wrought thine own free cure.

Sil. Some sibyl, sure, some soul Heaven loves, and favours,
And lends her their free powers to work their wonders:
How she incites my courage! [*Aside.*

Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many days ago;
Foresaw thy love to Belvidere,
The duchess' daughter and her heir;
Knew she lov'd thee, and know what past,
When you were found i' the castle fast
In one another's arms; foresaw
The taking of you, and the law;
And so thy innocence I lov'd,
The deepest of my skill I prov'd:
Be rul'd by me; for, to this hour,
I have dwelt about thee with my power.

Sil. I will, and in the course of all observe thee;
For thou art sure an angel good sent to me.

Bel. Get thee gone, then, to the fight;
Longer stay but robs thy right.
When thou grow'st weary, I 'll be near:
Then think on beauteous Belvidere;
For every precious thought of her,
I 'll[v] lend thine honour a new spur.
When all is done, meet here at night:
Go, and be happy in the fight!

[v] *I 'll*] Sympson proposed to read "Will"; which was adopted by the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

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Sil. I certainly believe I shall do nobly;
And that I 'll bravely reach at too, or die. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Florence. A room in the house of* LOPEZ.

Enter CLAUDIO[w] *disguised as before, and* PENURIO.

Clau. Is she so loving still?
Pen. She is mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dog was, signior;
And does so weep, and curse, for your prevention,
Your crosses in your love! It frets me too;
I am faln away to nothing, to a spindle,
Grown a mere man of mat, no soul within me:
Pox o' my master! sir, will that content you?
Clau. This rogue but cozens me, and she neglects me;
Upon my life, there are some other gamesters[x]
Nearer the wind than I, and that prevents me.— [*Aside.*
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?——
Prithee, be true, be honest; do not mock me;
Thou know'st her heart—no former interest
She has vow'd a favour to, and cannot handsomely
Go off, but by regaining such a friendship?
There are a thousand handsome men, young, wealthy,
That will not stick at any rate nor danger,
To gain so sweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If, where she finds a comfort, she deal cunningly:
I am a stranger yet.
Pen. You are all she looks for;
And, if there be any other, she neglects all,
And all for you: I would you saw how grievously
And with what hourly lamentations——
Clau. I know thou flatter'st me: tell me but truth—
Look here, look well—the best meat in the dukedom,
[*Shews a lobster.*

[w] *Enter Claudio*] Weber added "*with a wallet*"; but, as it is evident that Claudio (see the fifth speech of this scene) displays only *one* dainty to Penurio, there could be no need for such a conveyance.

[x] *gamesters*] i. e. men of intrigue: see note, vol. vi. 222.

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The rarest and the choicest of all diets!
This will I give thee, but to satisfy me
(That is, not to dissemble), this rare lobster,
This pheasant of the sea, this dish for princes,
And all this thou shalt enjoy, eat all thyself;
Have good Greek wine, or any thing belongs to it,
A wench, if it desire one.

Pen. All this, signior!

Clau. All, and a greater far than this——

Pen. A greater!

Clau. If thou deserve by telling truth.

Pen. A wench too!

Clau. Or any thing: but, if you play the knave now,
The cozening knave, besides the loss of this
(In which thou hast parted with a paradise),
I ne'er will give thee meat more, not a morsel;
No smell of meat, by my means, shall come near thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nourishing;
But to thy old part, Tantalus, again
Thou shalt return, and there snap at a shadow.

Pen. Upon this point, had I intended treason,
Or any thing might call my life in question,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,—
Give me but time to eat this lovely lobster,
This alderman o' the sea, and give me wine to him,—
I would reveal all; and, if that all were too little,
More than I knew. Bartello holds in with her,
The captain of the citadel; but you need not fear him,
His tongue 's the stiffest weapon that he carries;
He is old and out of use: there are some other,
Men young enough, handsome, and bold enough,
Could they come to make their game once; but they want, sir,
They want the *unde quare*, they are laid by, then.
You only are the man shall knock the nail in——

Enter BARTELLO.

Bart. How now, Penurio?

Pen. Your worship 's fairly met, sir.—
You shall hear further from me: steal aside, sir.

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Clau. Remember your master for those chains.
Pen. They are ready, sir. [*Exit* CLAUDIO.
Bart. What young thing's this? by his habit he's a merchant;
I fear he trades my way too [*Aside*].—You dried dog-fish,
What bait was that?
Pen. Who, sir? the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp.
Bart. To what end, sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy chains and rings, is to be married;
An ass, a coxcomb, h'as nothing in his house, sir.
I warrant, you think he came to see my mistress?
Bart. I doubt it shrewdly.
Pen. Away, away! 'tis foolish:
He has not the face to look upon a gentlewoman;
A poor skimm'd thing; his mother's maids are fain, sir,
To teach him how to kiss, and, against he is married,
To shew him on which side the stirrop stands.
Bart. That is a fine youth.
Pen. Thou wouldst hang thyself,
That thou hadst half his power, thou empty pot-gun[y]!
[*Aside.*
Bart. Am I come fit, Penurio?
Pen. As fit as a fiddle;
My master's now abroad about his business.
Bart. When thou cam'st to me home to-day, I half suspected
My wife was jealous, that she whisper'd to thee.
Pen. You deserve well the whilst [*Aside*].—There's no such matter;
She talk'd about some toys my master must bring to her,
You must not know of.
Bart. I'll take no note, Penurio.
Pen. No, nor you shall not, till you have it soundly.
This is the bravest *Capitano Pompo!*
But I shall pump you anon, sir. [*Aside.*

[y] *pot-gun*] See note, vol. iii. 253.

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Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Oh, my Bartello!

Bart. You pretty rogue, you little rogue, you sweet rogue!—
Away, Penurio; go and walk i' th' Horse-Fair.

Isab. You do not love me.

Bart. Thou liest, thou little rascal!—
There, sirrah; to your sentry. [*Gives him money.*

Pen. How the colt itches!
I 'll help you to a curry-comb shall claw you.
[*Aside, and then exit.*

Isab. And how much dost thou love me?

Bart. Let 's go in quickly;
I 'll tell thee presently, I 'll measure it to thee.

Isab. No busses first? Sit o' my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy: do not look so fiercely on me;
Thou wilt fright me with thy face: come, buss again, chick;
Smile in my face, you mad thing.

Bart. I am mad, indeed, wench;
'Precious, I am all o' fire!

Isab. I 'll warm thee better.

Bart. I 'll warm thee too, or I 'll blow out my bellows:
Ha, you sweet rogue, you loving rogue! a boy now,
A soldier I will get, shall prove a fellow.

Enter JAQUENET *with* PENURIO.

Jaq. Mistress, look to yourself; my master 's coming.

Bart. The devil come and go with him!

Pen. The devil 's come indeed; he brings your wife, sir.

Isab. We are undone, undone, then!

Bart. My wife with him!
Why, this is a dismal day.

Pen. They are hard by too, sir.

Bart. I must not, dare not see her.

Isab. Nor my husband,
For twenty thousand pound.

Bart. That I were a cat now,

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Or any thing could run into a bench-hole[z]!
Saint Anthony's fire upon the rogue has brought her!
Where shall I be?—Just in the nick o' the matter,
When I had her at my mercy! [*Aside*]—Think, for Heaven-
My wife! all the wild Furies hell has—— [sake!
Pen. Up the chimney!
Bart. They 'll smoke me out there presently.
Isab. There, there, it must be there;
We are all undone else; it must be up the chimney.
Bart. Give me a ladder.
Isab. You must use your art, sir;
Alas, we have no ladders!
Bart. Pox o' thy husband!
Does he never mend his house?
Pen. No, nor himself neither.
Up nimbly, sir, up nimbly!
Bart. Thou know'st I am fat,
Thou merciless lean rogue.
Pen. Will you be kill'd?
For, if he take you——
Bart. Lend me thy shoulder.
Pen. Soft, sir; [BARTELLO *creeps up the chimney.*
You 'll tread my shoulder-bones into my sides else.
Have you fast hold o' the bars?
Bart. [*within*] A vengeance bar 'em!
Isab. Patience, good captain, patience; quickly, quickly!
Bart. [*within*] Do you think I am made of smoke?
Pen. Now he talks of smoke,
What if my master should call for fire?
Bart. [*within*] Will ye martyr me?
Isab. He must needs have it.
Bart. [*within*] Will ye make me bacon?
Isab. We 'll do the best we can.—Are all things ready?
Pen. All, all; I have 'em all.
Isab[a]. Go, let 'em in, then. [*Exit* PENURIO.
Not a word now, on your life!

[z] *bench-hole*] i. e. privy. The word occurs in Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. 7; and is indeed common enough.

[a] *Isab*] Both the folios "Bar".

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Bart. [*within*] I hang like a meteor.

Enter LOPEZ *and* RHODOPE.

Lopez. You are welcome, lady.

Rhod. You are too, too courteous;
But I shall make amends.—Fair Isabella——

Isab. Welcome, my worthy friend, most kindly welcome!

Rhod. I hear on 't, and I 'll fit him for his foolery.

Lopez. Some sweet-meats, wife; some sweet-meats presently.

Bart. [*within*] Oh, my sour sauce!

Lopez. Away quick, Isabella. [*Exit* ISABELLA.
Did you hear him?

Rhod. Yes, yes, perfectly: proceed, sir.

Lopez. Speak loud enough.—Dare you at length but pity me?

Rhod. Faith, sir, you have us'd so many reasons to me,
And those so powerfully——

Lopez. Keep this kiss for me. [*Kisses her.*

Bart. [*within*] And do I stand and hear this?

Rhod. This for me, sir: [*Kisses him.*
This is some comfort now. Alas, my husband—
But why do I think of so poor a fellow,
So wretched, so debosh'd[b]?

Bart. [*within*] That 's I: I am bound to hear it.

Rhod. I dare not lie with him, he is so rank a whoremaster.

Lopez. And that 's a dangerous point.

Rhod. Upon my conscience, sir,
He would stick a thousand base diseases on me.

Bart. [*within*] And now must I say nothing!

Lopez. I am sound, lady.

Rhod. That 's it that makes me love you.

Lopez. Let 's kiss again, then.

Rhod. Do, do.

Bart. [*within*] Do! the devil
And the grand pox do with ye!

Lopez. Do you hear him? well——

[b] *debosh'd*] "The old way of spelling and pronouncing *debauched*, which the modern editors silently substitute." WEBER. The second folio has "debauch'd".

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Re-enter PENURIO *and* ISABELLA.

Now, what 's the news with you?

Pen. The sound of war, sir,
Comes still along; the duke will charge the city:
We have lost, they say.

Lopez. What shall become of me, then,
And my poor wealth?

Bart. [*within*] Even hang'd, I hope.

Rhod. Remove your jewels presently, and what
You have of wealth, into the citadel;
There all 's secure.

Lopez. I humbly thank you, lady.—
Penurio, get me some can climb the chimney,
For there my jewels are, my best, my richest;
I hid 'em, fearing such a blow.

Pen. Most happily
I have two boys that use to sweep foul'd chimneys;
Truly I brought 'em, sir, to mock your worship
For the great fires you keep and the full diet.

Lopez. I forgive thee, knave. Where are they?

Pen. Here, sir, here.

Enter two Boys.

Monsieur Black, will your small worship mount?

First Boy. Madam, è be com to creep up into your chimney, and make you clean as any lady in de world; ma litla, litla frera and è.—Chanta, frere, chanta. [*Second Boy sings.*

Pen. Come, monsieur, mountè, mountè; mount, Monsieur Mustard-pot. [*Second Boy sings*[c].

First Boy. Monsieur, è have dis for votra barba[d], ple ta vou, monsieur.

[c] *Second Boy sings*] Here (as also above) both the folios have "*Boy sings.*" The Second Boy is evidently intended: and the present stage-direction would seem to mean that, instead of replying to Penurio's exhortation to "mount," he breaks out into a song. It appears (see what follows) that this Second Boy resembled the sorceress in *Thalaba*,——"and still her speech was song."

[d] *dis for votra barba*] Must mean—this *brush* for your beard: see note, vol. v. 431. Seward chose to give this speech to "2 Boy": but see the preceding note.

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Pen. Mountè, monsieur, mountè ; dere be some fine tings.

First Boy. He[e] will creep like de ferret, monsieur.

Pen. Dere in the[f] chimney.

[*The Second Boy creeps up the chimney, and sings above.*

First Boy. He[g] be de sheild du shanson[h], madam.

[*Goes in behind the arras*[i].

Pen. There 's a bird's nest ; I would have you climb it, monsieur :

Up, my fine singing monsieur ! that 's a fine monsieur !

Lopez. Watch him, he do not steal.

Pen. I warrant you, sir.

Lopez. These boys are knavish.

Pen. I 'll look to him tithly[j].

First Boy. [*within*] Madam, here be de rat, de rat, madam !

Re-enter BARTELLO, *with the* Second Boy *singing on his shoulder, and followed by the* First Boy.

Lopez. Lord, what comes here ? a walking apparition ?

Isab. Saint Christopher !

Rhod. Mercy o' me, what is it ?

How like my husband it looks !

Bart. Get you down, devil ;

I 'll break your neck else. Was ever man thus chimney'd ?

Lopez. Go, pay the boys well ; see them satisfied.

Pen. Come, Monsieur Devils ; come, my blackberries ;

I 'll butter ye o' both sides.

[e] *He*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Me"; and so the modern editors; but, if that reading be right, the prefix to the speech must be "*Sec. Boy*": and compare the next speech of the *First Boy*.

[f] *the*] Silently altered to "de" by Seward ; and so his successors.—The stage-direction, after this speech, in both the folios, is merely "*The Boy above singing*".

[g] *He*] Silently altered to "Here" by Seward ; and so his successors. Seward also gave this speech to "2 Boy".

[h] *de sheild du shanson*] i. e. the child for singing, the singing boy.—Both the folios have "*de sheilde due* shauson"; and so Seward. The Editors of 1778 *corrected* the last of these words to "shason"!

[i] *Goes in behind the arras*] So both the folios,—a stage-direction which I have not ventured to alter.

[j] *tithly*] i. e. tightly (as before, vol. vi. 455). So the first folio.—The second folio "tightly"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

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First Boy. Adieu, madam, adieu, madam.

[*Exeunt* PENURIO *and* Boys.

Isab. Nay, even look, sir: are you cool'd now, captain?

Bart. I am cuckolded[k], and fool'd to boot too,
Fool'd fearfully, fool'd shamefully.

Lopez. You are welcome, sir:
I am glad I have any thing within these doors, sir,
To make you merry: you love my wife, I thank you;
You have shew'd your love.

Bart. Wife, am I this? this odd matter,
This monstrous thing?

Rhod. You ought, but yet you are not:
I have been bold with you, sir, but yet not basely;
As I have faith, I have not.

Lopez. Sir, believe it,
'Twas all meant but to make you feel your trespass:
We knew your hour, and all this fashion'd for it.

Bart. Were you o' the plot too?

Isab. Yes, by my troth, sweet captain.

Bart. You will forgive me, wife?

Rhod. You will deserve it?

Bart. Put that to the venture.

Rhod. Thus am I friends again, then;
And, as you ne'er had gone astray, thus kiss you.

Bart. And I 'll kiss you:—and you, too, ask forgiveness:
Kiss my wife, Lopez; 'tis but in jest, remember.—
And now, all friends together to my castle,
Where we 'll all dine, and there discourse these stories;
And let him be chimney-swept, in 's lust that glories!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The open country.*

Enter, severally, SILVIO *in armour, and* BELVIDERE *disguised as before.*

Sil. Hail, reverent dame! Heaven wait upon thy studies!

Bel. You are well met, son: what, is the battle ended?

Sil. Mother, 'tis done.

[k] *cuckolded*] Both the folios "cuckolled"; and so perhaps the author wrote (see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Cuckold*).

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Bel. How has thy honour prosper'd?
Sil. The duchess has the day; Sienna 's prisoner;
Arm'd with thy powerful art, this arm dismounted him,
Receiv'd him then on foot, and in fair valour
Forc'd him mine own: this jewel I took from him,
(It hung upon his casque[l],) the victor's triumph;
And to the duchess now a prisoner
I have render'd him; come off again unknown, mother.
Bel. 'Tis well done: let me see the jewel, son.
'Tis a rich one, curious set,
Fit a prince's[m] burgonet[n].
This rich token late was sent
By the duchess, with intent
The marriage next day to begin.
Dost thou know what 's hid within?
[*Opens the jewel.*
Wipe thine eyes, and then come near,
See the beauteous Belvidere;
Now behold it.
Sil. Oh, my saint!
Bel. Wear it nobly; do not faint.
Sil. How blest am I in this rich spoil, this picture!
For ever will I keep it here, here, mother,
For ever honour it: how oft, how chastely
Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kiss'd it!
Bel. The day draws on that thou must home return,
And make thy answer to the duchess' question:
I know it troubles thee; for, if thou fail in 't——
Sil. Oh, I must die!
Bel. Fear not, fear not; I 'll be nigh:

[l] *this jewel I took from him,*
(*It hung upon his casque*)] "This passage confirms Mr. Gifford's observation that 'our ancestors gave the name of *jewel*, not so much to a single stone, as to a cluster of them set in order by the lapidary, and, in general, to any little trinket or ornament of gold and precious stones.' Note on Massinger's *Works*, iv. 217. ed. 1813. In the present instance, the jewel contained the picture of Belvidere, which was only seen on touching a spring by which the cover opened." WEBER (the note altered).

[m] *prince's*] The folios "princesse" and "princess".

[n] *burgonet*] "i. e. helmet." WEBER.

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Cast thy trouble on my back:
Art nor cunning shall not lack
To preserve thee, still to keep
What thy envious foemen seek.
Go boldly home, and let thy mind
No distrustful crosses find;
All shall happen for the best:
Souls walk through sorrows that are blest.

Sil. Then I go confident.

Bel. But first, my son,
A thankful service must be done:
The good old woman for her pain,
When every thing stands fair again,
Must ask a poor boon, and that granting,
There 's nothing to thy journey wanting.

Sil. Except the trial of my soul to mischief,
And, as I am a knight, and love mine honour,
I grant it, whatsoever.

Bel. Thy pure soul
Shall never sink for me, nor howl.

Sil. Then any thing.

Bel. When I shall ask, remember.

Sil. If I forget, Heaven's goodness forget me!

Bel. On thy journey, then, awhile,
To the next cross-way and stile
I 'll conduct thee. Keep thee true
To thy mistress and thy vow,
And, let all their envies fall,
I 'll be with thee, and quench all. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Florence. An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duchess, DUKE OF SIENNA *prisoner, and* Lords.

Duke. Lady, the stubborn war 's more mild than you are;
That allows ransom, and the prisoner taken——

Duch. We must not be too hasty: remember, sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us;
Burnt up our frontier-towns, made prey before you
Both of our beasts and corn; slain our dear subjects;
Open'd the fountain-eyes of thousand widows
That daily fling their curses on your fury:
What ordinary satisfaction can salve this?
What hasty-thought-on ransom give a remedy?
You must excuse us yet; we 'll take more counsel:
In the mean time, not as a prisoner,
But as a noble prince, we entertain you.

Duke. I am at your mercy, lady; 'tis my fortune,
My stubborn fate; the day is yours, you have me:
The valour of one single man has cross'd me,
Cross'd me and all my hope; for when the battles
Were at the hottest game of all their furies,
And conquest ready then to crown me victor,
One single man broke in, one sword, one virtue,
And by his great example thousands follow'd;—
Oh, how I shame to think on 't! how it shakes me!—
Nor could our strongest head then stop his fury,
But, like a tempest, bore the field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me; with me he buckled;
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my saddle, then on foot pursu'd me,
There triumph'd once again, then took me prisoner:
When I was gone, a fear possess'd my people.

Duch. One single arm, in a just cause, Heaven prospers.—

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Is not this stranger-knight as yet discover'd,
That we may give his virtue a due honour?

First Lord. Not yet, that we hear, madam; but to that purpose
Two days ago we publish'd proclamations.

Enter SOTO *with a trumpet, and* SILVIO *in armour.*

Soto. Oh, dainty duchess, here I bring that knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that Sienna's Duke, and all his louts,
Beat (as the proverb seemly says) to clouts;
He that unhors'd the man of fame to boot,
And bootless taught his grace to walk a-foot;
He that your writings, pack'd to every pillar,
Promis'd promotion to, and store of siller;
That very man I set before thy grace,
And once again pronounce, this man it was.

Duch. A pretty foolish squire: what must the knight be?

Duke. Some juggler, or some madman.

Sil. I was not so,
When thy faint troops in flocks I beat before me;
When through the thickest of thy warlike horse
I shot myself, even to thy standard, duke,
And there found thee, there singled thee, there shew'd thee
The temper of my sword. 'Tis true, thou stood'st me,
And, like a noble soldier, bidst me welcome;
And this I 'll say, more honour in that arm
I found and tried, than all thy army carried:
What follows, thy imprisonment can tell thee.

Duke. His fair relation carries truth and virtue;
And by those arms I see (for such were his,
So old, so rusty), this may be he that forc'd me.

Sil. Do you know this jewel? from your casque I rent it,
Even as I clos'd, and forc'd you from your saddle:
Do you now remember me?

Duke. This is the valour,
Madam; for certain, he; it must be he;
That day I wore this jewel: you remember it?

Duch. Yes, very well: not long before, I sent it.

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Duke. That day I lost this jewel, in fight I lost it;
I felt his strokes, and felt him take it from me;
I wore it in my casque.—Take it again, sir;
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.
Soto. My father and myself are made for ever! [*Aside.*
Duch. Kneel down, brave sir. Thus, my knight first I raise you;— [SILVIO *kneels: the* Duchess *raises him; and* Attendants *give him a sword and staff.*
Gird on a sword;—next, general of my army;—
Give him a staff;—last, one in counsel near me.
Now, make us happy with your sight.
[SILVIO *lifts the visor of his helmet.*
How! Silvio!
Have I on thee bestow'd this love, this honour?
The treasons thou hast wrought set off with favours?—
Unarm him presently.—Oh, thou foul traitor,
[*Attendants seize him.*
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my country,
Thou kindler of these wars!
Sil. Mistake not, madam.
Duch. Away with him to prison!
See him safe kept.—The law shall shortly, sirrah,
Find fitter titles for you than I gave you.
Soto. This is the youth that kill'd me; I'll be quit with him:
What a blind rogue was I, I could never know him!——
[*Aside.*
An 't please your grace, I claim the benefit
Of the proclamation that proclaim'd him traitor;
I brought him in.
Duch. Thou shalt have thy reward for 't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd or drown'd, then.
Duch. Away with him!
Sil. Madam, I crave your promise first; you are tied to it,
You have pass'd your princely word.
Duch. Prove it, and take it.
Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your grace, for my appearance,
To answer to the question.
Duch. I remember it.

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Sil. I claim it, then.
Duch. If you perform it not,
The penalty you claim too.
Sil. I not repent it.
If I absolve[p] the words?
Duch. Your life is free, then.
You have drawn a speedy course, above my wishes,
To my revenge: be sure you hit it right,
Or I 'll be sure you shall not scape the danger.
Sil. My rest is up[q] now, madam.
Duch. Then play it cunningly.
Sil. Now, where 's the hag? where now are all her promises
She would be with me, strengthen me, inform me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous:
She was wont still to be near, to feel my miseries,
And with her art—I see her no where now:
What have I undertaken? now she fails me;
No comfort now I find: how my soul staggers!
Till this hour never fear nor doubt possess'd me:
She cannot come, she will not come, she has fool'd me,—
Sure, she is the devil,—has drawn me on to ruin,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger. [*Aside.*
Duke. He stands distracted, and his colour changes.
Duch. I have given him that will make his blood forsake him,
Shortly his life.
Duke. His hands and contemplation
Have motion still; the rest is earth already.
Duch. Come, will you speak, or pray? your time grows out, sir.—
How every where he looks! he 's at last cast.

[p] *absolve*] i. e. solve.

[q] *My rest is up*] "i. e. my stake is laid, by which I must abide." MASON. See note, vol. iii. 45, where I have referred to a long article in the *Gloss.* of Nares, who confines the expression to the game of primero. Gifford, however, says that "to appropriate this term to any particular game, as is sometimes done, is extremely incorrect; since it was anciently applied to cards, to dice, to bowls, in short to any amusement of chance, where money was wagered, or, to use a phrase of the times, set up." Note on Massinger's *Works*, ii. 21. ed. 1813. At any rate, Nares has shewn that the term was chiefly used at primero.

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Enter BELVIDERE, *disguised as before, who secretly gives* SILVIO *a paper, and exit.*

Duke. His colour comes again fresh.

Duch. 'Tis a flash, sir,
Before the flame burns out.—Can you yet answer?

Sil. Yes, madam, now I can.

Duch. I fear you 'll fail in 't.

Sil. And do not think my silence a presage
Or omen to my end; you shall not find it;
I am bred a soldier, not an orator.
Madam, peruse this scroll; let that speak for me,
[*Gives paper.*
And, as you are royal, wrong not the construction!

Duch. By Heaven, you shall have fair play!

Sil. I shall look for 't.

First Lord [*reads*].

QUESTION.

Tell me what is that only thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they most desire,
To have it does them wrong?

ANSWER.

'Tis not to be chaste, nor fair,
(Such gifts malice may impair,)
Richly trimm'd, to walk or ride,
Or to wanton unespied;
To preserve an honest name,
And so to give it up to fame;
These are toys. In good or ill
They desire to have their will:
Yet, when they have it, they abuse it,
For they know not how to use it.

Duch. You have answer'd right, and gain'd your life; I give it.

Sil. Oh, happy hag! [*Aside.*]—But, my most gracious madam,
Your promise tied a nobler favour to me.

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Duch. 'Tis true; my daughter too.
Sil. I hope you will keep it.
Duch. 'Tis not in my power now; she is long since wander'd,
Stoln from the court and me; and what I have not
I cannot give. No man can tell me of her,
Nor no search find her out; and if not Silvio,
Which strongly I believe——
Sil. Mock me not, lady;
For, as I am a servant to her virtue,
Since my first hour of exile, I ne'er saw her!
First Lord. That she is gone, 'tis too, too true, and lamentable:
Our last hope was in you.
Sil. What do I here[r], then,
And wherefore have I life bestow'd and honour?
To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And fight, and fool? Pray you, take your honours from me,
(My sorrows are not fit companions for 'em,)
And, when you please, my life.—Art thou gone, mistress?
And wander'st Heaven knows where? This vow I make thee,
That till I find thee out, and see those fair eyes,
Those eyes that shed their lights and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to seek a kindred,
To rest where pleasure dwells, and painted glory;
But through the world, the wide world, thus to wander,
The wretched world, alone, no comfort with me,
But the mere meditations of thy goodness!
Honour and greatness, thus adieu!

Re-enter BELVIDERE, *disguised as before.*

Bel. Stay, Silvio:—
And, lady, sit again; I come for justice.
Sil. What would she now?
Bel. To claim thy promise, Silvio;
The boon thou swor'st to give me.

[r] *here*] The folios have "heare" and "hear"; and, though the preceding editors had rightly given "here", Weber deliberately restored the old misprint!

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Duke. What may this be?
A woman or a devil?
Duch. 'Tis a witch, sure;
And by her means he came to untwist this riddle.
Sil. That I am bound to her for my life, mine honour,
And many other thousand ways for comfort,
I here confess; confess a promise too,
That what she would ask me to requite these favours,
Within the endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I stand, my word's full master.
Bel. I wish no more:—great lady, witness with me:—
The boon I crave for all my service to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.
Sil. How! for to marry thee! ask again, woman;
Thou wilful woman, ask again!
Bel. No more, sir.
Sil. Ask land, and life!
Bel. I ask thee for a husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into gunpowder;
She would make rare crackers.
Sil. Ask a better fortune:
Thou art too old to marry; I a soldier,
And always married to my sword.
Bel. Thy word, fool!
Break that, and I 'll break all thy fortunes yet.
Duch. He shall not;
I am witness to his faith, and I 'll compel it.
Duke. 'Tis fit you hold your word, sir.
Sil. Oh, most wretched!
Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my wishes;
For now my daughter's free, if e'er I find her.
Duke. But not from me.
Duch. You are sharer in this happiness.
Myself will wait upon this marriage,
And do the old woman all the honour possible.
Duke. I 'll lead the knight; and what there wants in dalliance,
We 'll take it out in drink.
Sil. Oh, wretched Silvio! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* LOPEZ.

Enter LOPEZ *and* ISABELLA.

Lopez. Hast thou sent for him?
Isab. Yes.
Lopez. A young man, say'st thou?
Isab. Yes, very young, and very amorous.
Lopez. And handsome?
Isab. As the town affords.
Lopez. And dar'st thou
Be so far good, and mistress of thine honour,
To slight these?
Isab. For my husband's sake, to curse 'em:
And, since you have made me mistress of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy but husband.
I could have cozen'd you; but so much I love you,
And now so much I weigh the estimation
Of an unspotted wife——
Lopez. I dare believe thee;
And never more shall doubt torment my spirit.

Enter PENURIO, *drunk.*

Isab. How now, Penurio?
Pen. The thing is coming, mistress.
Lopez. I 'll take my standing.
Pen. Do; and I 'll take mine. [*Exit* LOPEZ.
Isab. Where didst thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a cellar,
Where he has paid me tightly, paid me home, mistress;
We had an hundred and fifty healths to you, sweet mistress,
And threescore and ten damnations to my master.
Mistress, shall I speak a foolish word to you?
Isab. What 's that, Penurio?—
The fellow's drunk. [*Aside.*
Pen. I would fain know your body.
Isab. How 's that? how 's that, prithee?
Pen. I would know it carnally;
I would conglutinate.

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Isab. The reason, sirrah?
Pen. Lobster, sweet mistress, lobster.
Isab. Thy master hears.
Pen. Lobster, sweet master, lobster.
Isab. Thou art the most precious rogue!
Pen. Most precious lobster!

Enter CLAUDIO, *disguised as before.*

Isab. Do you see who 's here? go sleep, you drunken rascal!
Pen. Remember you refuse me, arm'd in lobster. [*Exit.*
Isab. Oh, my lost Rugio! welcome, welcome, welcome!
A thousand welcomes here I 'll seal.
Clau. Pray you, stay, lady:
Do you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reason of some wrong done by your husband,
More fervent on you?
Isab. Can I choose but love thee?
Thou art my martyr; thou hast suffer'd for me,
My sweet, sweet Rugio!
Clau. Do you do this seriously?
'Tis true, I would be entertain'd thus.
Isab. These are nothing,
No kisses, no embraces, no endearments,
To those——
Clau. Do what you will.
Isab. Those that shall follow,
Those I will crown our love withal. Why sigh you?
Why look you sad, my dear one?
Clau. Nay, faith, nothing:
But methinks so sweet a beauty as yours shews to me,
And such an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer siege.
Isab. Ha! you speak truth, sir.
Clau. I would not have it so.
Isab. And now methinks,
Now I consider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearfully abus'd,
My reason blinded.

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Clau. Nay, I did but jest with you.
Isab. I 'll take you at your word, and thank you for 't, sir;
And now I see no sweetness in that person,
Nothing to stir me to abuse a husband,
To ruin my fair fame——
Clau. Good Isabella—
Isab. No handsome man, no anything to dote on;
No face, no tongue to catch me; poor at all points,
And I an ass.
Clau. Why do you wrong me, lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me,
My service of so mean a way to win you
(Which you yourself are conscious must deserve you,
If you had thrice the beauty you possess, must reach you);
If in my tongue your fame lay wreck'd and ruin'd
With every cup I drink; if in opinion[a]
I were a lost, defam'd man—but this is common,
Where we love most, where most we stake our fortunes,
There least and basest we are rewarded. Fare you well:
Know now, I hate you too as much, contemn you,
And weigh my credit at as high a value——
Isab. May be I did but jest.
Clau. You are a woman;
And now I see your wants, and mine own follies,
And task myself with indiscretion
For doting on a face so poor.
Isab. Say you so, sir?
I must not lose my end [*Aside*].—I did but jest with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: my Rugio,
Do you think I could forget?
Clau. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Isab. Is 't possible I should forsake a constancy
So strong, so good, so sweet?
Clau. A subtle woman!
Isab. You shall forgive me; 'twas a trick to try you:
And, were I sure you lov'd me——
Clau. Do you doubt now?

[a] *opinion*] "i. e. reputation." WEBER.

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Isab. I do not doubt: but he that would profess this,
And bear that full affection you make show of,
Should do——
Clau. What should I do?
Isab. I cannot shew you.
Clau. I'll try thee, damned'st devil! [*Aside.*]—Hark you, lady:
No man shall dare do more, no service top me;
I'll marry you.
Isab. How, sir!
Clau. Your husband's sentenc'd,
And he shall die——
Isab. Die!
Clau. Die for ever to you;
The danger is mine own.
Isab. Die, did you tell me?
Clau. He shall die; I have cast[t] the way.
Isab. Oh, foul man,
Malicious, bloody man!

Re-enter LOPEZ.

Lopez. When shall he die, sir?
By whom, and how?
Clau. Hast thou betray'd me, woman?
Isab. Base man, thou wouldst have ruin'd me, my name too,
And, like a toad, poison'd my virtuous memory!
Further than all this, dost thou see this friend here,
This only friend?—shame take thy lust and thee,
And shake thy soul!—his life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life, thou aim'dst[u] at!
Clau. Am I catch'd thus?
Lopez. The law shall catch you better.
Isab. You make a trade of betraying women's honours,
And think it noble in you to be lustful:
Report of me hereafter——
Clau. Fool'd thus finely?

[t] *cast*] i. e. contrived, plotted.

[u] *aim'dst*] So the first folio. The second folio "aim'st"; and so the modern editors (but compare "thou *wouldst have ruin'd me*" in the first line of this speech).

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Lopez. I must entreat you walk, sir, to the justice;
Where, if he 'll bid you kill me——
Clau. Pray, stay a while, sir;
I must use a player's shift [*Throws off his disguise*].—Do you know me now, lady?
Lopez. Your brother Claudio, sure!
Isab. Oh me, tis he, sir!—
Oh, my best brother!
Clau. My best sister now too!
I have tried you, found you so; and now I love you,
Love you so truly, nobly!
Lopez. Sir, I thank you;
You have made me a most happy man.
Clau. Thank her, sir;
And from this hour preserve that happiness;
Be no more fool'd with jealousy.
Lopez. I have lost it;—
And take me now, new-born again, new-natur'd.
Isab. I do; and to that promise tie this faith,
Never to have a false thought tempt my virtue.
Lopez. Enough, enough.—I must desire your presence;
My cousin Rhodope has sent in all haste for us:
I am sure you will be welcome.
Clau. I 'll wait on ye.
Lopez. What the project is——
Isab. We shall know when we are there, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Duchess, Duke of Sienna, Lords, *and* SILVIO.

Duch. Joy to you, Silvio, and your young fair bride!
You have stoln a day upon us; you cannot woo, sir!
Sil. The joys of hell hang over me: oh, mischief!
To what a fortune has the devil driven me!
Am I reserv'd for this?
Duke. Beshrew me, sir,
But you have gotten you a right fair bedfellow;
Let you alone to choose!

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Sil. I beseech your grace——
'Tis misery enough to have met the devil,
Not men's reproaches too.
Duke. How old is she?
Duch. A very girl; her eye delivers it.
Duke. Her teeth are scarce come yet.
First Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now! she is rarely made to breed on;
What a sweet-timber'd body!
Duch. Knotty i' the back;
But will hold out the stronger. What a nose!
Duke. Ay, marry, such a nose, so rarely mounted!
Upon my conscience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Duch. And that fine little eye to it, like an elephant's!
First Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears sachels.
Duke. For any thing we know——
Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pity in your bloods, to use a wretch thus?
You princes, in whose hearts the best compassions,
Nearest to those in Heaven, should find fit places,
Why do you mock at misery? fling scorns and baseness
Upon his broken back that sinks with sorrows?
Heaven may reward you too; and an hour come,
When all your great designs shall shew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine.
Duch. Fie, sir! so angry
Upon your wedding-day? go smug yourself;
The maid will come anon. [*Music in divers places.*
What music 's this?
Duke. I warrant you, some noble preparation.
Duch. Let 's take our places, then.
Sil. More of these devil's dumps[u]?
Must I be ever haunted with these witchcrafts? [*Aside.*

[u] *devil's dumps*] i. e. devil's strains, tunes.—Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) says, "whether '*devil's dumps*', in the present passage, be interpreted devil's tunes or devil's dances, depends upon whether it be thought to refer to the music preceding or the dance following; I think the latter." But Nares had not read the play carefully. See p. 66, where, after the Song within, Silvio exclaims,

"What heavenly voice is this that follows me?
This is the second time 't has waited on me", &c.

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Enter two Presenters[v]; *then a Masquerado of several shapes; among the* Masquers, BARTELLO, LOPEZ, CLAUDIO, ISABELLA, RHODOPE, SOTO, PENURIO, *and* JAQUENET.

First Pre. Room, room for merry spirits, room!
Hither on command we come;
From the good old beldam sent,
Cares and sorrows to prevent.
Sec. Pre. Look up, Silvio, smile, and sing!
After winter comes a spring.
First Pre. Fear not, faint fool, what may follow;
Eyes, that now are sunk and hollow,
By her art may quick return
To their flames again, and burn.
Sec. Pre. Art commands all youth and blood;
Strength and beauty it makes good.
First Pre. Fear not, then, despair not; sing,
Round about as we do spring;
Cares and sorrows cast away!
This is the old wife's holiday[w]. [*Dance here; then enter* BELVIDERE *in her proper figure, and disperses the* Masquers.
Duch. Who is this?
Duke. The shape of Belvidere!
Bel. Now, Silvio,
How dost thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneel to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer; mark me well too;
For, if thou troublest me, I vanish instantly.
Now choose wisely, or choose never;
One thou must enjoy for ever.
Dost thou love me thus?

[v] *Enter two Presenters*, &c.] Both the folios thus: "*Enter a Masquerado of severall Shapes, and Daunces, after which enter Belvidere and disperses them; before the Maskers enter two Presenters, among which are Bartello*," &c.

[w] *the old wife's holiday*] "Mason proposes to read 'the old *wives*' holiday'; but the disguised Belvidere seems to be singly alluded to." WEBER,—who had for the moment forgotten, that "*the old* wives *holy-day*" was the reading of both the folios, and "*the old* wife's *holiday*" the correction of Mason. In an earlier passage of the play (p. 55),

"To shew you, sir, I understand a *wife's* part,"

both the folios have "a *wives* part."

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Sil. Most dearly.

Bel. Take heed, fool; it concerns thee nearly.
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleasing to thine eye and sight,
Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed, lest thy fame do fall:
I shall then be full of scorn,
Wanton, proud, (beware the horn!)
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All consuming, nothing getting;
Thus thy fair name comes to setting.
But if old, and free from these,
Thou shalt choose me, I shall please;
I shall then maintain thee still
With my virtue and my skill,
Still increase and build thy name:
Choose now, Silvio; here I am.

Sil. I know not what to say, which way to turn me;
Into thy sovereign will I put my answer.

Bel. I thank you, sir, and my will thus rewards you;
Take your old love, your best, your dearest, Silvio!
No more spells now nor further shapes to alter me;
I am thy Belvidere indeed.—Dear mother,
There is no altering this; Heaven's hand is with it;
And now you ought to give me; he has fairly won me.

Sil. But why that bag?

Bel. In that shape most secure still,
I follow'd all your fortunes, serv'd, and counsell'd you.
I met you at the farmer's first, a country-wench,
Where, fearing to be known, I took that habit;
And, to make you laughing-sport at this mad marriage,
By secret aid of my friend Rhodope,
We got this masque.

Sil. And I am sure I have you?

Bel. For ever now, for ever.

Duch. You see it must be;
The wheel of Destiny hath turn'd it round so.

Duke. It must, it is; and curs'd be he that breaks it!

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Duch. I'll put a choice to you, sir: you are my prisoner——
Duke. I am so, and I must be so, till it please you——[x]
Duch. Choose one of these; either to pay a ransom
At what rate I shall set it (which shall be high enough),
And so return a free man and a bachelor;
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour every way your grace's equal,
And so your ransom's paid.
Duke. You say most nobly:
Silvio's example's mine; pray, choose you for me.
Duch. I thank you, sir; I have got the mastery too;
And here I give your grace a husband's freedom:
Give me your hand, my husband!
Duke. You much honour me;
And I shall ever serve you for this favour.
Bart. Come, Lopez, let us give our wives the breeches too,
For they will have 'em.
Lopez. Whilst they rule with virtue,
I'll give 'em, skin and all.
Isab. We'll scratch it off else.
Sil. [*to* CLAUDIO] I am glad you live; more glad you live to honour;
And from this hour a stronger love dwell with us!
Pray you, take your man again.
Clau. He knows my house, sir.
Duch. 'Tis sin to keep you longer from your loves;
We'll lead the way: and you, young men, that know not
How to preserve a wife, and keep her fair,
Give 'em their sovereign wills, and pleas'd they are. [*Exeunt.*

[x] *till it please you——*] So both the folios: and, I think, rightly: but Mason says that there should be no break at the end of the line, the sense being complete, and "*till*" meaning—while (as in *The Scornful Lady*, vol. iii. 104).

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THE

WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR,

THE TAMER TAMED.

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The Womans Prize: or The Tamer Tamed.

In the folios 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds "*A Comedy.*"

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THAT *The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tamed*, was the unassisted composition of Fletcher[a], and that it was "an ould play" in 1633, we learn from the following curious memoranda concerning it in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert:

"On friday the nineteenth of October[b], 1633, I sent a warrant by a messenger of the chamber to suppress *The Tamer Tamd*, to the Kings players, for that afternoone, and it was obeyd; upon complaints of foule and offensive matters conteyned therein[c].

"They acted The Scornful Lady instead of it. I have enterd the warrant here.

'These are to will and require you to forbeare the actinge of your play called *The Tamer Tamd, or the Taminge of the Tamer*, this afternoone, or any more till you have leave from mee: and this at your perill. On friday morninge the 18 Octob. 1633.

'To Mr. Taylor, Mr. Lowins, or any of the King's players at the Blackfryers.'

"On saterday morninge followinge the booke was brought mee, and at my lord of Hollands request I returned it to the players ye monday morninge after, purgd of oaths, prophaness, and ribaldrye, being ye 21 of Octob. 1633.

"Because the stoppinge of the acting of this play for that afternoone, it being an ould play, hath raysed some discourse in the players, thogh no

[a] Weber remarks that it is attributed to him by Lovelace and Gardiner in their commendatory verses, as well as by Langbaine, and that the Prologue speaks of it as the product of "Fletcher's brave Muse": but the authority of Gardiner and Lovelace carries little weight, that of Langbaine none at all; and the Prologue was evidently written for some revival of the play.

[b] "So the MS. though afterwards Sir Henry Herbert calls it 'friday the 18th.'"

[c] Weber supposes that the Puritans were the persons who complained to Sir Henry, several passages being levelled at that sect. The editors of the folio, 1647, seem to have restored to the text of this play nearly the whole of what the licenser had so carefully expunged.

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disobedience, I have thought fitt to insert here ther submission upon a former disobedience[d]," &c.

\- - - - - .

"The 24 Octob. 1633, Lowins and Swanston were sorry for their ill manners, and craved my pardon, which I gave them in presence of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Benfeilde."

\- - - - - -

"On tusday night at Saint James, the 26 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, *The Taminge of the Shrew* [by Shakespeare]. Likt.

"On thursday night at St. James, the 28 of Novemb. 1633, was acted before the King and Queene, *The Tamer Tamd*, made by Fletcher. Very well likt."

Malone's Shakespeare (by Boswell), iii. 208—10, 234.

The two entries last cited seem to shew that *The Tamer Tamed*[e] gave greater satisfaction to the royal auditors than the play by Shakespeare of which it was avowedly intended to form the Second Part.

Till the suppression of theatrical entertainments, this comedy appears to have been popular. It was one of the pieces in which the youthful Betterton distinguished himself, while an actor at the Cockpit in Drury-lane, in the company formed by Rhodes on the eve of the Restoration (see vol. v. 3); and it is found among the "Names of the Plays acted by the Red-Bull actors" after the return of Charles the Second (see Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, iii. 272.). During the next century it seems to have been only once revived, viz. in 1760, when it was performed as an after-piece at Drury-lane theatre, with an epilogue written by Richard Owen Cambridge[f].

[d] Their acting Massinger's *Spanish Viceroy* without a licence from Sir Henry.

[e] Weber observes that the first name of this drama, *The Woman's Prize*, appears to have obtained little popularity, and that the second, *The Tamer Tamed*, was probably given to it, "to approximate the title to that of Shakespeare's play."

[f] See his *Works*, p. 314.

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PROLOGUE,

AT A REVIVAL OF THE PLAY.

Ladies, to you, in whose defence and right
Fletcher's brave Muse prepar'd herself to fight
A battle without blood ('twas well fought too;
The victory's yours, though got with much ado),
We do present this comedy; in which
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich
In fancy, language, and all parts that may
Add grace and ornament to a merry play:
Which this may prove! Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,
We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set speeches, high expressions, and, what 's worse
In a true comedy, politic discourse.
The end we aim at is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the city nor the court.
Hear, and observe his comic strain, and when
Ye're sick of melancholy, see 't again:
'Tis no dear physic, since 'twill quit the cost,
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PETRUCHIO, an Italian gentleman, husband to MARIA.

SOPHOCLES, TRANIO, } his friends.

PETRONIUS, father to MARIA and LIVIA.

MOROSO, a rich old citizen.

ROWLAND, a young gentleman.

JAQUES, PEDRO, } servants to PETRUCHIO.

Doctor.

Apothecary.

Watchmen.

Porters, Servants.

MARIA, wife to PETRUCHIO, LIVIA, } daughters to PETRONIUS.

BIANCA, their cousin.

City-women, Country-women, Maids, and Waiting-Woman.

SCENE—*London.*

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THE

WOMAN'S PRIZE;

OR, THE

TAMER TAMED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, *and* TRANIO, *with rosemary* [a], *as from a wedding.*

Mor. God give 'em joy!
Tra. Amen.
Soph. Amen, say I too.
The pudding 's now i' the proof. Alas, poor wench,
Through what a mine of patience must thou work,
Ere thou know'st good hour more!
Tra. 'Tis too true: certain,
Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a father,
To match her to this dragon: I protest
I pity the poor gentlewoman.
Mor. Methinks now,
He 's not so terrible as people think him.
Soph. [*To* TRANIO] This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.

[a] *rosemary*] See note, vol. ii. 215.

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Tra. But shall he have her?
Soph. Yes, when I have Rome;
And yet the father 's for him.
Mor. I 'll assure ye,
I hold him a good man.
Soph. Yes, sure, a wealthy [b];
But whether a good woman's man, is doubtful.
Tra. Would 'twere no worse!
Mor. What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant sourness [c],
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For, sure, she was a rebel,) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she; does 't follow
He must retain that long-since-buried tempest
To this soft maid?
Soph. I fear it.
Tra. So do I too;
And so far, that, if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be——
Mor. What would you do, sir?
Tra. I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat [d],
And spit fire at him; I would, to prevent [e] him,
Do all the ramping roaring tricks, a whore,
Being drunk and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,
To be a wife, and his.
Soph. So I should think too.
Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)

[b] *a good man.*

Soph. *Yes, sure, a wealthy*] *Good* in the mercantile sense of—able to fulfil engagements, rich, is not yet obsolete.

[c] *sourness*] The folios have "sobernesse" and "soberness"; and so the modern editors.—"This quality of soberness ill agrees with Katherine, and her daily hues and cries. I have no doubt but we should read '*sourness*', instead of '*soberness*'. MASON,—whose correction, I feel confident, restores the genuine text: "*sourness*" is to be read here as a trisyllable; and indeed was most probably written in the author's MS. "souernesse."

[d] *I would learn to eat coals with an angry cat*] See note, vol. v. 81.—Weber observes, "This seems to allude to some inhuman trick played with cats" !!

[e] *prevent*] i. e. anticipate.

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Will make him start in 's sleep, and very often
Cry out for cudgels, colestaves[f], any thing;
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still Petruchio
Than I am Babylon.

Soph. He 's a good fellow,
And, on my word, I love him; but to think
A fit match for this tender soul——

Tra. His very frown, if she but say her prayers
Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder[g];
The motion of a dial, when he 's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a water-work[h];
She must do nothing of herself, not eat,
Drink, say "Sir, how do you?" make her ready, unready[i],
Unless he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her,
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three weeks.

Tra. I 'll be your half.

Mor. He loves her most extremely,
And so long 'twill be honey-moon.

Enter JAQUES, *with a pot of wine.*

Now, Jaques!
You are a busy man, I am sure.

[f] *colestaves*] "Cotgrave explains *Tiné*, 'a colestaffe, or stang; a big staffe whereon a burthen is carried between two on their shoulders.'" WEBER. And see Nares's *Gloss.*

[g] *His very frown, if she but say her prayers*
Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder] On this passage, Sympson, the Editors of 1778, and Mason, offer various conjectural emendations. "The meaning", says Heath (*MS. Notes*), "I apprehend to be this,—that he could not frown even on the slightest occasion, but, as if that frown were a spark fallen among tinder, he kindled into a violent rage." Weber's explanation of the text agrees with Heath's. I once thought that perhaps the right reading was "—— *makes* her *tinder*", i. e. reduces her to tinder, completely burns her up.

[h] *a water-work*] "I suppose," says Mason, "means a water-mill": to which Weber adds "This is surely quite obvious." It is certainly quite wrong: *a water-work* (as Nares observes, *Gloss.* in v.) means an engine for forcing water, the noise of which is considerable.

[i] *make her ready, unready*] i. e. dress and undress herself.

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Jaques. Yes, certain;
This old sport must have eggs——
Soph. Not yet this ten days.
Jaques. Sweet gentlemen, with muscadel.
Tra. That's right, sir.
Mor. This fellow broods[j] his master.—Speed you, Jaques.
Soph. We shall be for you presently.
Jaques. Your worships
Shall have it rich and neat; and, o' my conscience,
As welcome as our Lady-day. Oh, my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at ring[k]?
That hour, a standing were worth money.
Mor. So, sir!
Jaques. Upon my little honesty, your mistress,
If I have any speculation,
Must think this single thrumming of a fiddle,
Without a bow, but even poor sport.
Mor. You're merry.
Jaques. Would I were wise too! So, God bless your worship! [*Exit.*
Tra. The fellow tells you true.
Soph. When is the day, man?
Come, come; you 'll steal a marriage.
Mor. Nay, believe me:
But when her father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.
Mor. There 's reason in 't.
Soph. Call'd Rowland.
Mor. Will ye walk?
They 'll think we are lost: come, gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Tra. You have wip'd him now.
Soph. So will he never the wench, I hope.
Tra. I wish it. [*Exeunt.*

[j] *broods*] "i. e. cherishes." *Ed.* 1778. As before; see vol. v. 66.

[k] *run at ring*] "A quibbling allusion to the sport called Running at the Ring, when the tilter, riding at full speed, endeavoured to thrust the point of his lance through, and to bear away, the ring, which was suspended at a fixed height." WEBER (the note altered).

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SCENE II.—*An apartment in the same.*

Enter ROWLAND *and* LIVIA.

Rowl. Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-night,
If your affections be not made of words——
Livia. I love you, and you know how dearly, Rowland,—
Is there none near us?—my affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever sainted you——
Rowl. Why, then, take this way[l].
Livia. 'Twill be a childish and a less prosperous course
Than his that knows not care: why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Rowl. Then you flatter.
Livia. Alas, you know I cannot!
Rowl. What hope 's left else,
But flying, to enjoy you?
Livia. None, so far;
For let it be admitted, we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father 's bent against us; what but ruin
Can such a by-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.
Rowl. And then Moroso has you.
Livia. No such matter;
For hold this certain,—begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit cods[m], or musty English cracus[n],

[l] *Why, then, take this way*] The Editors of 1778, absurdly enough, put an interrogation-point at the end of this speech.

[m] *counterfeit cods*] i. e. spurious or adulterate civet-bags: see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, viii. 162. Weber feared that there was an indelicate allusion here!!

[n] *cracus*] So the first folio.—The second folio "croacus".—The modern

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Switches, or stones for the tooth-ache, sooner finds me,
Than that drawn fox Moroso.
Rowl. But his money;
If wealth may win you——
Livia. If a hog may be
High-priest among the Jews. His money, Rowland!
Oh, Love forgive me! What a faith[n] hast thou!
Why, can his money kiss me?—
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Behind,
Lac'd[o] out upon a petticoat:—or grasp me,
While I cry "Oh, good thank you"?—(o' my troth,
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear)—or lie with me
As you may do? Alas, what fools you men are!
His mouldy money! half a dozen riders[p],
That cannot sit but stampt fast to their saddles!
No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me[q];
My beauty was born free, and free I 'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me?
Rowl. I cannot say I doubt you.
Livia. Go thy ways;
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion!
I' faith, I will not fail thee.
Rowl. I had rather——
Livia. Prithee, believe me: if I do not carry it
For both our goods——
Rowl. But——

editors print "crocus".—This name for a kind of tobacco occurs (differently spelt) in Middleton and W. Rowley's *Fair Quarel*, act iv. sc. 1.;

"*Chough* . . . 'I faith, Trim, we 'll roar the rusty rascal out of his *tobacco*.

Trim. Ay, an he had the best *cracous* in London." Middleton's *Works*, iii. 506, ed. Dyce.

[n] *What a faith*] So Sympson: and compare a line in act ii. sc. 3,—

"Whether that woman ever had *a* faith."

Both the folios "*What faith*"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[o] *Lac'd*] So the first folio ("*Lasd*").—The second folio has "Laid".

[p] *riders*] "A rider is a Dutch coin impressed with the figure of a man on horseback, and worth about twenty-seven English shillings." MASON. There were *riders* both of gold and silver: see R. Holme's *Ac. of Armory*, 1688, B. iii. pp. 33, 36.

[q] *make use of me*] "i. e. make money by me, and marry me for that purpose." MASON. "*Use*, in old writings, stands continually for *usury*." WEBER.

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Livia. What *but?*
Rowl. I would tell you.
Livia. I know all you can tell me: all 's but this;
You would have me, and lie with me: is 't not so?
Rowl. Yes.
Livia. Why, you shall; will that content you? go.
Rowl. I am very loath to go.

Enter, behind, BIANCA *and* MARIA *conversing.*

Livia. Now, o' my conscience,
Thou art an honest fellow. Here 's my sister.
Go, prithee, go: this kiss, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do. Farewell.
Rowl. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Livia. Alas, poor fool, how it looks!
It would even hang itself, should I but cross it:
For pure love to the matter, I must hatch it.
Bianca. Nay, never look for merry hour, Maria,
If now you make it not: let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,
Make you continual anvil to his anger:
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage. Take your own counsel;
You shall not say that I persuaded you:
But, if you suffer him——
Maria. Stay: shall I do it?
Bianca. Have you a stomach to 't?
Maria. I never shew'd it.
Bianca. 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger [r] in you:
But do not say I urg'd you.
Maria. I am perfect.
Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I leap'd
Into this gulph of marriage; and I 'll do it.
Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but spite and anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle!—Now, cousin,
I am no more the gentle, tame Maria:
Mistake me not; I have a new soul in me,
Made of a north-wind, nothing but [a] tempest;

[r] *stronger*] Sympson proposes to read "stranger".

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And, like a tempest, shall it make all ruins [s],
Till I have run my will out.
Bianca. This is brave now,
If you continue it: but, your own will lead you.
Maria. Adieu, all tenderness! I dare continue.
Maids that are made of fears and modest blushes,
View me, and love example!
Bianca. Here is your sister.
Maria. Here is the brave old man's love.
Bianca. That loves the young man.
Maria. Ay, and hold thee there, wench. What a grief of heart is 't,
When Paphos' revels should up-rouse old Night,
To sweat against a cork [t], to lie and tell [u]
The clock o' the lungs, to rise sport-starv'd!
Livia. Dear sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?
Maria. Why, at church, wench;
Where I am tied to talk thus: I am a wife now.
Livia. It seems so, and a modest.
Maria. You are an ass:
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.
Livia. Bless me!
Maria. From what?
Bianca. From such a tame fool as our cousin Livia?
Livia. You are not mad?
Maria. Yes, wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, (mark me, Livia,)
Or indeed fit for our sex. 'Tis bed-time:
Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean
Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant bridegroom!
Livia. Whither will this woman?
Bianca. You may perceive her end.
Livia. Or rather fear it.
Maria. Dare you be partner in 't?

[s] *ruins*] So the first folio.—The second folio "ruin"; and so Sympson.
[t] *a cork*] Meaning, of course, the dry, withered body of Moroso.
[u] *tell*] i. e. count.

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Livia. Leave it, Maria ;—
I fear I have mark'd too much;—for goodness, leave it :
Devest [u] you with obedient hands ; to bed.
Maria. To bed ! no, Livia ; there are comets hang
Prodigious [v] over that yet ; there 's a fellow
Must yet, before I know that heat,—ne'er start, wench,—
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster ;
Here must his head be, Livia.
Livia. Never hope it :
'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean, as
To tame Petruchio.
Maria. Stay.—Lucina, hear me !
Never unlock the treasure of my womb,
For human fruit to make it capable,
Nor never with thy secret hand make brief
A mother's labour to me, if I do
Give way unto my married husband's will,
Or be a wife in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him easy as a child,
And tame as fear ! he shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this austerity,
Though it would pull another jointure from him,
And make him every day another man :
And when I kiss him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams and guesses !
Livia. A strange exordium !
Bianca. All the several wrongs
Done by imperious husbands to their wives
These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee !
Thou hast a brave cause.
Maria. And I 'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my life out ever after !
Livia. In what part of the world got she this spirit ?—
Yet pray, Maria, look before you truly :

[u] *Devest*] "i. e. *undress*, in the literal sense of the word. All the modern editions have it—'*Divest.*'" WEBER. The first folio has "*Devest*"; the second "Divest".

[v] *Prodigious*] i. e. portentous.

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Besides the disobedience[w] of a wife,
Which you will find a heavy imputation,
(Which yet I cannot think your own, it shews
So distant from your sweetness)———
Maria. 'Tis, I swear.
Livia. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you have,
To work this desperate cure.
Maria. A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aim at. Disobedience!
You talk too tamely: by the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childish woman,
That lives a prisoner to her husband's pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship.
Livia. His first wife said as much.
Maria. She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course: let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new dance for him.
Livia. Are you of this faith?
Bianca. Yes, truly; and will die in 't.
Livia. Why, then, let 's all wear breeches.
Maria. Now thou com'st near the nature of a woman.
Hang these tame-hearted eyasses[x], that no sooner
See the lure[y] out, and hear their husbands' holla,
But cry like kites upon 'em! The free haggard[z]
(Which is that woman that hath wing, and knows it,
Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks[a],
To shew her freedom, sail in every air,
And look out every pleasure, not regarding

[w] *the disobedience*] The correction of the Editors of 1778, which, as they observe, is confirmed by the next speech but two.—Both the folios have "*the* obedience"; and so Sympson,—with a foolish note by Seward, who reads "*the* due obedience", and transposes several lines of the passage.

[x] *eyasses*] i. e. young hawks, newly taken from the nest, and not able to prey for themselves.

[y] *lure*] See note, vol. iii. 109.

[z] *haggard*] See note, vol. iii. 108.

[a] *checks*] "*Check* is when Crowes, Rooks, Pyes, or other birds comming in the view of the Hawk, she forsaketh her naturall flight to fly at them." Latham's *Faulconry* (*Explan. of Words of Art*), 1658.

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Lure nor quarry[b] till her pitch[c] command
What she desires; making her founder'd keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Livia. You are learnèd, sister;
Yet I say still, take heed.
Maria. A witty saying!
I 'll tell thee, Livia; had this fellow tir'd
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A patent, with an office to reclaim us,
Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of devils, or of us,
Or any thing that 's worse than both——
Livia. Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!
Maria. Or could he
Cast his wives new again, like bells, to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women; yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And, spite of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him
Into a babe again, that agèd women,
Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master him.
Bianca. Thou wilt be chronicled.
Maria. That 's all I aim at.
Livia. I must confess I do with all my heart
Hate an imperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon——
Bianca. To make him cuckold?
Maria. If he deserve it.
Livia. There[d] I 'll leave ye, ladies.

[b] *quarry*] i. e. game, prey; see note, vol. ii. 554.

[c] *pitch*] i. e. the height to which a hawk soars before she stoops upon her prey.

[d] *There*] Both the folios "Then".—"Probably," say the Editors of 1778, "we should read 'There',"—a correction which Mason approved of, and which Gifford has made with a pencil in a copy of ed. 1778. Compare the following passage of *Philaster*, act ii. sc. 4; "All these considered, can make nothing else—but *there I leave you*, gentlemen." Vol. i. 247.

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Bianca. Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee.
Maria. Go sleep, go sleep: what we intend to do
Lies not for such starv'd souls as thou hast, Livia.
Livia. Good night: the bridegroom will be with you presently.
Maria. That 's more than you know.
Livia. If you work upon him
As you have promis'd, you may give example,
Which no doubt will be follow'd.
Maria. So!
Bianca. Good night:
We 'll trouble you no further.
Maria. If you intend no good, pray, do no harm.
Livia. None, but pray for you. [*Exit.*
Bianca. Cheer, wench.
Maria. Now, Bianca,
Those wits we have, let 's wind 'em to the height.
My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous[d]: they that lay
Foundations are half-builders, all men say.

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. My master, forsooth——
Maria. Oh, how does thy master?
Prithee, commend me to him.
Jaques. How is this?—— [*Aside.*
My master stays, forsooth——
Maria. Why, let him stay:
Who hinders him, forsooth?
Jaques. The revel 's ended now,—
To visit you.

[d] *My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that*
Will make me ever famous] "'*My rest is up,*' means—my stake is laid. It is a common phrase in these plays." MASON. See note, p. 82. "The last editor [Weber] thinks the musket-rest intended here - - - - - the word '*pull*' gives a colour to this interpretation; but I think it is equivalent only to *drawing a card:* it clearly means so in the following passage,—

'Faith, sir, *my rest is up,*
And what I now *pull* shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter.' *Monsieur Thomas,* act iv. sc. 9."

Nares's *Gloss. in* v. *Rest,* &c.

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Maria. I am not sick.
Jaques. I mean,
To see his chamber, forsooth.
Maria. Am I his groom?
Where lay he last night, forsooth?
Jaques. In the low matted parlour.
Maria. There lies his way, by the long gallery.
Jaques. I mean, your chamber. You 're very merry, mistress.
Maria. 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, Jaques:
But, if you 'll know where I lie, follow me,
And what thou seest, deliver to thy master.
Bianca. Do, gentle Jaques. [*Exit with* MARIA.
Jaques. Ha! is the wind in that door?
By'r lady, we shall have foul weather, then.
I do not like the shuffling of these women;
They are mad beasts, when they knock their heads together:
I have observ'd them all this day; their whispers
One in another's ear, their signs and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters,
As if the end they purpos'd were their own.
Call you this weddings[e]? sure, this is a knavery,
A very trick, and dainty knavery;
Marvellous finely carried, that 's the comfort:
What would these women do in ways of honour,
That are such masters this way? Well, my sir
Has been as good at finding out these toys
As any living; if he lose it now,
At his own peril be it! I must follow. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A court before the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter Servants *with lights*, PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO, TRANIO, *and* SOPHOCLES.

Petru. You that are married, gentlemen, have[f] at ye
For a round wager now!
Soph. Of this night's stage?
Petru. Yes.

[e] *weddings*] Mason would read "wedding".
[f] *have*] So the second folio.—The first folio "home".

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Soph. I am your first man;
A pair of gloves of twenty shillings.
Petru. Done!
Who takes me up next? I am for all bets.
Mor. Well, lusty Lawrence[g], were but my night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too;
I would, gallants.
Petru. Well said, Good-will! but where's the staff[h], boy, ha?
Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.
Tra. A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.
Petron. See how these boys despise us!—Will you to bed, son?
This pride will have a fall.
Petru. Upon your daughter:
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In eggs and butter'd parsnips.
Petron. Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?
To-morrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston[i],
Running a foot-back from the furious dragon,
That with her angry tail belabours him
For being lazy.
Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd—
Petru. 'Tis well, sir.
What, then?
Soph. '*Fly, fly,*' *quoth then*
The fearful dwarf[j]; '*here is no place for living men.*'

[g] *lusty Lawrence*] See note, vol. iii. 295.

[h] *staff*] Sympson proposed to read "stuff". Mason says "'*staff*' must be the true reading; but there is evidently an allusion to some old proverb not now in use:" rather, I apprehend, (if "*staff*" be right,) to some emblem. Weber has a long and very foolish note on this passage.

[i] *St. George at Kingston*] "I find," says Nares (citing the present passage, *Gloss.* in v. *George, St,*), "an allusion to a slanderous sign at Kingston, on which St George was represented as on foot, and flying from the attack of the dragon's tail. This was a most disgraceful representation of the favourite saint, and, till we have it further explained, we cannot but wonder that it should have been tolerated."

[j] '*Fly, fly,*' *quoth then*
The fearful dwarf, &c.] In both the folios stands thus,

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Petru. Well, my masters,
If I do sink under my business, as I find
'Tis very possible, I am not the first
That has miscarried so; that's [k] my comfort;
What may be done without impeach or [l] waste,
I can and will do.

Enter JAQUES.

How now! is my fair bride a-bed?

Jaques. No, truly, sir.

Petron. Not a-bed yet! Body o' me, we'll up
And rifle her: here's a coil with a maidenhead!
'Tis not entailèd, is it?

Petru. If it be,
I 'll try all the law i' the land but I'll cut it off.
Let 's up, let 's up; come.

Jaques. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaques. Unless you 'll drop through the chimney like a daw,
Or force a breach i' the windows: you may untile
The house, 'tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou mean?

Jaques. A moral, sir; the ballad will express it: [*Sings.*

The wind and the rain [m]
Has turn'd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.

The truth is, all the doors are barricado'd;

"Fly, fly, quoth then the fearfull dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man";

and so the modern editors, who were not aware that it is a quotation from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, B. 1. C. 1. st. 13 (where "this *is no place*", &c.).

[k] *That has miscarried so; that's*, &c.] Mason's punctuation. Both the folios "*That has miscarried; so that's*," &c.

[l] *or*] "We should surely read 'of'." MASON.

[m] *The wind and the rain*, &c.] "This quotation from a ballad, seemingly very popular, occurs again [somewhat differently] in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, [act iii. sc. 5,] where it begins, 'Go from my window, love, go', [and in *Monsieur Thomas*, act iii. sc. 3]. It is quoted, also, in *The Soldier's Fortune*, by Otway. Turned into a spiritual hymn, it occurs in the Scottish collection of *Godly and Spiritual Songs*, &c. 1621." WEBER. See note, vol. ii. 194.

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Not a cat-hole but holds a murderer[n] in't:
She's victuall'd for this month.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk. Come, come; let's up.

Jaques. Yes, yes,
I am drunk: ye may go up, ye may, gentlemen;
But take heed to your heads: I say no more.

Soph. I'll try that. [*Exit.*

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd, fellow?

Jaques. Yes, truly, sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;
And two as desperate tongues planted behind it
As e'er yet batter'd: they stand upon their honours,
And will not give up without strange composition,
I will assure you; marching away with
Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their mouths,[o]
Will not satisfy them.

Petru. How's this? how's this?
They are! is there another with her?

Jaques. Yes, marry, is there, and an engineer.

Mor. Who's that, for Heaven's sake?

Jaques. Colonel Bianca; she commands the works;
Spinola's but a ditcher to her[p]; there's a half-moon.
I am but a poor man, but, if you'll give me leave,
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force before it,
And mount your ablest piece of battery,
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Petru. I should laugh at that, good Jaques.

Re-enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Beat back again[q]:
She's fortified for ever.

[n] *murderer*] Was (as before noticed) the name for a very destructive piece of ordnance.

[o] *bullets in their mouths*] "Before the invention of cartouches, bullets were frequently carried in this manner, and the same practice is still usual among the American riflemen." WEBER.

[p] *Spinola's but a ditcher to her*] "The marquis of Spinola, who was commander in chief at the siege of Ostend, mentioned in the next page." REED.

[q] *Beat back again*] Not spoken of himself, but addressed to the others, and equivalent to—retreat: compare a passage in vol. v. 28, where see note.

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Jaques. Am I drunk now, sir?
Soph. He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd.
I have scap'd a pretty scouring.
Petru. What, are they mad? have we another bedlam?
They do not talk, I hope?
Soph. Oh, terribly,
Extremely fearful! the noise at London-Bridge
Is nothing near her.
Petru. How got she tongue[q]?
Soph. As you got tail; she was born to 't.
Petru. Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, an I suffer this, I may go graze.
Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues?
Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was:
I went up, came to the door, knock'd, nobody answer'd;
Knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have broke in
By force; when suddenly a water-work
Flew from the window with such violence,
That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar—
Cætera quis nescit?
The chamber's nothing but a mere Ostend,[r]
In every window pewter cannons mounted,—
You'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, sir.
Petru. Why, then, tantara for us!
Soph. And all the lower works lin'd sure with small shot,
Long tongues with firelocks, that, at twelve-score blank[s],
Hit to the heart. Now, an ye dare, go up.

MARIA *and* BIANCA *appear at a window.*

Mor. The window opens. Beat a parley first.
I am so much amaz'd, my very hair stands.
Petron. Why, how now, daughter! what, intrench'd[t]?
Maria. A little guarded for my safety, sir.

[q] *she tongue*] Sympson silently printed "*she* this *tongue?*"
[r] *a mere Ostend*, &c.] See note, vol. iii. 154.
[s] *at twelve-score blank*] i. e. the mark at which they are aimed being twelve-score yards distant: *blank* means properly—the white mark in the centre of the butt, at which the archers shot.
[t] *what, intrench'd*] Sympson silently printed "*what*, are you *intrench'd?*"

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Petru. For your safety, sweetheart! why, who[u] offends you?
I come not to use violence.
Maria. I think
You cannot, sir; I am better fortified.
Petru. I know your end; you would fain reprieve your maidenhead
A night or two.
Maria. Yes, or ten, or twenty,
Or say an hundred; or, indeed, till I list lie with you.
Soph. That 's a shrewd saying. From this present hour
I never will believe a silent woman;
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petron. Till you list lie with him! why, who are you, madam?
Bianca. That trim gentleman's wife, sir.
Petru. 'Cry you mercy! do you command too?
Maria. Yes, marry, does she, and in chief.
Bianca. I do command; and you shall go without
(I mean your wife) for this night.
Maria. And for the next too, wench; and so as 't follows.
Petron. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Maria. Yes, indeed, dear father;
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know, for ever.
Soph. Indeed, these are bug's-words[v].
Tranio. You hear, sir, she can talk, God be thanked!
Petru. I would I heard it not, sir!
Soph. I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this woman
Makes but an anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous.
Petru. You 'll let me in, I hope, for all this jesting.
Maria. Hope still, sir.
Petron. You will come down, I am sure.
Maria. I am sure I will not.
Petron. I 'll fetch you, then.
Bianca. The power of the whole county cannot, sir,

[u] *why, who*] Sympson silently printed "*why*, pray, *who*".

[v] *bug's-words*] See note, vol. i. 297. So the first folio.—The second folio "bug-*words*"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

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Unless we please to yield; which yet I think
We shall not: charge when[w] you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.

Mor. Bless me[x] from a chicken of thy hatching!
Is this wiving?

Petru. Prithee, Maria, tell me what 's the reason,
And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry; your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have to keep a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a saint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent,
So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with physic,
But well enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.

Maria. 'Tis so.

Petru. My means and my conditions[y] are no shamers
Of him that owes[z] 'em, (all the world knows that,)
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Maria. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels[a]
I dare except against; nay more, so far

[w] *charge when*] Sympson silently printed "*charge* us *when*."

[x] *Bless me*] Sympson silently printed "Heaven *bless me*;" which is given by his successors, Weber observing that the apostrophe before "Bless" in the first folio "was undoubtedly inserted to notify the scrupulous omission of 'Heaven'." But why did they not print "Heaven *bless me*" in an earlier passage of this play (p. 108), where both the folios have an apostrophe before "Bless"!

"Will never buy thee pins.
Livia. Bless me!
Maria. From what!"

So too at p. 112, we have, according to the first folio, "*Bianca.* '*Cheer*, wench"; and in the preceding play (p. 79), according to the same folio,

"But, like a tempest, '*bore* the field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me."

I may add that the Editors of 1778 and Weber, in opposition to both the folios, divide the present speech thus,—

Mor. Heaven bless me from
A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving!"

[y] *conditions*] i. e. qualities,—disposition.

[z] *owes*] i. e. owns.

[a] *parcels*] "This is a law-phrase [see note, vol. iii. 486]," &c. WEBER. Yes; but here the word means merely—parts, particulars.

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I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these women's fears,
That, were I yet unmarried, free to choose
Through all the tribes of man, I 'd take Petruchio
In 's shirt, with one ten groats to pay the priest,
Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire[z],—and they are right ones.
Petron. Why do you play the fool, then, and stand prating
Out of the window, like a broken miller?
Petru. If you will have me credit you, Maria,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.
Maria. Stay
There, sir; that bargain 's yet to make.
Bianca. Play sure, wench;
The pack 's in thine own hand.
Soph. Let me die lousy,
If these two wenches be not brewing knavery
To stock a kingdom!
Petru. Why, this is a riddle;
"I love you, and I love you not."
Maria. It is so;
And till your own experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.
Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.
Maria. I am glad on 't, and I will talk.
Petru. Prithee, peace;
Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee, woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.
Maria. And I am worse, a woman that can fear
Neither Petruchio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance:
There 's a short method for you; now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry 't so, 'tis very well.

[z] *the ablest*
That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire] "The Lancashire men are still celebrated for their strength and dexterity at the sport of single-stick, being frequently matched against the Somerset youths. To this probably the text alludes." WEBER.

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Bianca. No, you shall carry it, sir.
Petru. Peace, gentle low-bell.[a]
Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly;
I charge thee, by the duty of a child!
Petru. Prithee, come, Maria: I forgive all.
Maria. Stay there. That duty, that you charge me by,
(If you consider truly what you say,)
Is now another man's; you gave 't away
I' the church, if you remember, to my husband;
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay,—your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.
Petron. This is monstrous.
That blessing that St. Dunstan gave the devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee[b],——
Pull thee down by the nose!
Bianca. Saints should not rave, sir:
A little rhubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then, by that duty you owe to me, Maria,
Open the door, and be obedient! I am quiet yet.
Maria. I do confess that duty: make your best on 't.
Petru. Why, give me leave, I will.
Bianca. Sir, there 's no learning
An old stiff jade to trot; you know the moral.
Maria. Yet, as I take it, sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.
Petru. You will not article?
All I owe, presently—let me but up—I 'll pay.
Maria. You are too hot, and such prove jades at length.

[a] *low-bell*] "A sheep's or goat's bell in a forest. This seems to be the present signification of the word; Bianca, to whom it is addressed, being the rallying-point, the commander or bell-wether of the rebellious ladies. It may, however, refer to 'a kind of fowling,' as Dr. Johnson explains it, 'in which the birds are wakened by a bell, and lured by a flame into a net.'" WEBER,—whose note I have retained for want of a more satisfactory explanation.

[b] *I would give thee*] Both the folios have a break after "thee". The Editors of 1778 silently printed "*I would give thee*, whore"; and so Weber: but, if any word has been omitted here in the folios, it was surely not "whore"; the licenser, however scrupulous, would not have considered that word as offensive.

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You do confess a duty or respect to me from you again,
That 's very near or full the same with mine?
Petru. Yes.
Maria. Then, by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.
Petru. Well, what remedy? [*To* PETRON., *&c.*
Petron. A fine smart cudgel.—Oh, that I were near thee!
Bianca. If you had teeth now, what a case were we in!
Mor. These are the most authentic rebels, next
Tyrone[c], I ever read of.
Maria. A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will observ'd, I may,
With intercession of some friends, be brought,
May be, to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition.
You understand me?
Soph. Thou, boy, thou!
Petru. Well,
There are more maids than Maudlin; that 's my comfort.
Maria. Yes; and more men than Michael.
Petru. I must not
To bed with this stomach, and no meat, lady.
Maria. Feed where you will, so it be sound and wholesome;
Else live at livery[d], for I 'll none with you.
Bianca. You had best back one of the dairy-maids; they 'll carry:
But take heed to your girths; you 'll get a bruise else.
Petru. Now, if thou wouldst come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a marriage-bed,
Study such kisses as would melt a man,
And turn thyself into a thousand figures,
To add new flames unto me, I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee and thy best allurings. All the beauty

[c] *Tyrone*] "The celebrated earl of Tyrone, who was subdued by the Earl of Essex in the reign of Elizabeth." WEBER.

[d] *livery*] i. e. allowance of food (from masters to servants in great houses).

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That 's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
(For without doubt your minds are miserable,
You have no masks for them,) all this rare beauty,
Lay but the painter and the silk-worm by,
The doctor with his diets, and the tailor,
And you appear like flay'd cats; not so handsome.

Maria. And we appear, like her that sent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous Nature,
Truly ourselves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle: we are gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husband's stamp upon us, then allays,
And base ones, of you men, are mingled with us,
And make us blush like copper.

Petru. Then, and never
Till then, are women to be spoken of;
For till that time you have no souls, I take it.
Good night.—Come, gentlemen: I 'll fast for this night;
But, by this hand—Well, I shall[e] come up yet?

Maria. No.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd jury;
Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,
Nor any thing that 's easy. Do you rebel so soon?
Yet take mercy.

Bianca. Put up your pipes; to bed, sir. I 'll assure you
A month's siege will not shake us.

Mor. Well said, colonel!

Maria. To bed, to bed, Petruchio.—Good night, gentlemen:
You 'll make my father sick with sitting up.
Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
Unless we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. I 'll hang first.

Maria. And I 'll quarter, if I do not.
I 'll make you know, and fear a wife, Petruchio;
There my cause lies.
You have been famous for a woman-tamer,

[e] *I shall*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*shall I*".

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And bear the fear'd name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now shall take those honours off, and tame you;—
Nay, never look so big;—she shall, believe me,
And I am she.—What think ye? Good night to all:
Ye shall find sentinels ——

Bianca. If ye dare sally.

[MARIA *and* BIANCA *withdraw from the window.*

Petron. The devil 's in 'em, even the very devil,
The down-right devil!

Petru. I 'll devil 'em; by these ten bones[f], I will!
I 'll bring it to the old proverb, "No sport, no pie."
[Pox[g]], taken down i' the top of all my speed!
This is fine dancing! Gentlemen, stick to me:
You see our freehold 's touch'd; and, by this light,
We will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em out,
Or make 'em recreant.

Petron. I 'll see all passages stopt but those about 'em.
If the good women of the town dare succour 'em,
We shall have wars indeed.

Soph. I 'll stand perdu[h] upon 'em.

Mor. My regiment shall lie before.

Jaques. I think so;
'Tis grown too old to stand. [*Aside.*

Petru. Let 's in, and each provide his tackle:
We 'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons
(Hear what I say) on their bare knees[i].
Am I Petruchio, fear'd and spoken of,
And on my wedding-night am I thus jaded? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the same.*

Enter, severally, ROWLAND *and* PEDRO.

Rowl. Now, Pedro?

Pedro. Very busy, Master Rowland.

[f] *ten bones*] "i. e. ten fingers." WEBER.

[g] [*Pox*] A break here in both the folios.

[h] *perdu*] Which Weber explains "forlorn hope",—means here—in ambush, on the watch (as before, vol. ii. 237, vol. iii. 491.)

[i] *knees*] After this word, both the folios have a break, which perhaps should be filled up with "by Heaven".

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Rowl. What haste, man?
Pedro. I beseech you, pardon me,
I am not mine own man.
Rowl. Thou art not mad?
Pedro. No; but, believe me, as hasty——
Rowl. The cause, good Pedro?
Pedro. There be a thousand, sir. You are not married?
Rowl. Not yet.
Pedro. Keep yourself quiet, then.
Rowl. Why?
Pedro. You 'll find a fiddle
That never will be tun'd else: from all women—[j] [*Exit.*
Rowl. What ails the fellow, tro?

Enter JAQUES.

Jaques!

Jaques. Your friend, sir;
But very full of business.
Rowl. Nothing but business!
Prithee, the reason? is there any dying?
Jaques. I would there were, sir!
Rowl. But thy business?
Jaques. I 'll tell you in a word: I am sent to lay
An imposition upon souce[k] and puddings,
Pasties and penny custards, that the women
May not relieve yon rebels. Fare you well, sir.
Rowl. How does my mistress?
Jaques. Like a resty jade;
She 's spoil'd for riding. [*Exit.*
Rowl. What a devil ail they?
Custards and penny pasties, fools and fiddles!
What 's this to the purpose?

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Oh, well met!

Soph. Now, Rowland?
I cannot stay to talk long.

[j] *from all women*—] He means of course—from all women heaven deliver us!
[k] *souce*] i. e. provisions kept in pickle.

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Rowl. What 's the matter?
Here 's stirring, but to what end? whither go you?
Soph. To view the works.
Rowl. What works?
Soph. The women's trenches.
Rowl. Trenches! are such to see?
Soph. I do not jest, sir.
Rowl. I cannot understand you.
Soph. Do not you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new bride
Stands with her husband?
Rowl. Let him stand with her,
And there 's an end.
Soph. It should be; but, by 'r lady,
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies him,
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of rutters[l]
Never defied men braver[m]: I am sent
To view their preparation.
Rowl. This is news
Stranger than armies[n] in the air. You saw not
My gentle mistress?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret business; when she had found it,
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd
To shun Moroso.
Rowl. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Rowl. No.
Soph. Farewell.
Rowl. Farewell, sir. [*Exit* SOPHOCLES.
What should her musing mean, and what her joy in 't,
If not for my advantage? Stay you: may not
That bob-tail jade Moroso, with his gold,

[l] *rutters*] Properly—German troopers (*reiter*, *reuter*). "A play upon the word is here intended." MASON.

[m] *braver*] "Means here—more bravely." MASON.

[n] *armies*] The folios "armes" and "arms".—"So in *Wit without Money* (vol. iv. 128),

'———— fiery battles
Seen in the air at Aspurg'." WEBER.

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His gewgauds[o], and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? Here she comes;
And yonder walks the stallion to discover:
Yet I 'll salute her.

Enter, at one door, LIVIA, *and, at another,* MOROSO *hearkening.*

Save you, beauteous mistress!

Livia. The fox is kennell'd for me.—Save you, sir!

Rowl. Why do you look so strange?

Livia. I use to look, sir,
Without examination.

Mor. Twenty spur-royals[p] for that word! [*Aside.*

Rowl. Belike, then,
The object discontents you?

Livia. Yes, it does.

Rowl. Is 't come to this? you know me, do you not?

Livia. Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.

Rowl. Why do you break your faith?

Livia. I 'll tell you that too:
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.

Mor. Excellent wench! [*Aside.*

Livia. Sue out your understanding[q],
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle[r]
(For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses),
And, if you can, more manners.

Mor. Better still! [*Aside.*

Livia. And then, if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,
A ten-pound waistcoat[s], or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

Rowl. Farewell: and when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck!

[o] *gewgauds*] i. e. gewgaws.

[p] *spur-royals*] See note, vol. iii. 9. The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*spur*-ryals".

[q] *Sue out your understanding*] See note, next page.

[r] *knuckle*] "Mason proposes to read '*noddle*', 'as knuckles are not usually covered with hair'. But Rowland is a mere youth, and not likely to have lost the hair on his head. Livia evidently speaks of his chin, which she ludicrously calls '*knuckle*.'" WEBER.

[s] *A ten-pound waistcoat*] See the latter part of note, vol. i. 39; and compare vol. iii. 77, line seven, vol. vi. 72, last line but two, 452, line nine.

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Livia. Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you:
Farewell, and be a man; and I 'll provide you,
Because I see you 're desperate, some staid chambermaid,
That may relieve your youth with wholesome doctrine.

Mor. She 's mine from all the world! [*Aside, and then comes forward.*]—Ha, wench!

Livia. Ha, chicken! [*Gives him a box on the ear, and exit.*

Mor. How 's this? I do not love these favours.—Save you!

Rowl. The devil take thee! [*Wrings him by the nose.*

Mor. Oh!

Rowl. There 's a love-token for you; thank me now. [*Exit.*

Mor. I 'll think on some of ye; and, if I live,
My nose alone shall not be play'd withal. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* PETRONIUS.

Enter PETRONIUS *and* MOROSO.

Petron. A box o' th' ear, do you say?

Mor. Yes, sure, a sound one;
Beside my nose blown to my hand. If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I 'll swear devoutly,
H'as sued his livery[s], and is no more a boy.

Petron. You gave her some ill language?

Mor. Not a word.

Petron. Or, might be, you were fumbling?

Mor. Would I had, sir!
I had been aforehand then; but to be baffled[t],
And have no feeling of the cause——

[s] *H'as su'd his livery*] "*Livery.* Delivery, or grant of possession; a law-term. -- To *sue one's livery* was a phrase relative to the feudal tenures, according to which the court of wards seized the lands of any tenant of the crown upon his decease, till the heir *sued out his livery*, and by that process came into possession ..... As this was not done till a minor came of age, it was occasionally used as an expression to denote maturity." Nares's *Gloss.*

[t] *baffled*] i. e. disgraced, insulted: see notes, vol. ii. 286, vol. iii. 399.

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Petron. Be patient;
I have a medicine, clapt to her back, will cure her.
Mor. No, sure, it must be afore, sir.
Petron. O' my conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with bastard[u],
Whose nature is to form things like itself,
Heady and monstrous. Did she slight him too?
Mor. That 's all my comfort: a mere hobby-horse
She made Child Rowland[v]: 'sfoot, she would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts; which I held more than wonder,
I having seen her within 's[w] three days kiss him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.
Petron. There is some trick in this. How did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.
Petron. I fear her:
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger
She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. I 'll be sworn
'Twas well tied on, then[x].
Petron. Go to! pray, forget it:
I have bespoke a priest, and within 's two hours
I 'll have ye married; will that please you?

[u] *bastard*] See note, vol. ii. 427.

[v] *Child Rowland*] An allusion to the ballad cited in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 4,—

"Child Rowland to the dark tower came," &c.

of which (as appears from Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, &c. i. 217) fragments are still extant in Scotland. *Child* (a word rendered familiar to modern readers by *Child Harold*) means—a youth trained to arms, whether squire or knight: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[w] *within 's*] "*Within 's* for *within these* is a vile contraction, which ought not to be continued in any good edition, though authorized by the old." MASON. Weber accordingly gave "*within* these": but I believe that this "vile contraction" (which occurs twice afterwards in the present play) was the author's.

[x] *This blow was but a favour.*
Mor. *I 'll be sworn*
'Twas well tied on, then] "Moroso quibbles upon the *favours* [ribands, scarfs, &c.] given by ladies", &c. WEBER.

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Mor. Yes.

Petron. I 'll see it done myself, and give the lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,
I 'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on 't.

Mor. Nay, good sir, be not violent.

Petron. Neither.

Mor. It may be,
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness
To give me a box o' th' ear, or so.

Petron. It may be.

Mor. I reckon for the best still. This night, then,
I shall enjoy her?

Petron. You shall handsel her.

Mor. Old as I am, I 'll give her one blow for 't,
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.

Petron. Where 's your jointure?

Mor. I have a jointure for her.

Petron. Have your counsel perus'd it yet?

Mor. No counsel but the night, and your sweet daughter,
Shall e'er peruse that jointure.

Petron. Very well, sir.

Mor. I 'll no demurrers on 't, nor no rejoinders.
The other 's ready seal'd.

Petron. Come, then, let 's comfort
My son Petruchio; he 's like little children
That lose their bawbles, crying ripe.

Mor. Pray, tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?

Petron. Still, and still she shall be,
Till she be starv'd out: you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad, after this tempest,
To tie their husbands' shoes, and walk their horses.

Mor. That were a merry world!—Do you hear the rumour?
They say the women are in insurrection,
And mean to make a —— [y]

[y] *And mean to make a——*] So both the folios,—to mark the omission of something not over-delicate.

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Petron. They 'll sooner
Draw upon walls as we do. Let 'em, let 'em:
We 'll ship 'em out in cuck-stools[z]; there they 'll sail
As brave Columbus did, till they discover
The happy islands of obedience.
We stay too long; come.
Mor. Now, St. George be with us! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The court before the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter LIVIA.

Livia. Now, if I can but get in handsomely,
Father, I shall deceive you; and this night,
For all your private plotting, I 'll no wedlock:
I have shifted sail, and find my sister's safety[a]
A sure retirement. Pray to Heaven that Rowland
Do not believe too far what I said to him!
For yon old fox-case[b] forc'd me; that 's my fear.
Stay, let me see: this quarter fierce Petruchio
Keeps with his myrmidons: I must be sudden;
If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
But martial law; to this place have I scap'd him.—
Above there!

MARIA *and* BIANCA *appear at a window.*

Maria. *Qui va la?*
Livia. A friend.
Bianca. Who are you?
Livia. Look out and know.
Maria. Alas, poor wench, who sent thee?
What weak fool made thy tongue his orator?
I know you come to parley.
Livia. You 're deceiv'd.

[z] *cuck-stools*] i. e. chairs or stools fixed at the end of a long pole, used for the punishment of scolds and brawlers by plunging them in the water.

[a] *my sister's safety*] "Means—my sister's place of safety, her strong-hold." MASON.

[b] *fox-case*] i. e. fox-skin.

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Urg'd by the goodness of your cause, I come
To do as you do.
Maria. You 're too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness: do not we know
Thou hast been kept up tame?
Livia. Believe me!
Maria. No; prithee, good Livia,
Utter thy eloquence somewhere else.
Bianca. Good cousin,
Put up your pipes; we are not for your palate:
Alas, we know who sent you!
Livia. O' my word——
Bianca. Stay there; you must not think "your word,"
Or "by your maidenhead," or such Sunday oaths,
Sworn after even-song, can inveigle us
To loose our handfast[c]: did their wisdoms think
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish
To entertain our gentle sister Sinon[d],
And give her credit, while the wooden jade
Petruchio stole upon us? No, good sister:
Go home, and tell the merry Greeks[e] that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Æneas,
Will on my back, 'spite of the myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and, through seas
Unknown and unbeliev'd, seek out a land,
Where, like a race of noble Amazons,
We 'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men.
Livia. I 'll second ye.
Bianca. How long have you been thus?
Livia. That 's all one, cousin;
I stand for freedom now.

[c] *handfast*] i. e. contract, union: we have had the word before, vol. i. 40, vol. iv. 79.

[d] *Sinon*] "See Virgil's *Æneid.* [B. ii.]" REED.

[e] *the merry Greeks*] "This is a proverbial expression common in old books. As Mr. Steevens observes, '*Græcari*, among the Romans, signified to play the reveller.'" WEBER. But see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iii. 261.

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Bianca. Take heed of lying;
For, by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the prince of Orange[f] will be sport
To what we purpose.
Livia. Let me feel the heaviest.
Maria. Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland (for by your maidenhead
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe and honourable
To us and to yourself.
Livia. I swear.
Bianca. Stay yet:
Swear as you hate Moroso, (that 's the surest,)
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dried jack[g]; full of more aches
Than Autumn has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, than Dog's-Ditch[h];

[f] *That kill'd the prince of Orange*] "This was Balthazar Gerard, who murdered the prince of Orange at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584. The horrible punishments inflicted on this miserable wretch are thus related by a writer who lived not very distant from the time in which the transaction happened: 'Here first he had his right hand with a hot yron seared and cut off, which did the deede, and cast into the fire: next of all, with firie hot pincers he had his flesh torne and pluckt off from sixe parts of his bodie, which were most fleshie, *viz.* of his breast, armes, legs, and buttocks, and those cast into the fire; and his body, beginning from the lower part, was with an axe chopt in peeces, his belly was ripped, his heart was pluckt out and cast at the villaine's face (yet in some life), and afterwards his head, being chopt off, was with other foure parts of his bodie, as arms and feete, set upon foure poles on foure turrits or ports of the citie, fastened upon a long pole set upon the turrit of the schoole house, on the back-side of the prince's lodging; and whatsoever he had in his life-time about him was taken from him and given away.' *A true Discourse Historicall of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands, and the Civil Warres there begun in the yeere* 1565, &c. 4to. 1602. B. L. p. 51." REED.

[g] *a poor dried jack*] "By this is probably meant a Jack-a-lent, a kind of puppet, at which cudgels were thrown in Lent," &c. WEBER. It means simply —a dried jack-fish.

[h] *Dog's-Ditch*] i. e. Hound's-Ditch. The "brokery" in that quarter is frequently mentioned by our early writers: "Tell all the *Brokers* in Long-lane, *Hounsditch*, or else wher," &c. Dekker's *Knights Coniuring*, 1607, Sig. H. "But into *Houns-ditch*, to the *Brokers roe*." Rowlands's *Letting of humors blood in the head-vaine*, &c. Sig. C 2. ed. 1611.

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As you do constantly believe he 's nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard,
And that beard such a bob-tail, that it looks
Worse than a mare's tail eaten off with flies[i];
As you acknowledge that young handsome wench,
That lies by such a bilbo-blade, that bends
With every pass he makes to th' hilts, most miserable,
A dry-nurse to his coughs, a fewterer[j]
To such a nasty fellow, a robb'd thing
Of all delights youth looks for; and, to end,
One cast away on coarse beef, born to brush
That everlasting cassock that has worn
As many servants out, as the North-East passage
Has consum'd sailors: if you swear this, and truly,
Without the reservation of a gown
Or any meritorious petticoat,
'Tis like we shall believe you.

Livia. I do swear it.

Maria. Stay yet a little: came this wholesome motion
(Deal truly, sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the foe?

Livia. Ne'er fear me;
For, by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, sister.

Maria. If we believe, and you prove recreant, Livia,
Think what a maim you give the noble cause
We now stand up for: think what women shall,
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations,
Spoke as we do 'em, wench, shall make new customs.

Bianca. If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the city
Confess yourself; bring not a sin so heinous

[i] *flies*] The folios "Fillyes" and "Fillies."

[j] *fewterer*] Was properly the person who, immediately under the huntsman, took charge of the dogs,—who led out the lime-hounds and grey-hounds, and let them loose in the chase. See Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, iii. 219. ed. 1813.

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To load thy soul to this place. Mark me, Livia;
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honours,
And we fail in our purpose, get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.

Maria. If a mother's daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband,
Find thee, and know thy sin——

Bianca. Nay, if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs but wooden ones,
Come but i' the windward of thee (for sure she 'll smell thee,
Thou 'lt be so rank), she 'll ride thee like a nightmare,
And say her prayers backward to undo thee[k];
She 'll curse thy meat and drink, and, when thou marriest,
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.

Maria. Children of five year old, like little fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley[l]; all that ever
Shall live and hear of thee, I mean all women,
Will, like so many Furies, shake their keys,
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,
Crying "revenge"! Take heed; 'tis hideous;
Oh, 'tis a fearful offence[m]! If thou hadst
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st hither
A false imagination, get thee gone,
And, as my learnèd cousin said, repent:
This place is sought by soundness.

[k] *say her prayers backward to undo thee*] "This was supposed to be one of the most powerful spells of witchcraft. So in act iv. scene ii. Petruchio says,

'If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward, fiends, or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made'." WEBER.

[l] *Will pinch thee into motley*] "i. e. make thy skin of all colours, like the motley suit of [domestic] fools." WEBER.

[m] *offence*] Both the folios "office"; and so the modern editors.—"If the measure did not greatly reclaim against it, I should have read 'offence'." SYMPSON. "Let the measure reclaim never so loudly against it, yet the sense exclaims still louder that we must read 'offence'." HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

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Livia. So I seek it,
Or let me be a most despis'd example!
Maria. I do believe thee; be thou worthy of it!
You come not empty?
Livia. No, here 's cakes and cold meat,
And tripe of proof; behold, here 's wine and beer!
Be sudden; I shall be surpris'd else.
Maria. Meet
At the low parlour-door; there lies a close[m] way:
What fond[n] obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter
Fling it away; 'twill but defile your offerings[o].
Bianca. Be wary as you come.
Livia. I warrant you.
[MARIA *and* BIANCA *withdraw from the window.* *Exit* LIVIA[p].

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter, severally, ROWLAND *and* TRANIO.

Tra. Now, Rowland?
Rowl. How do you?
Tra. How dost thou, man?
Thou look'st ill.
Rowl. Yes. Pray, can you tell me, Tranio,
Who knew the devil first?
Tra. A woman.
Rowl. So.
Were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be so,
For they had certain dialogues together.
Rowl. He sold her fruit, I take it?

[m] *close*] i. e. private, secret. [n] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[o] *your offerings*] *Scil.* the cakes, cold meat, &c., mentioned just above by Livia. Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*).—Both the folios "our *offerings*"; and so the modern editors.

[p] *Exit Livia*] After this, both the folios have a short scene, which the first folio gives again (see p. 142 and note), but which the second folio does not repeat. The editor of the second folio evidently retained it in the wrong place; and so the modern editors.

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Tra. Yes, and cheese
That chok'd all mankind after.
Rowl. Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith,
After she had eaten?
Tra. That 's a school-question.
Rowl. No,
It is no question; for believe me, Tranio,
That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in her
But windy promises and colic vows,
That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard, I am sure,
Of Æsculapius, a far-fam'd surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd traitors,
And make 'em honest men.
Tra. How dost thou, Rowland?
Rowl. Let him but take (if he dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
(There will be credit for him that will speak him,)
A broken woman, Tranio, a base woman,
And, if he can cure such a wreck[q] of honour,
Let him come here and practise.
Tra. Now, for honour's sake,
Why, what ail'st thou, Rowland?
Rowl. I am ridden, Tranio,
And spur-gall'd to the life of patience—

[q] *a wreck*] Both the folios "*a* rack" (a misprint for "*wrack*", the old spelling of "*wreck*").—On the famous passage of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, act iv. sc. 1,

"And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not *a rack* behind",

Mr. Collier observes, "'Rack' is vapour, from *reek*, as Horne Tooke showed; and the light clouds on the face of heaven are the 'rack' or vapour from the earth. The word 'rack' was OFTEN USED IN THIS WAY." Now, the truth is, it was NEVER so used: though "the *rack*" (i. e. the thin vapoury clouds, see vol. ii. 120, vol. v. 10, and present vol. p. 66) is an expression very frequently employed by our early writers, no passage can be adduced in which "a *rack*" (a single vapoury cloud) is mentioned. Brockett (*Gloss. of North Country Words*) gives "RACK, a track, a trace", and insists that this is the meaning of the word as used in *The Tempest*. I am inclined to think that he is right: if not, "a rack" must be, as in the passage of our text, a misprint for "a *wrack*", i. e. a *wreck*.

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Heaven keep my wits together!—by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tra. Your mistress has a little frown'd, it may be?
Rowl. She was my mistress.
Tra. Is she not?
Rowl. No, Tranio:
She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my mistress,
A good sword, or a book: and, if you see her,
Tell her, I do beseech you, even for love-sake—
Tra. I will, Rowland.
Rowl. She may sooner count the good
I have thought her, our old love and our friendship,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her:
And, now I have met a messenger, farewell, sir. [*Exit.*
Tra. Alas, poor Rowland! I will do it for thee.
This is that dog Moroso; but I hope
To see him cold i' the mouth first, ere he enjoy her.
I 'll watch this young man; desperate thoughts may seize him;
And, if my purse or counsel can, I 'll ease him. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO, *and* SOPHOCLES.

Petru. For, look you, gentlemen, say that I grant her,
Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,
Which you and all men else know she deserves not,
(*Teneatis, amici*) can all the world leave laughing?
Petron. I think not.
Petru. No, by [Heaven[r]], they cannot!
For, pray, consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So stiff a tomboy, of so set a malice,

[r] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

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And such a brazen resolution,
As this young crab-tree? and then answer me:
And mark but this too, friends; without a cause,
Not a foul word come 'cross her, not a fear
She justly can take hold on: and do you think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sew pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a spindle first! No, no, my masters;
Were she as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and housewife
As good as the wise sailor's wife[s], and young still,
Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild mare[t] once a-week, she should,
Believe me, friends, she should; I would tabor her,
Till all the legions that are crept into her
Flew out with fire i' the tails.

Soph. Methinks you err now;
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

Petru. Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment.

Mor. Give her a few conditions.

Petru. I'll be hang'd first!

Petron. Give her a crab-tree cudgel!

Petru. So I will;
And, after it, a flock-bed for her bones,
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum,
She shall be pamper'd with[u];
She shall not know a stool in ten months, gentlemen.

Soph. This must not be.

[s] *the wise sailor's wife*] "Meaning Penelope, the wife of Ulysses." MASON.

[t] *ride the wild mare*] Has previously occurred (see note, vol. ii. 153) as another name for the childish sport of *see-saw*. In the present passage, however, the words have a very different meaning, Petruchio evidently intending to say that his wife should be mounted upon something, and well drubbed ("I would *tabor* her"). *Brockett* describes a punishment among the vulgar, inflicted on various offenders, called *Riding the stang* (i. e. long pole): but, though dirt is thrown at the offenders in question, they are not subjected to any beating: see *Gloss. of North Country Words* in v. *Stang*.

[u] *with*] Both the folios have a break after this word,—something indelicate being omitted.

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Enter JAQUES.

Jaques. Arm, arm! out with your weapons!
For all the women in the kingdom 's on ye;
They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.

Enter PEDRO.

Pedro. Stand to your guard, sir! all the devils extant
Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women marching hitherward,
In rescue of my mistress, than e'er turn'd tail
At Sturbridge-fair[u], and, I believe, as fiery.
Jaques. The forlorn-hope 's led by a tanner's wife
(I know her by her hide), a desperate woman;
She flay'd her husband in her youth, and made
Reins of his hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten
And born thus by the boisterous breath of husbands[v];
They serve sure[w], and are swift to catch occasion
(I mean, their foes or husbands) by the forelocks,
And there they hang like favours[x]; cry they can,
But more for noble spite than fear; and crying,
Like the old giants that were foes to Heaven,
They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main pot-lids
Like massy rocks, dart ladles, tossing irons[y],

[u] *Sturbridge-fair*] i. e. the annual fair kept in the neighbourhood of Cambridge (so named from the rivulet *Stour* and *bridge*).

[v] *They are a genealogy of jennets gotten*
And born thus by the boisterous breath of husbands] See note, vol. v. 273.

[w] *serve sure*] "Sympson says, that *to serve sure* means to observe; but it is a military phrase, and means to act like steady soldiers." MASON.

[x] *favours*] See last note, p. 129.

[y] *tossing irons*] Sympson proposed to read "toasting *irons*", which was adopted by the Editors of 1778. Mason says (very erroneously) that "the word '*tossing*' is not used as an epithet of description, but as the participle of the verb to *toss*, and means only that they tossed about irons and tongs like thunderbolts."—A well-known line of *Gammer Gurtons Nedle*, 1575, is,—

"My goodly *tossing* sporyars neele, chaue lost ich wot not where."
Sig C.

from which and the passage of our text Reed (apud Dodsley's *Old Plays*) imagined that *tossing* was formerly used to signify sharp. Nares (*Gloss.* in

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And tongs like thunderbolts, till, overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
At those imperious codsheads[z] that would tame 'em.
There 's ne'er a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Choose where you will,) but dare attempt the raising,
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
A May-pole and a morris[a], maugre mainly
Their zeal and dudgeon-daggers[b]; and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of battering ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o' the parish.

Soph. Lo you, fierce
Petruchio, this comes of your impatience!

Pedro. There 's one brought in the bears, against the canons
Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em[c].

Jaques. Another, to her everlasting fame, erected
Two ale-houses of ease, the quarter-sessions
Running against her roundly; in which business
Two of the disannullers lost their night-caps;
A third stood excommunicate by the cudgel;
The constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Pedro. Then are they victuallèd with pies and puddings
(The trappings of good stomachs), noble ale
(The true defender), sausages, and smok'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for pikes, and pork
(Better the Jews ne'er hated); here and there
A bottle of metheglin, a stout Briton[d]
That will stand to 'em: what else they want, they war for.

v.) conjectures that "*tossing irons*", in the present passage, may perhaps mean pokers.

[z] *codsheads*] So the first folio. — The second folio "godheads"; and so Sympson.

[a] *but dare attempt the raising,*
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
A May-pole and a morris] "The rage of the Puritans against these harmless sports has been ridiculed by Fletcher in another place, more at length and with strong humour, *Women Pleased*, act iv.", &c. WEBER. See p. 62 sqq. of the present volume.

[b] *dudgeon-daggers*] See notes, vol. iii. 196, vol. v. 427.

[c] *'em*] Qy. "*'em too*"?

[d] *Briton*] The correction of Weber, who observes that "Pedro evidently

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Petru. Come, to council!
Soph. Now you must grant conditions, or the kingdom
Will have no other talk but this.
Petron. Away, then!
And let 's advise the best.
Soph. Why do you tremble?
Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knock'd o' the head
With half a washing-beetle? Pray, be wise, sir.
Petru. Come: something I'll do[d]; but what it is, I know not.
Soph. To council, then, and let 's avoid their follies.
Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a cloak left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[e]—*A street.*

Enter a Maid, *meeting two other* Maids.

First Maid. How goes the[f] business, girls?
Sec. Maid. A-foot and fair.
Third Maid. If fortune favour us. Away to your strength[g]!
The country forces are arriv'd: begone!
We are discover'd else.
First Maid. Arm, and be valiant!
Sec. Maid. Think of our cause!
Third Maid. Our justice!
First Maid. 'Tis sufficient. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The court before the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRONIUS, PETRUCHIO, MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, *and* TRANIO.

Petron. I am indifferent, though, I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.

calls the Welsh liquor metheglin 'a stout *Briton*'". The folios have "Britaine" and "Britain"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

[d] *something I'll do*, &c.] See the last note on act v. sc. 3.

[e] *Scene V.*, &c.] See note, p. 136. Here, doubtless, the poet, as well as the editor of the first folio, intended this scene to stand. When the editor of the second folio and the modern editors struck it out here, they seem not to have perceived that its omission occasioned the awkwardness of Petruchio, Petronius, &c. re-entering immediately after their *Exeunt.*

[f] *the*] So the first folio in the repetition of this scene: earlier, it has "your"; and so the second folio, and the modern editors.

[g] *strength*] i. e. strong-hold.

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Tra. No more of that, sir.
Soph. Are you resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
'Twill be the safest way.
Petru. I am distracted:
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her! If I offer peace,
She 'll urge her own conditions; that 's the devil.
Soph. Why, say she do?
Petru. Say, I am made an ass, then!
I know her aim. May I with reputation,
(Answer me this,) with safety of mine honour,
After the mighty manage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a Fury to this filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,
Which would have made Don Hercules horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide, suffer this Cicely,
Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappled with me,
This pink[g], this painted foist[h], this cockle-boat,
To hang her fights[i] out, and defy me, friends,
A well-known man of war? If this be equal[j],
And I may suffer[k], say, and I have done.
Petron. I do not think you may.
Tra. You 'll make it worse, sir.
Soph. Pray, hear me, good Petruchio. But even now
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: 'tis a folly

[g] *pink*] "*Pink.* A vessel with a narrow stern; *pinque*, French. Hence all vessels so formed are called *pink-sterned*. *Chambers.* In the French *Manuel Lexique* it is thus defined: 'Nom d'un vaisseau de charge qui s'appelle aussi flutte. Il est *plat de varange* (flat-bottomed), et il a le derriere ronde.' It is not, in fact, an obsolete term at sea." Nares's *Gloss.*—"A *Pink* (small ship), Navicula." Coles's *Dict.*—Weber *illustrates* the present passage by citing

"The fellow 's a shrewd fellow at a *pink*"

from Ford's *Lady's Trial*, act iii. sc. 1, where "at a *pink*" means—at a stab, at fighting!!!

[h] *foist*] See note, vol. i. 296.

[i] *fights*] See note, vol. v. 233.

[j] *equal*] i. e. just, proper.

[k] *suffer*] Heath (*MS. Notes*) would read "*suffer* 't": but the alteration is not necessary.

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(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions;
For, on my life, this trick is put into her——

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You 'll find it so.

Soph. Then, if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on; and in this you 'll deal with temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the world——

Tra. And lose——

Mor. No honour, on my life, sir.

Petru. I will do it. [*Music above.*

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Petru. Why, Heaven [l] hold it!

Enter JAQUES.

Mor. Now, Jaques?

Jaques. They are i' the flaunt, sir.

Soph. Yes, we hear 'em.

Jaques. They have got a stick of fiddles, and they firk [m] it
In wondrous ways: the two grand capitanoes
(They brought the auxiliary regiments [n])
Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare breeches,
And bid the kingdom kiss 'em [o]; that 's the burden:
They have got metheglin and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants [p].

Petron. How know'st thou?

Jaques. I peep'd in
At a loose lansket [q].

[l] *Heaven*] So the second folio.—The first folio "God".

[m] *stick - - - - - firk*] "Perhaps we should read—'*stock*'. To '*firk*' in the present passage means—to gambol, caper" [see note, vol. iv. 216]. WEBER.

[n] *They brought the auxiliary regiments*] "i. e. They *who* brought", &c. MASON.

[o] *And bid the kingdom kiss 'em*] So the second folio.—The first folio "*And bid* them *kisse 'em*".

[p] *tyrants*] "An allusion to the rant of Herod and other characters in the old moralities." WEBER. Perhaps so.

[q] *lansket*] "This word, the meaning of which is evident [!], I have not met

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Tra. Hark!

Petron. A song! Pray, silence.

SONG[r] (WITHIN).

A health, for all this day,
To the woman that bears the sway,
And wears the breeches;
Let it come, let it come!
Let this health be a seal,
For the good of the common-weal,
The woman shall wear the breeches!
Let 's drink, then, and laugh it,
And merrily, merrily quaff it,
And tipple and tipple a round:
Here 's to thy fool,
And to my fool;
Come, to all fools,
Though it cost us, wench, many a pound!

Mor. They look out.

[MARIA, BIANCA, *with* City-women, *and* Country-women, *appear at the windows.*

Petru. Good even, ladies!

Maria. Good you good even, sir!

Petru. How have you slept to-night?

Maria. Exceeding well, sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Maria. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.

First Count. W. Is that he?

Bianca. Yes.

First Count. W. Sir!——

Soph. She has drunk[s] hard; mark her hood.

First Count. W. You are——

Soph. Learnedly drunk, I 'll hang else. Let her utter.

with elsewhere." WEBER. "I have no knowledge of this word," says Nares, citing the present passage (*Gloss.* in v.), "but by the context it seems to mean the pannel of a door, a lattice, or something of that kind." Can it mean—a lancet-window?

[r] *Song*] "This Song appeared first in the second folio." WEBER.

[s] *drunk*] The second folio happens to have "drank"; and so the modern editors!

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First Count. W. And I must tell you, *viva voce*, friend,
A very foolish fellow.
Tra. There 's an ale-figure.
Petru. I thank you, Susan Brotes.
First City-W. Forward, sister.
First Count. W. You have espousèd here a hearty woman,
A comely, and courageous——
Petru. Well, I have so.
First Count. W. And, to the comfort of distressèd damsels,
Women out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It should seem so.
First Count. W. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
First Count W. For thirteen causes.
Petru. Pray, by your patience, mistress——
First City-W. Forward, sister.
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?
First City-W. Who shall let her [t]?
Petron. Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come not now
To hear your doctrine.
First Count. W. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.
Petru. Hark you, good Maria;
Have you got a catechiser here?
Tra. Good zeal!
Soph. Good three-pil'd [u] predication, will you peace,
And hear the cause we come for?
First Count. W. Yes, bob-tails,
We know the cause you come for; here 's the cause:
[*Pointing to* MARIA.
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.
First City-W. Give me sack:
By this, and next, strong ale——
First Count. W. Swear forward, sister.

[t] *let her*] "i. e. hinder her". *Ed.* 1778.
[u] *three-pil'd*] See note, vol. i. 296.

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First City-W. By all that 's cordial, in this place we 'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and then all
That ever yet was chronicled of woman,
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herself.

First Count. W. She shall, Tom Tilers[v],
And brave ones too: my hood shall make a hearse-cloth,
And I lie under it like Joan o' Gaunt,
Ere I go less[w]; my distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal trophy of my conquests,
And loud Fame at my head with two main bottles
Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
Of old Don Gillian.

First City-W. Yet a little further.
We have taken arms in rescue of this lady,
Most just and noble: if ye beat us off,
Without conditions, and we recreant[x],
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our ancient chambering[y], next that,
The symbols of our secresy, silk stockings,

[v] *Tom Tilers*] Equivalent to—hen-pecked husbands. The allusion is to an early drama (said to have been printed in 1578, but known at present only from the ed. of 1661) called *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, in which the lady lords it unmercifully over her husband.

[w] *I go less*] "i. e. I put up with worse conditions." WEBER. It is a phrase borrowed from gaming, and means properly—play for a smaller stake: it has occurred before frequently; see notes, vol. ii. 486, vol. iv. 395, &c.

[x] *and we recreant*] Both the folios "*and we* recant"; and so the modern editors.—I give the correction of Mason, who observes; "considering the context, I have no doubt but we should read 'and we *recreant*'; for she proceeds in reciting the punishment of recreant knights: and in the 124th page, Petruchio says—

'We will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em out,
Or make 'em *recreant*.'"

Later in the play (p. 134), Maria says,

"If we believe, and you prove *recreant*, Livia,
Think what a maim you give the noble cause," &c.

Weber declares that he would have adopted Mason's emendation, "if *recreant* could have been found in any other instance to have been used as a verb." But it is *not* used here as a verb: "*and we recreant*" means—and we being recreant.

[y] *chambering*] "i. e. intriguing." WEBER.

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Hew off our heels; our petticoats of arms
Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break
Over our coward heads.
First Count. W. And ever after,
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our crests (*videlicet*, our plackets[z])
Let laces hang, and we return again
Into our former titles, dairy-maids.
Petru. No more wars! puissant ladies, shew conditions,
And freely I accept 'em.
Maria. Call in Livia;
She 's in the treaty too.

LIVIA *appears above.*

Mor. How! Livia!
Maria. Hear you that, sir?
There 's the conditions for you; pray, peruse 'em.
[*Throws down a paper.*
Petron. Yes, there she is: 't had been no right rebellion,
Had she held off. What think you, man?
Mor. Nay, nothing:
I have enough o' the prospect: o' my conscience,
The world's end and the goodness of a woman
Will come together.
Petron. Are you there, sweet lady?
Livia. 'Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you not: your blessing!
Petron. Yes, when I bless a jade that stumbles with me.—
How are the articles?
Livia. This is for you, sir;
And I shall think upon 't. [*Throws down a paper to* MOROSO.
Mor. You have us'd me finely!
Livia. There is no other use of thee now extant,
But to be hung up, cassock, cap, and all,
For some strange monster at apothecary's[a].

[z] *plackets*] "i. e. petticoats." WEBER. But see note, vol. vi. 508.

[a] *at apothecary's*] i. e. at the apothecary's (our early writers frequently omitting "the" in such expressions; see, for instance, the quotation from Middleton in note, vol. iii. 524).—Both the folios have "*at* Apothecaries"; and so Weber, who says "i. e., I suppose, at Apothecaries' Hall." Sympson and the Editors of 1778 silently printed "*at* th' *apothecary's*."

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Petron. I hear you, whore!
Livia. It must be his, then, sir;
For need will then compel me[b].
First City-W. Blessing on thee!
Livia. He will undo me in mere pans of coals
To make him lusty.
Petron. There 's no talking to 'em.—
How are they, sir?
Petru. As I expected: liberty and clothes,
[*Looking at the paper.*
When, and in what way she will; continual moneys,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say "why is this," or "whither will it?"
New coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here;
Hangings, and hunting-horses; and for plate
And jewels for her private use, I take it,
Two thousand pound in present; then for music
And women to read French——
Petron. This must not be.
Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That Livia shall by no man be importun'd,
This whole month yet, to marry.
Petron. This is monstrous!
Petru. This shall be done; I 'll humour her a while:
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I 'll make a shift for one.
Soph. When ye are once a-bed, all these conditions
Lie under your own seal.
Maria. Do you like 'em?
Petru. Yes;
And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,
I 'll ratify 'em.

[b] Petron. I *hear you, whore!*
Livia. *It must be his, then, sir;*
For need will then compel me] "There is little, if any, sense in this passage as it stands. We should read,

'*I* must be his, then, sir,
For need will then compel me.'

and Livia's meaning is, If I am to be a whore, I must first be his wife, and then need will compel me to become so." MASON,—an alteration which Weber adopted: but the old reading conveys the same meaning.

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First Count. W. Stay: what pledges?
Maria. No, I 'll take that oath:—
But have a care you keep it.
First City-W. "'Tis not now
As when Andrea liv'd" [c].
First Count. W. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a letter of these articles
We have set down, the self-same persecution—
Maria. Mistrust him not.
Petru. By all my honesty——
Maria. Enough; I yield.
Petron. What's this inserted here?
Soph. That the two valiant women that command here
Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers.
Petru. That shall be too;
And, if a tun of wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice. I ordain ye all
Paymasters, gentlemen.
Tra. Then we shall have sport, boys.
Maria. We 'll meet you in the parlour. [*All above withdraw.*
Petru. Ne'er look sad, sir;
For I will do it.
Soph. There 's no danger in 't.
Petru. For Livia's article, you shall observe it;
I have tied myself.
Petron. I will.
Petru. Along, then. Now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow. [*Exeunt.*

[c] "*'Tis not now*
As when Andrea liv'd"] The modern editors were not aware that this is a quotation from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (see note, vol. ii. 135);

"How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied:
It is not now as when Andrea liv'd;
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art graced with a happier love."

Act iv.—Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iii. 180, last ed.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter TRANIO *and* ROWLAND.

Tra. Come, you shall take my counsel.
Rowl. I shall hang first!
I 'll no more love, that 's certain; 'tis a bane,
Next that they poison rats with, the most mortal:
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me,
Some serious point of learning or my state[c];
No more *aye-me's* and *misereri's*[d], Tranio,
Come near my brain. I 'll tell thee; had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould make his head ache worser than his horns do,
And firk him[e] with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee, there is nothing
(It may be thy case, Tranio, therefore hear me)
Under the sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into the world with man) so desperate,
So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy and scurvy——
Tra. Whither wilt thou, Rowland?
Rowl. As 'tis to be in love.

[c] *state*] i. e. estate.

[d] *misereri's*] The correction of Sympson, who compares the following passage in act v. sc. 2,—

"the two Fish-Streets,
Were she but once arriv'd among the whitings,
Would sing a woful *misereri*."

The first folio has "miseries"; the second "mistrisses."

[e] *firk him*] "i. e. teaze, irritate him. Our authors are remarkably fond of this word with it various meanings." WEBER. See note, vol. iv. 216.

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Tra. And why, for virtue-sake?

Rowl. And why, for virtue's sake! dost thou not conceive me?

Tra. No, by my troth.

Rowl. Pray, then, and heartily,
For fear thou fall into't. I 'll tell thee why too,
For I have hope to save thee: when thou lov'st,
And first beginn'st to worship the gilt calf,
Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And, like a 'prentice, flung away thy freedom;
Forthwith thou art a slave.

Tra. That 's a new doctrine.

Rowl. Next, thou art no more man.

Tra. What, then?

Rowl. A frippery[f],—
Nothing but braided hair, and penny riband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose[g]; or, at best, a swabber:
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language[h].

Tra. Why?

Rowl. Oh, Tranio,
Those things in love ne'er talk as we do!

Tra. No?

Rowl. No, without doubt; they sigh, and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

Tra. No tongue?

Rowl. Yes, Tranio, but no truth in 't, nor no reason:
And when they cant[i] (for 'tis a kind of canting),
You shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em,
(Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot,)
Such gibberish; such, *believe me—I protest, sweet—*
And, *Oh, dear Heavens, in which such constellations*
Reign at the births of lovers—this is too well!

[f] *A frippery*] "i. e. an old clothes' shop." WEBER. Compare a passage in *Wit without Money*, vol. iv. 135.

[g] *rose*] i. e. knot of ribands for the shoe.

[h] *If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,*
Yet thou wilt lose thy language] "i. e. if you can love so prudently and thriftily as to preserve thy making, yet thou wilt lose thy language." MASON.

[i] *cant*] i. e. use their jargon (the word was properly applied to beggars).

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And, *deign me, lady, deign me, I beseech you,*
You[*r*] *poor unworthy lump*—and then she licks him.
Tra. A [pox[1]] on 't, this is nothing!
Rowl. Thou hast hit it.
Then talks she ten times worse, and wries, and wriggles,
As though she had the itch (and so it may be.)
Tra. Why, thou art grown a strange discoverer.
Rowl. Of mine own follies, Tranio.
Tra. Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?
Rowl. I think so, certain;
And, if I be not dead-drunk, I shall keep it.
Tra. Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women?
Rowl. Why, as I think of fiddles; they delight me,
Till their strings break.
Tra. What strings?
Rowl. Their modesties,
Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they are like kits,
They have but four strings to 'em.
Tra. What wilt thou
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lov'st,
And the same woman still?
Rowl. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my bond for 't.
Tra. But, pray, hear me;
I 'll work all means I can to reconcile ye.
Rowl. Do, do; give me the money.
Tra. There. [*Gives money.*
Rowl. Work, Tranio.
Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.
Rowl. Yes, straight.
This is the first good I e'er got by woman.
Tra. You would think it strange now, if another beauty
As good as hers, say better——
Rowl. Well?
Tra. (Conceive me,
This is no point o' the wager.)

[1] [*pox*] A break here in both the folios.

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Rowl. That 's all one.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, than she now hates you.
Rowl. 'Tis a good hearing; let 'em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is; [*Gives money.*
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Rowl. 'Tis done.
Have you another to put in?
Tra. No, no, sir.
Rowl. I am very sorry. Now will I erect
A new game, and go hate for the bell[k]; I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.
Tra. I must have leave
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.
Rowl. Ten pound more,
I never believe you.
Tra. No, sir; I am stinted.
Rowl. Well, take your best way, then.
Tra. Let 's walk. I am glad
Your sullen fever 's off.
Rowl. 'Shalt see me, Tranio,
A monstrous merry man now. Let 's to the wedding;
And, as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches, and their works.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. And do thy worst.
Tra. Something I 'll do.
Rowl. Do, Tranio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PEDRO *and* JAQUES.

Pedro. A pair of stocks bestride 'em! are they gone?
Jaques. Yes, they are gone; and all the pans i' the town
Beating before 'em. What strange admonitions

[k] *go hate for the bell*] "May mean," says Weber, "I will endeavour to obtain renown by being the first in the rank of woman-haters," with an allusion to the expression, *bear the bell.*

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They gave my master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!
Pedro. O' my conscience,
H'as found his full match now.
Jaques. That I believe too.
Pedro. How did she entertain him?
Jaques. She look'd on him——
Pedro. But scurvily?
Jaques. With no great affection
That I saw: and I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty; and some copies
Say, but her cheek.
Pedro. Jaques, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?
Jaques. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,
Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, against players,
And to as good a tune too; but against her,——
That Heaven would bless me from her! Mark it, Pedro;
If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I 'll be carted.
My comfort is yet, that those Amorites
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores,
Had their hoods hallow'd with sack.
Pedro. How devilish drunk they were!
Jaques. And how they tumbled, Pedro! didst thou mark
The country cavaliero?
Pedro. Out upon her!
How she turn'd down the bragget[l]!
Jaques. Ay, that sunk her.
Pedro. That drink was well put to her: what a somersalt[m],
When the chair fell, she fetch'd, with her heels upward!
Jaques. And what a piece of landskip she discover'd!
Pedro. Didst mark her when her hood fell in the posset?

[l] *bragget*] Written also *braggat*, *braggot*, and *bracket*—is a drink usually composed of honey, ale, and spices.

[m] *somersalt*] i. e. (as the word is now corrupted) somerset. So the second folio.—The first folio "sober *salt*."

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Jaques. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy. The tumbrel[n],
When she had got her ballass[o]——

Pedro. That I saw too.

Jaques. How fain she would have drawn on Sophocles
To come aboard, and how she simper'd it——

Pedro. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker[p].

Jaques. I' th' heat of summer, there had been some hope on't.

Pedro. Hang her!

Jaques. She offer'd him a Harry-groat[q], and belch'd out,
Her stomach being blown with ale, such courtship,
Upon my life, has given him twenty stools since;
Believe my calculation: these old women,
When they are tippled and a little heated,
Are like new wheels; they 'll roar you all the town o'er
Till they be greas'd.

Pedro. The city cinque-pace[r],
Dame Toast-and-Butter, had the bob[s] too.

Jaques. Yes:
But she was sullen drunk, and given to filching;
I saw[t] her offer at a spoon.—My master!
I do not like his look; I fear h'as fasted,
For all this preparation: let 's steal by him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night!

Petru. Not touch her.

Soph. Where was your courage?

Petru. Where was her obedience?

[n] *tumbrel*] "Is a kind of bum-boat, unfit for sailing." MASON. So the second folio.—The first folio "tumorel" (but towards the end of the act "tumbrell").

[o] *ballass*] i. e. ballast.—Silently altered to "ballast" by the Editors of 1778; and so Weber.

[p] *striker*] See note, vol. iv. 217.

[q] *a Harry-groat*] See note, vol. iii. 21.

[r] *cinque-pace*] So the first folio.—The second folio "*cinque-a-pace;*" and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778. "*Cinque-pace*, as Sir John Hawkins observes, is 'the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five [the same as a galliard]'." WEBER.

[s] *had the bob*] Seems used here, as Weber observes, in the sense of—was drunk.

[t] *saw*] Both the folios "see"; and so the modern editors.

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Never poor man was sham'd so; never rascal
That keeps a stud of whores was us'd so basely.
Soph. Pray you, tell me one thing truly; do you love her?
Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I pass'd thee half my land!
Soph. It may be, then,
Her modesty requir'd a little violence:
Some women love to struggle.
Petru. She had it,
And so much that I swet for 't, so I did:
But to no end; I wash'd an Ethiop.
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite——
Soph. 'Tis strange:
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair terms.
Petru. I shall quit[u] her.
Soph. Us'd you no more art?
Petru. Yes; I swore to her,
And by no little ones[v], if presently,
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and despatch'd me
Out of the pain I was (for I was nettled),
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would to her chamber-maid, and, in her hearing,
Begin her such a hunt's-up[w]!
Soph. Then she started?
Petru. No more than I do now: marry, she answer'd,
If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,
One that might well content a single woman.
Soph. And he should tilt her?
Petru. To that sense:—and last,

[u] *quit*] i. e. requite.
[v] *little ones*] *Scil.* oaths.
[w] *a hunt's-up*] See note, vol. v. 45.

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She bade me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good-night,
And so good-morrow, and a kiss or two
To close my stomach; for her vow had seal'd it,
And she would keep it constant.

Soph. Stay you, stay you:
Was she thus when you woo'd her?

Petru. Nothing, Sophocles,
More keenly eager: I was oft afraid
She had been light and easy, she would shower
Her kisses so upon me.

Soph. Then I fear
Another spoke 's i' the wheel.

Petru. Now thou hast found me:
There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh, Patience,
Preserve me, that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as flaying her,
Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her——

Soph. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her, then, and see the heir
Of spite and prodigality: she has studied
A way to beggar 's both; and, by this hand,
She shall be, if I live, a doxy[x].

Enter, and remain at one side of the stage, MARIA, *a* Servant, *and a* Waiting-woman.

Soph. Fie, sir!

Maria. I do not like that dressing; 'tis too poor:
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,
And betwixt every lace a rich embroidery;
Line the gown through with plush perfum'd, and purfle
All the sleeves down with pearl.

Petru. What think you, Sophocles?
In what point stands my state[y] now?

Maria. For those hangings,
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use: and bespeak
New pieces, of the civil wars of France;

[x] *a doxy*] i. e. a beggar's wench. See note on *The Beggars' Bush*, act. ii. sc. 1.
[y] *state*] i. e. estate.

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Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk-work,
The borders gold.

Soph. Ay, marry, sir, this cuts it.

Maria. That fourteen yards of satin give my woman;
I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil[a];
There's too much silk i' the lace too. Tell the Dutchman
That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
Another suit of horses; and, by all means,
Ten cast of hawks for the river[a]; I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound and flying;
For the next winter I am for the country,
And mean to take my pleasure. Where's the horseman?

Enter Horseman.

Petru. She means to ride a great-horse[b].

Soph. With a side-saddle?

Petru. Yes; and she 'll run a-tilt within this twelvemonth.

Maria. To-morrow I 'll begin to learn: but, pray, sir,
Have a great care he be an easy doer;
'Twill spoil a scholar else.

Soph. An easy doer!
Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes; I shall meet her morals[c]
Ere it be long, I fear not.

Maria [*coming forward*]. Oh, good morrow!

[*Exeunt* Servant, Waiting-woman, *and* Horseman.

Soph. Good morrow, lady: how is 't now?

Maria. Faith, sickly;
This house stands in an ill air——

Petru. Yet more charges?

Maria. Subject to rots and rheums; out on't! 'tis nothing
But a til'd fog.

Petru. What think you of the lodge, then?

[a] *civil*] "i. e. grave, sober." WEBER.

[a] *Ten cast of hawks for the river*] i. e. ten couple of hawks for killing the greater game which frequents the river: see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, viii. 258.

[b] *a great-horse*] "The great-horse, (anciently the *destrere*,) is the tournament and war-horse, in opposition to the palfrey and hunting-nag." WEBER.

[c] *morals*] i. e. meanings.

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Maria. I like the seat, but 'tis too little.—Sophocles,
Let me have thy opinion; thou hast judgment.
Petru. 'Tis very well!
Maria. What, if I pluck it down,
And build a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?
Petru. And i' the midst
A college for young scolds?
Maria. And, to the southward,
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it of the Italian fashion, hanging?
Petru. An you could cast yourself so too! [*Aside.*]—Pray, lady,
Will not this cost much money?
Maria. Some five thousand;
Say six. I'll have it battled[d] too.
Petru. And gilt?—Maria,
This is a fearful course you take: pray, think on 't:
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.
Maria. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon 't:
Tell me of due obedience! what 's a husband?
What are we married for? to carry sumpters[e]?
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions as you yours?
Petru. Pray, hear me.
Maria. Take two small drops of water, equal weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in duty?
Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience,
In way of duty, but of love and credit:
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be.

[d] *battled*] i. e. battlemented.
[e] *sumpters*] See note, vol. ii. 440.

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Maria. That 's in my making.
Petru. 'Tis true, it is so.
Maria. Yes, it is, Petruchio;
For there was never man without our moulding,
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,
Left any thing, three ages after him,
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good lady, understand him.
Maria. I do too much, sweet Sophocles: he 's one
Of a most spiteful self-condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A bravery dwells in his blood yet of abusing
His first good wife; he 's sooner fire than powder,
And sooner mischief.
Petru. If I be so sudden,
Do not you fear me?
Maria. No, nor yet care for you;
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you.
Petru. Does this become you now?
Maria. It shall become me.
Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.
Maria. Drag me!
Petru. But I am friends again; take all your pleasure.
Maria. Now you perceive him, Sophocles.
Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature!
Maria. [*To* SOPHOCLES] Would I had been so happy, when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee
(For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest),
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him, and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart! Wear this for my sake,
[*Gives him a ring.*
And, when thou think'st upon me, pity me;
I am cast away. [*Exit.*

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Soph. Why, how now, man?
Petru. Pray, leave me,
And follow your advices.
Soph. The man's jealous. [*Aside.*
Petru. I shall find a time, ere it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish questions.
Soph. I shall answer
As well as I am able, when you call me.——
If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,
And, if I do not venture, it's——[f] [*Aside.*
Farewell, sir.
Petru. Pray, farewell. [*Exit* SOPHOCLES.
Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's use? no wintering
These cattle without straying? 'tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!
Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd,
What dog-star, bull or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass? was I not well warn'd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance, in the days
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?
Had I not every morning a rare breakfast,
Mix'd with a learnèd lecture of ill language,
Louder than Tom o' Lincoln? and at dinner
A diet of the same dish? was there evening
That e'er pass'd over us without *thou knave*,
Or *thou whore*, for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her? and did Heaven forgive me,
And take this serpent from me, and am I
Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches:

[f] *venture, it's——*] "We should surely read "*venture* it—". MASON. There seems to be some omission here.

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Something I must do speedily: I 'll die,
If I can handsomely, for that 's the way
To make a rascal of her: I am sick,
And I 'll go very near it, but I 'll perish. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.[g]—*A room in the house of* PETRONIUS.

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, TRANIO, *and* ROWLAND.

Livia. Then I must be content, sir, with my fortune.
Rowl. And I with mine.
Livia. I did not think a look,
Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.
Rowl. Come, come, I know your courses. There 's your gewgaws,
Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gave me,——
The money 's spent in entertaining you
At plays and cherry-gardens.
Livia. There 's your chain too:
But, if you 'll give me leave, I 'll wear the hair still;
I would yet remember you.
Bianca. Give him his love, wench;
The young man has employment for 't.
Tra. Fie, Rowland!
Rowl. You cannot fie me out a hundred[h] pound
With this poor plot.—Yet, let me ne'er see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me! [*Aside.*
Bianca. Young man, let me talk with you.
Rowl. Well, young woman?
Bianca. This was your mistress once.
Rowl. Yes.
Bianca. Are you honest?
I see you are young and handsome.

[g] *Scene* iii] "This scene probably suggested a similar one in Sir John Vanbrugh's comedy of *The Mistake*, an extract from which is still acted under the title of *Lovers' Quarrels*. In one of Calderon's comedies a similar scene occurs; but the resemblance of it to that of our author must have been purely accidental." WEBER.

[h] *out a hundred*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*out* of *a hundred*": but the old text has the same meaning.

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Rowl. I am honest.

Bianca. Why, that's well said:—and there's no doubt your judgment
Is good enough and strong enough to tell you
Who are your foes and friends: why did you leave her?

Rowl. She made a puppy of me.

Bianca. Be that granted:
She must do so sometimes and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.

Rowl. A witty woman!

Bianca. Had you lov'd me——

Rowl. I would I had!

Bianca. And dearly,
And I had lov'd you so—you may love worse, sir;
But that is not material.

Rowl. I shall lose. [*Aside.*

Bianca. Some time or other, for variety,
I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the pages; but have lov'd you still,
Out of all question, and extremely too:
You are a man made to be lov'd.

Rowl. This woman
Either abuses me, or loves me deadly. [*Aside.*

Bianca. I 'll tell you one thing; if I were to choose
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mother's making would content me;
For, o' my conscience, she makes good ones.

Rowl. Lady,
I 'll leave you to your commendations.—
I am in again: the devil take their tongues! [*Aside.*

Bianca. You shall not go.

Rowl. I will.—Yet thus far, Livia;
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again.—If I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound. [*Aside.*

Livia. Good sir, but thus much——

Tra. Turn, if thou be'st a man.

Livia. But one kiss of you,
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.

Rowl. Come.—

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I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap.—
[*Aside, and then kisses her.*
We 'll have one more, and then farewell.
Livia. Farewell.
Bianca. Well, go thy ways ! thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.
Tra. H 'as made a stand.
Bianca. A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed !
Rowl. I will—I will not. [*Exit.*
Tra. He 's gone ; but shot again. Play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise ; forty angels[h]
In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes), he 's yours,
If I have any wit.
Livia. I 'll pay the forfeit.
Bianca. Come, then ; let 's see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish : and be sure Moroso
Be kept in good hand ; then all 's perfect, Livia. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter JAQUES *and* PEDRO.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?
Oh, my sweet master !
Jaques. Run for a physician,
And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro ;
He will die, diddle, diddle, die[i], if they come not
Quickly ; and bring all people that are skilful
In lungs and livers ; raise the neighbours,
And all the aquavitæ-bottles extant ;
And, oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson,
A little of his comfort, never so little !
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush ;
There 's the best ale.
Pedro. I fly. [*Exit.*

[h] *angels*] Gold coins, worth about 10*s.* each.

[i] *He will die, diddle, diddle, die*] "These words are probably the ridiculous burden of some ballad." WEBER.

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Enter MARIA *and* Servants.

Maria. Out with the trunks, ho!
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to the chamber,
And take the hangings down, and see the linen
Pack'd up, and sent away within this half-hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body
Help down the chests of plate, and some the wardrobe;
Alas, we are undone else!

Jaques. Pray, forsooth,
And I beseech you, tell me, is he dead yet?

Maria. No, but is drawing on.—Out with the armour!

Jaques. Then I 'll go see him.

Maria. Thou art undone, then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me!

Enter SOPHOCLES *and* PETRONIUS.

Soph. Why, how now, lady! what means this?

Petron. Now, daughter!
How does my son?

Maria. Save all you can, for Heaven-sake!

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, *and* TRANIO.

Livia. Be of good comfort, sister.

Maria. Oh, my casket!

Petron. How does thy husband, woman?

Maria. Get you gone,
If you mean to save your lives: the sickness—

Petron. Stand further off, I prithee.

Maria. Is i' th' house, sir: my husband has it now;
Alas, he is infected, and raves extremely!
Give me some counsel, friends.

Bianca. Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.

Maria. I have bespoke two women, and the city
Hath sent a watch by this time[1]: meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.

[1] *the city*
Hath sent a watch by this time] "Whenever the plague was known to rage in a house, the city-officers placed a guard before the door to prevent any one entering it during a period of forty days." WEBER.

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Petron. How long is 't
Since it first took him?
Maria. But within this three hours.
I am frighted from my wits—Oh, here 's the watch.

Enter the Watch.

Pray, do your office; lock the doors up, friends:
And patience be his angel!
Tra. This comes unlook'd for.
Maria. I 'll to the lodge: some that are kind, and love me,
I know will visit me.
Petru. [*within*] Do you hear, my masters?
Ho, you that lock the doors up!
Petron. 'Tis his voice.
Tra. Hold, and let's hear him.
Petru. [*within*] Will ye starve me here?
Am I a traitor, or an heretic?
Or am I grown infectious?
Petron. Pray, sir, pray!
Petru. [*within*] I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.
Maria. Pray, have patience;
You shall want nothing, sir.
Petru. [*within*] I want a cudgel,
And thee, thou wickedness!
Petron. He speaks well enough.
Maria. H' ad ever a strong heart, sir.
Petru. [*within*] Will ye hear me? First, be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Every man's several voice: you that spoke first,
I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;
And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray, mark me,
Is my damn'd wife Maria.
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arm, let any man look on 't.
[*Thrusts his arm out of a window.*

Enter Doctor *and* Apothecary.

Doctor. Save ye, gentlemen!
Petron. Oh, welcome, doctor!

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You come in happy time. Pray, your opinion;
What think you of his pulse?
Doctor. It beats with busiest, [*Feels* PETRUCHIO's *pulse.*
And shews a general inflammation,
Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever.
Take twenty ounces from him.
Petru. [*within*] Take a fool!
Take an ounce from mine arm, and, doctor Deuce-ace[k],
I 'll make a close-stool of your velvet costard[l]!—
[Pox], gentlemen, do ye make a May-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
Or, as I am a man, I 'll beat the walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for 't.
[*Exeunt* Doctor *and* Apothecary.
Petron. Nay, we 'll go with you, doctor.
Maria. 'Tis the safest;
I saw the tokens, sir.
Petron. Then there is but one way.
Petru. [*within*] Will it please you open?
Tra. His fit grows stronger still.
Maria. Let 's save ourselves, sir;
He 's past all worldly cure.
Petron. Friends, do your office;
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way, may win it, let him have it:
Farewell, and pray, my honest friends.
[*Exeunt all except the* Watch.
Petru. [*within*] Why, rascals!
Friends! gentlemen! thou beastly wife! Jaques!
None hear me? who['s] at the door there?

[k] *doctor Deuce-ace*] A term of contempt, very old, and not unfrequently met with:

"Thys *docter Deuyas* commensyd in a cart," &c.

Skelton's verses *Agaynste a comely coystrowne*, &c. *Works*, vol. i. 17. ed. Dyce. "What, a graue Doctor, a base John Doleta the Almanack-maker, *Doctor Deuse-ace* and Doctor Merry-man?" Nash's *Haue with you to Saffron-Walden*, 1596, sig. L 3.

[l] *your velvet costard*] "'*Costard*,' i. e. head. The term '*velvet*' alludes to the caps worn by physicians. In the next line, the folios have only a bar for the word '*Pox*'." WEBER.

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First Watch. Think, I pray, sir,
Whither you are going, and prepare yourself.
Sec., Watch. These idle thoughts disturb you: the good gentlewoman,
Your wife, has taken care you shall want nothing.
Petru. [*within*] Shall I come out in quiet? answer me;
Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miss,
If I miss three. Ye come here to assault me!
I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for 't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant——
Sec. Watch. That 's an ill sign.
First Watch. He draws on; he 's a dead man.
Petru. [*within*] And sleep as soundly—will ye look upon me?
First Watch. Do you want pen and ink? while you have sense, sir,
Settle your state[m].
Petru. [*within*] Sirs, I am well as you are,
Or any rascal living.
Sec. Watch. Would you were, sir!
Petru. [*within*] Look to yourselves, and, if you love your lives,
Open the door, and fly me, for I shoot else;
[By Heaven,][n] I 'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets,
And under four I will not kill!
First Watch. Let 's quit him;
It may be it is trick; he 's dangerous.
Sec. Watch. The devil take the hinmost[o], I cry!
[*Exeunt* Watch *running.*
Petru. [*within*] Have among ye!
The door shall open too; I 'll have a fair shoot.
[*Bursts the door open, and enters with a fowling-piece.*
Are ye all gone? tricks in my old days, crackers

[m] *state*] "i. e. estate." WEBER.

[n] *By Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

[o] *hinmost*] Silently altered by Sympson to "hindmost"; and so his successors. In this line too Sympson chose to print "de'l", and the Editors of 1778 "de'il."

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Put now upon me? and by Lady Green-Sleeves[p]?
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd
As much as they deserve against these women,
I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villanies, and all their doubles,
Which are more than a hunted hare e'er thought on.
When a man has the fairest and the sweetest
Of all their sex, and, as he thinks, the noblest,
What has he then? and I 'll speak modestly;
He has a quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estate to nothing, never cur'd,
Nor never dying; h 'as a ship to venture
His fame and credit in, which if he man not
With more continual labour than a galley,
To make her tith[q], either she grows a tumbrel[r],
Not worth the cloth she wears, or springs more leaks
Than all the fame of his posterity
Can ever stop again. Out on 'em, hedgehogs!
He that shall touch 'em has a thousand thorns[s]
Runs through his fingers. If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any base dunghill slavery; be a hangman,
Ere I would be a husband. Oh, the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,

[p] *Lady Green-Sleeves*] An allusion to a very popular ballad so called: see note, vol. vi. 55.

[q] *tith*] i. e. tight (as before, vol. vi. 65.)

[r] *tumbrel*] See note, p. 156.

[s] *Can ever stop again. Out on 'em, hedgehogs! He that shall touch 'em has a thousand thorns*, &c.] Both the folios have,

"*Can ever stop againe:* I could raile twenty daies;
Out on 'em hedge-hogs,
He that shal touch 'em, has a thousand thorns," &c.;

and so Sympson.—The Editors of 1778 properly threw out "I could rail twenty days", as being part of a line lower down; and so Weber, who remarks that "the intervening lines were probably omitted in the representation, and crossed in the prompter's book, and the words in question left as a direction to pass on to where they occur in their place".

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And those are fools; some, that they are not suffer'd,
And those are maudlin lovers; some, like scorpions,
They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs;
Some die with doing good, those benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away; some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness and fair usage; but what they are
My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
They are buried in old walls, with their heels upward.
I could rail twenty days together now!
I 'll seek 'em out; and, if I have not reason,
And very sensible, why this was done,
I 'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for 't. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* PETRONIUS.

Enter MOROSO *and* PETRONIUS.

Mor. That I do love her is without all question,
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly;
And that I would even now, this present Monday,
Before all others, maids, wives, women, widows,
Of what degree or calling, marry her,
As certain too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' the first house[1],
For all my kindness to her——

Petron. How you take it!
Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-caps!
Wouldst have her come and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

Mor. Not so, neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she should do;

[1] *a gentleman o' the first house*] See note, p. 16.

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Put on a clean smock, and to church, and marry,
And then to bed a' God's name! this is fair play,
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave her bobs[u]
(I have had too many of them) and her quillets[v];
She is as nimble that way as an eel;
But in the way she ought, to me especially,
A sow of lead[w] is swifter.

Petron. Quote your griefs down[x].

Mor. Give fair[y] quarter. I am old and crazy,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that 's warm, to hatch me:
But understand me, I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than the ware 's worth I have. If you allow me
Worthy your son-in-law and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit; let me shew so,
And not be troubled in my visitations
With blows, and bitterness, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats
With clawing and loud clamour.

Petron. Thou fond[z] man,
Hast thou forgot the ballad, *Crabbed age*[a]?
Can May and January[b] match together,
And never a storm between 'em? Say she abuse thee,
Put case she do.

Mor. Well?

Petron. Nay, believe she does.

Mor. I do believe she does.

[u] *bobs*] i. e. sneering jests.

[v] *quillets*] i. e. sly tricks, or turns, in argument or excuse: see Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[w] *A sow of lead*] "A piece of lead in an oblong shape is so called." WEBER.

[x] *Quote your griefs down*] "i. e. note them, enumerate them." WEBER. See note, vol. i. 49.

[y] *Give fair*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*Give* me *fair.*"

[z] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

[a] *the ballad, Crabbed age*] The well-known lines by Shakespeare, contained in his *Passionate Pilgrim.*

[b] *May and January*] "Obviously refer to *The Merchant's Tale* of Chaucer." WEBER.

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Petron. And devilishly:
Art thou a whit the worse?
Mor. That 's not the matter;
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abus'd;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for 't.
Petron. Now you come to me.
Mor. Nay, more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or ouches[c],
Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,
Waistcoats[d], enbroider'd stockings, scarfs, cawls, feathers,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs, and ribands,
I am to give her for 't.
Petron. 'Tis right; you are so.
Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is 't requisite another bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that.
Petron. Go, get you gone, and dream
She 's thine within these two days, for she is so;
The boy 's beside the saddle: get warm broths,
And feed apace; think not of worldly business,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And mere forerunners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o' the top cut, like Verdugo's[e],
It shews you would be wise; and burn your nightcap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges

[c] *ouches*] "Cotgrave explains *monilles*, 'necklaces, tablets, brouches, or *ouches*; any such ornaments for the neck'." WEBER. Concerning this word, whose etymology and primary signification are uncertain, see Tyrwhitt's *Gloss.* to Chaucer's *Cant. Tales* (in v. *Nouches*) and Richardson's *Dict.*

[d] *Waistcoats*] See note, p. 127.

[e] *Verdugo's*] In *The Alchemist*, act iii. sc. 2, we find,

"His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of language";

on which Gifford remarks; "Verdugo is the name of a noble Spanish family, and was probably that of some individual well known to the writers of Jonson's time. He is mentioned by Fletcher; 'Contrive your beard'," &c. Jonson's *Works*, iv. 104. Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) says that, as *verdugo* means in Spanish an executioner or a severe stroke, "Jonson's term of *Verdugoship* must be construed *hangmanship*, instead of being referred to any noble family of Spain": and in the present passage of Fletcher he would explain "Verdugo's"—hangman's.

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From a young wench nothing but cold repentance;
You may eat onions, so you 'll not be lavish.

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood and quicken;
But, after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth[f],
And, where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Mor. Shall I hope once again? say 't.

Petron. You shall, sir;
And you shall have your hope.

Mor. Why, there 's a match, then.

Enter BIANCA *and* TRANIO.

Bianca. You shall not find me wanting: get you gone;
Here 's the old man; he 'll think you are plotting else
Something against his new son. [*Exit* TRANIO.

Mor. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

BIANCA [*sings*].

An every buck had his doe,
And every cuckold a bell at his toe,
Oh, what sport should we have then, then, boys, then[g],
Oh, what sport should we have then!

Petron. This is the spirit that inspires 'em all.

Bianca. Give you good even.

Petron. A word with you, sweet lady.

Bianca. I am very hasty, sir.

Petron. So you were ever.

Bianca. Well, what 's your will?

Petron. Was not your skilful hand
In this last stratagem? were not your mischiefs
Eking the matter on?

Bianca. In 's shutting up?
Is that it?

Petron. Yes.

Bianca. I 'll tell you.

Petron. Do.

[f] *sweep your mouth*] "i. e. wash it. The modern editors without any notice read '*sweet* your mouth'." WEBER.

[g] *have then, then, boys, then*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*have then, boys, then*"; and so his successors.

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Bianca. And truly.
Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much——
Petron. I am sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent, then?
Bianca. There you are wide too:—
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way molest me.
Petron. What, then, lady?
Bianca. But that I was not in it, there 's my sorrow,
There; now you understand me; for, I 'll tell you,
It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,
And, if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a height, and excellence, and art,
I have not known a braver; for, conceive me,
When the gross fool her husband would be sick—
Petron. Pray, stay—
Bianca. Nay, good, your patience:—and no sense for 't,
Then stept your daughter in——
Petron. By your appointment.
Bianca. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half-smock, I like it so well!—
And, like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madness with another; which was rare,
And, to our weak beliefs, a wonder.
Petron. Hang you!
For surely, if your husband look not to you,
I know what will.
Bianca. I humbly thank your worship;
And so, I take my leave.
Petron. You have a hand I hear too——
Bianca. I have two, sir.
Petron. In my young daughter's business.
Bianca. You will find there
A fitter hand than mine to reach her frets,
And play down-diddle to her.
Petron. I shall watch you.
Bianca. Do.
Petron. And I shall have justice.

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Bianca. Where?
Petron. That 's all one;
I shall be with you at a turn henceforward.
Bianca. Get you a posset too[g]; and so, good even, sir.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, *and* PEDRO.

Jaques. And, as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass, pewter, plate, even to the very looking-glasses.
Pedro. And that that hung for our defence, the armour,
And the March-beer was going too: oh, Jaques,
What a sad sight was that!
Jaques. Even the two rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of muscadel,
(Better ne'er tongue tript over,) those two cannons
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, sir,
Even those two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almost cut off clean.
Petru. Go trim the house up,
And put the things in order as they were:
I shall find time for all this. [*Exeunt* JAQUES *and* PEDRO.
Could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business:
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rein her[h];
But while she shews all these, and all their losses[i],
A kind of linsey-wolsey mingled mischief
Not to be guess'd at, and whether true or borrow'd
Not certain neither—what a hap had I,
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here she comes.

[g] *too*] Sympson silently printed "do"; and so the Editors of 1778.
[h] *rein her*] Weber printed "reign *her*"; i. e., he says, "govern her"!!!
[i] *while she shews all these, and all their losses*] "i. e. while she shews all these bad qualities, and at the same time the want of them all." MASON.

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Now, if she have a colour (for the fault is
A cleanly one), upon my conscience,
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain I married for, her wit: I 'll mark her. [*Retires.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. Not let his wife come near him in his sickness!
Not come to comfort him! she that all laws
Of Heaven and nations have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,
Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary,
Having their maidenheads——

Petru. This is an axiom
I never heard before. [*Aside.*

Maria. Or say rebellion,
If we durst be so foul, (which two fair words,
Alas, win us from in an hour, an instant,
We are so easy!) make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that, though she was a little foolish,
Lov'd him,—oh, Heaven, forgive her for 't!—nay, doted,
Nay, had run mad, had she not married him?

Petru. Though I do know this falser than the devil,
I cannot choose but love it. [*Aside.*

Maria. What do I know
But those that came to keep him might have kill'd him?
In what a case had I been then! I dare not
Believe him such a base debosh'd companion[j],
That one refusal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this sickness out of need,
And take a keeper to him of fourscore
To play at billiards; one that mew'd[k] content
And all her teeth together. Not come near him!

[j] *debosh'd companion*] "i. e. debauched fellow." WEBER.

[k] *mew'd*] i. e. lost, parted with. To *mew* means properly—to moult: it has frequently occurred before; see, for instance, notes, vol. iv. 153, vol. vi. 358.

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Petru. This woman would have made a most rare Jesuit;
She can prevaricate on any thing:
There was not to be thought a way to save her,
In all imagination, beside this. [*Aside.*
Maria. His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knows whither, all the plate
And all the household-stuff, had I not cross'd it,
By a great providence, and my friends' assistance,
Which he will thank me one day for[1]—Alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have serv'd him
In any use better and willinger!
The law commands me to do it, love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.
Petru. Heaven bless me!
And, now I have said my prayers, I 'll go to her.—
[*Aside, and then comes forward.*
Are you a wife for any man?
Maria. For you, sir,
If I were worse, I were better. That you are well,
At least that you appear so, I thank Heaven;
Long may it hold! and that you are here, I am glad too:
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled—
Never look strangely on me; I dare tell you—
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners—
Petru. Holla! you kick too fast.
Maria. Was I a stranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?
Am I not married to you? tell me that.
Petru. I would I could not tell you!
Maria. Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipful,—
If I should say right worshipful I lied not,
My grandsire was a knight——
Petru. O' the shire?
Maria. A soldier,

[1] *Which he will thank me one day for*] Weber chose to print "*Which he will one day thank me for*".

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Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,
But one conductor of thy name, a grazier
That ran away with pay:—or am I grown,
Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,
I could not be admitted to your presence?—
Petru. If I endure this, hang me!
Maria. And two death's heads,
Two Harry-groats[m] that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too——
Petru. Now hear me;
For I will stay no longer.
Maria. This you shall:
However you shall think to flatter me
For this offence (which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you 'll find it so),
Whatever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your land can purchase,
What all your friends or family[n] can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it. Now your will, sir.
Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest[o]. Now be still, and mark me.
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I should now think I had met a playfellow
To profit by, and that way the most learnèd
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,
Thou most poor, paltry, spiteful whore—Do you cry?
I 'll make you roar, before I leave.
Maria. Your pleasure.
Petru. Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer,
Full of the fall thou eat'st, thou devil's broker,
Thou seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of vengeance with a thread hung o'er us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance, was it not vexation
At all points, cap-a-pè—nay, I shall pinch you—

[m] *Harry-groats*] See note, vol. iii. 21.
[n] *family*] Both the folios "families"; and so Weber.
[o] *lewdest*] "i. e. the most wicked." WEBER.

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Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse
The name of Heaven, the tie of marriage,
The honour of thy friends, the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion? but continuing,
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief?
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,
And the dear reservation of his honour,
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee?
Well, go thy ways!

Maria. Yes.

Petru. You shall hear me out first:
What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primrose,
That two hours after art a weed and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? Am I one,
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?
Am I so blind and bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the plague, and no man must come near me!
I must be shut up, and my substance bezzled[p],
And an old woman watch me!

Maria. Well, sir, well;
You may well glory in 't.

Petru. And, when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I must undo myself, forsooth! Dost hear me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Dost thou not well deserve it? o' thy conscience,
Dost thou not cry "Come beat me"?

Maria. I defy you!
And, my last loving tears, farewell! The first stroke,
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,
(Try me, and you shall find it so,) for ever,
Never to be recall'd, (I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me,) I do turn
Utterly from you; and what man I meet first,
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me. What I have said

[p] *bezzled*] See note, vol. ii. 149.

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About your foolish sickness, ere you have me
As you would have me, you shall swear is certain,
And challenge any man that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions:
And so, farewell for this time. [*Exit.*

Petru. Grief go with thee!
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
Saying my prayers backward[o], fiends, or fairies,
That can again unlove me, I am made. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A garden attached to the house of* BIANCA.

Enter BIANCA *and* TRANIO.

Tra. Mistress[p], you must do it.

Bianca. Are the writings
Ready I told you of?

Tra. Yes, they are ready;
But to what use I know not.

Bianca. You 're an ass;
You must have all things constru'd.

Tra. Yes, and pierc'd too,
Or I find little pleasure.

Bianca. Now you are knavish;
Go to! Fetch Rowland hither presently;
Your twenty pound lies bleeding else; she is married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not:
And see the papers of one size.

Tra. I have you.

Bianca. And for disposing of 'em——

Tra. If I fail you,
Now I have found the way, use martial law,
And cut my head off with a hand-saw.

Bianca. Well, sir:
Petronius and Moroso I 'll see sent for:
About your business; go.

[o] *Saying my prayers backward*] See note, p. 135.

[p] *Mistress*] a trisyllable here, as frequently before.

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Tra. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Bianca. Ho, Livia!

Enter LIVIA.

Livia. Who 's that?

Bianca. A friend of yours. Lord, how you look now,
As if you had lost a carrack[q]!

Livia. Oh, Bianca,
I am the most undone, unhappy woman!

Bianca. Be quiet, wench: thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for 't[r].
No more of these minc'd passions; they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing but a little wind:
An apple will do more. Thou fear'st Moroso?

Livia. Even as I fear the gallows.

Bianca. Keep thee there still:
And you love Rowland? say.

Livia. If I say not,
I am sure I lie.

Bianca. What wouldst thou give that woman,
In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy father's policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a bed together?

Livia. How?

Bianca. Why, fairly,
At half-sword, man and wife. Now the red blood comes;
Ay, marry, now the matter 's chang'd.

Livia. Bianca,
Methinks you should not mock me.

Bianca. Mock a pudding!
I speak good honest English, and good meaning.

Livia. I should not be ungrateful to that woman.

Bianca. I know thou wouldst not. Follow but my counsel,
And, if thou hast him not, despite of fortune,
Let me never know a good night more. You must
Be very sick o' th' instant.

Livia. Well, what follows?

[q] *a carrack*] i. e. a large ship of burden, a galleon.

[r] *all shall split for 't*] See note, vol. iii. 43.

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Bianca. And in that sickness send for all your friends,
Your father, and your fever, old Moroso;
And Rowland shall be there too.
Livia. What of these?
Bianca. Do you not twitter yet? Of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses as the merchants
Do dollars to the East-Indies. You shall know all:
But first walk in, and practise; pray, be sick.
Livia. I do believe you, and I am sick.
Bianca. Do:
To bed, then; come. I'll send away your servants
Post for your fool and father: and good fortune,
As we mean honesty[s], now strike an up-shot! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A street.*

Enter TRANIO *and* ROWLAND.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money;
But that's all one: I'll never more persuade you;
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.
Rowl. But did she send for me?
Tra. You dare believe me?
Rowl. I cannot tell; you have your ways for profit
Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em fear.
Tra. No, on my word, sir,
I deal directly with you.

Enter Servant *hastily.*

Rowl. How now, fellow!
Whither post you so fast?
Serv. Oh, sir, my master!
Pray, did you see my master?
Rowl. Why your master?
Serv. Sir, his jewel——
Rowl. With the gilded button?

[s] *honesty*] Silently altered by Sympson to "honestly."

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Serv. My pretty mistress Livia——
Rowl. What of her?
Serv. Is faln sick o' the sudden——
Rowl. How, o' the sullens!
Serv. O' the sudden, sir, I say; very sick.
Rowl. It seems she hath got the tooth-ache with raw apples.
Serv. It seems you have got the head-ache: fare you well, sir:
You did not see my master?
Rowl. Who told you so?
Tra. No, no; he did not see him.
Rowl. Farewell, blue-bottle[r]. [*Exit* Servant.
What should her sickness be?
Tra. For you, it may be.
Rowl. Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it;
Never before, I am sure. Yet I may see her;
'Twill be a point of honesty.
Tra. It will so.
Rowl. It may be not too. You would fain be fingering
This old sin-offering of two hundred, Tranio:
How daintily and cunningly you drive me
Up like a deer to the toil! yet I may leap it;
And what 's the woodman[s], then?
Tra. A loser by you.
Speak, will you go or not? to me 'tis equal.
Rowl. Come; what goes less[t]?
Tra. Nay, not a penny, Rowland.
Rowl. Shall I have liberty of conscience,
Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me, if I affect[u] her! yet, it may be,
This whoreson manners will require a struggling
Of two and twenty, or, by 'r lady, thirty.
Tra. By 'r lady, I 'll require my wager, then;

[r] *blue-bottle*] "In allusion to the dress of servants, who in ancient times were generally habited in blue," &c. WEBER.
[s] *woodman*] i. e. forester, hunter.
[t] *what goes less*] See note, p. 147.
[u] *affect*] i. e. love. WEBER.

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For, if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
I have lost my speculation: I 'll allow you——
Rowl. Speak like a gamester now.
Tra. It may be, two.
Rowl. Under a dozen, Tranio, there 's no setting:
You shall have forty shillings, wink at small faults.
Say I take twenty; come, by all that 's honest,
I do it but to vex her.
Tra. I 'll no by-blows.
If you can love her, do; if you can hate her,
Or any else that loves you——
Rowl. Prithee, Tranio——
Tra. Why, farewell, twenty pound! 'twill not undo me:
You have my resolution.
Rowl. And your money:
Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack-o'-Lent [v], and break my shins
For untagg'd points [w] and counters! I 'll go with you;
But, if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain—
A parting kiss is lawful?
Tra. I allow it.
Rowl. Knock out my brains with apples. Yet a bargain?
Tra. I tell you, I 'll no bargains; win and wear it.
Rowl. Thou art the strangest fellow!
Tra. That 's all one.
Rowl. Along, then! Twenty pound more, if thou dar'st,
I give her not a good word?
Tra. Not a penny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A room in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, *and* PEDRO.

Petru. Prithee, entreat her come; I will not trouble her
Above a word or two. [*Exit* PEDRO.
Ere I endure

[v] *a Jack-o'-Lent*] See note, vol. iii. 160.
[w] *points*] See note, vol. ii. 197.

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This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,
I 'll go to plough again [x], and eat leek-porridge;
Begging 's a pleasure to 't, not to be number'd:
No, there be other countries, Jaques, for me,
And other people; yea, and other women,
If I have need,—"here 's money," "there 's your ware,"
Which is fair dealing; and the sun, they say,
Shines as warm there as here; and till I have lost
Either myself or her—I care not whether,
Nor which first—

Jaques. Will your worship hear me?

Petru. And utterly out-worn the memory
Of such a curse as this, none of my nation
Shall ever know me more.

Jaques. Out, alas, sir,
What a strange way do you run!

Petru. Any way,
So I out-run this rascal.

Jaques. Methinks now,
If your good worship could but have the patience—

Petru. The patience! why the patience?

Jaques. Why, I 'll tell you;
Could you but have the patience—

Petru. Well, the patience.

Jaques. To laugh at all she does, or, when she rails,
To have a drum beaten o' the top o' th' house,
To give the neighbours warning of her 'larum,
As I do when my wife rebels——

Petru. Thy wife!
Thy wife 's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber;
The dead of night 's not stiller——

Jaques. Nor an iron-mill.

Petru. But thy wife is certain——

Jaques. That 's false doctrine;
You never read [y] of a certain woman.

[x] *again*] So the first folio.—Omitted in the second folio. "As it does not appear that he was ever at the plough before, the word '*again*' is a nonsensical interpolation." MASON.

[y] *never read*] Sympson silently printed "*never* yet *read*".

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Petru. Thou know'st her way.

Jaques. I should do, I am sure;
I have ridden it night and day, this twenty year.

Petru. But mine is such a drench of balderdash [z],
Such a strange carded [a] cunningness, the rainbow,
When she hangs bent in heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker, and more, than this deceitful woman
Weaves in her dyes of wickedness.

Re-enter PEDRO.

What says she?

Pedro. Nay, not a word, sir; but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow. Pray, sir, bear it
Even as you may: I need not teach your worship
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal——

Petru. What ails the fellow?

Pedro. And no doubt she may, sir——

Petru. What may she? or what does she? or what is she?
Speak and be hang'd!

Pedro. She 's mad, sir.

Petru. Heaven continue it!

Pedro. Amen, if 't be his pleasure.

Petru. How mad is she?

[z] *balderdash*] "Is a vulgar word for a confused medley either of words or things. So in Taylor the Water-Poet's *Drink and Welcome;*

'—— Now and then in beer and *balderdash*
Her lips she dips, and clean her entrails wash.'"

WEBER.

According to the tract just cited (which was printed in 1637), the liquor called *balderdash* was beer with a mixture of wine: "Indeede Beere, by a Mixture of Wine, it enjoyes approbation amongst some few (that hardly understand wherefore); but then it is no longer Beere, but hath lost both Name and Nature, and is called *Balderdash* (an Utopian denomination)", &c. Sig. B 3.

[a] *carded*] "Is used metaphorically for mixed, from the technical term of carding wool," &c. WEBER. Whatever may have been the original signification of the word, it was very frequently used in the sense of mixed by our early writers: such is undoubtedly its meaning in Shakespeare's *First Part of Henry IV.*, act. iii. sc. 2.,—

"*carded* his state,
Mingled his royalty with capering fools", &c.

where Mr. Knight erroneously explains it, and where both he and Mr. Collier adopt, in the second line, the wrong reading, "*carping* fools".

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Pedro. As mad as heart can wish, sir: she has dress'd herself
(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' the cut
Of one of those that multiply i' the suburbs[b]
For single money, and as dirtily:
If any speak[c] to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.

Petru. What new way's this?

Pedro. There came in master Sophocles——

Petru. And what
Did master Sophocles, when he came in?
Get my trunks ready, sirrah; I'll be gone straight.

Pedro. He's here to tell you.—
She's horn-mad, Jaques.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Call you this a woman?

Petru. Yes, sir, she is a woman.

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had made experience.

Soph. Yes, I did so,
And almost with my life.

Petru. You rid too fast, sir.

Soph. Pray, be[d] not mistaken: by this hand,
Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know: 'tis true, she gave me
A ring——

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv'd still:
Believe me, I never kiss'd her since; and now
Coming in visitation like a friend,
(I think she is mad, sir) suddenly she started,
And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certain?

[b] *suburbs*] See note, vol. vi. 408.

[c] *any speak*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*any* one *speak*."

[d] *Pray, be*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*Pray*, sir, *be*".

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Soph. As I am here, sir.
Petru. I believe you honest;
And, pray, continue so.
Soph. She comes.

Enter MARIA.

Petru. Now, damsel,
What will your beauty do, if I forsake you? [*She makes signs.*
Do you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess, then,
You 'll walk abroad this summer, and catch captains,
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' the suburbs,
And keep a nest of nuns?
Soph. Oh, do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is.
Petru. She is dogged,
And in a beastly case, I am sure: I 'll make her,
If she have any tongue, yet tattle.—Sophocles,
Prithee, observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well; and, when thou hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.
Soph. I 'll tell you,
I have seen a sweeter——
Petru. An hundred times, cry oysters.
There 's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars,
Runs on her breech, may be an empress to her.
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petru. Never a whit, sir.—
I'll tell thee, woman, for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speak
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping;
I know you 're well enough)—now would I give
A million but to vex her! [*Aside*]—when I chose thee
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble[d]
Than twenty terms can come to; such a cause,
Of such a title, and so everlasting,
That Adam's genealogy may be ended

[d] *trouble*] "i. e. vexation". *Ed.* 1778.

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Ere any law find thee; I took a leprosy,
Nay, worse, the plague, nay, worse yet, a possession,
And had the devil with thee, if not more [e];
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes;
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and fox from fern-bush,
That would have married thee?

Soph. She is not so ill.

Petru. She 's worse than I dare think of; she 's so lewd [f]
No court is strong enough to bear her cause;
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal
Can force me think she had a mother; no,
I do believe her stedfastly and know her
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration;
Her first form was a ferret's under-ground;
She kills the memories of men.—Not yet? [*Aside.*

Soph. Do you think she 's sensible of this?

Petru. I care not.
Be what she will, the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point [g], I untie, and thus I loose it;
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity, farewell! Yet, for you have been
So near me as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much:
Though you deserve it well, you shall not beg;
What I ordain'd your jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you, and half my house;
The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I 'll be at also,)

[e] *nay, worse yet, a possession,*
And had the devil with thee, if not more] "'*A possession*' means a being possessed by a devil. '*If not more*' means, if not more devils than one." MASON.

[f] *lewd*] i. e. wicked, base.

[g] *point*] See note, vol. ii. 197.

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Yet to confirm you Christian; your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep, I beseech you, it infects our uses:
And now I am for travel.
Maria. Now I love you;
And, now I see you are a man, I 'll talk to you ·
And I forget your bitterness.
Soph. How now, man?
Petru. Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever famous,
Make but this woman all thy wonders!
Maria. Sure, sir,
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessèd,
And what will make you virtuous.
Petru. She 'll ship me. [*Aside.*
Maria. A way of understanding I long wish'd for;
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, sir:
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence; and now I see
Some great design set in you. You may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you;
Nay, hang about your neck, and, like a dotard,
Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman;
And more prefer the honour of your country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uses you may make of other nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
The full ability and strength of judgment,
Than any private love or wanton kisses.
Go, worthy man, and bring home understanding.
Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed schoolmen.
Maria. For, if the merchant through unknown seas plough [h]
To get his wealth, then, dear sir, what must you
To gather wisdom? Go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion;
And, if a woman may win credit with you,

[h] *For, if the merchant through unknown seas plough*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*For if the merchant plough through unknown seas*".

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Go far,—too far you cannot, still the farther
The more experience finds you; and go sparing,—
One meal a-week will serve you, and one suit,
Through all your travels; for you 'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

Petru. Dost hear her?

Soph. Yes.

Petru. What would this woman do, if she were suffer'd,
Upon a new religion?

Soph. Make us pagans[i].
I wonder that she writes not.

Maria. Then, when time
And fulness of occasion have new-made you,
And squar'd you from a sot into a signior,
Or nearer, from a jade into a courser,
Come home an agèd man, as did Ulysses,
And I, your glad Penelope——

Petru. That must have
As many lovers as I languages,
And what she does with one i' the day, i' the night
Undo it with another.

Maria. Much that way, sir;
For in your absence it must be my honour,
That that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones,
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and strongly,
Almost believ'd against me, to set off
The faith and loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why, by my [soul][j], I would travel:
Did not you mean so?

Petru. Alas, no! nothing less, man;
I did it but to try her[k]. She 's the devil;

[i] *Upon a new religion.*
Soph. *Make us pagans*] So the second folio.—The first folio has,
" *Upon a new* adventure.
Soph. Make us nothing."

[j] *soul*] A break here in both the folios.

[k] *try her*] Both the folios "*try*, sir" (the first without the comma); and so

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And now I find it, for she drives me: I must go.—
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?
[*To* JAQUES *and* PEDRO.

Maria. Sir, for your house, and, if you please to trust me
With that you leave behind——

Petru. Bring down the money! [*To* JAQUES *and* PEDRO.

Maria. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow. I shall long
To hear of your well-doing and your profit;
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies or Cataia[1];
Those are the climes must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?—
She'll wish me out o' the world anon.

Maria. For France
'Tis very fair: get you aboard to-night, sir,
And lose no time; you know the tide stays no man.
I have cold meats ready for you.

Petru. Fare thee well:
Thou hast fool'd me out o' the kingdom with a vengeance;
And thou canst fool me in again.

Maria. Not I, sir;
I love you better; take your time and pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hang'd too,
Were I but half as willing.

Maria. Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the land's end, Sophocles,
And other of my friends, I hope?

Maria. Never doubt, sir;
You cannot want companions for your good.
I am sure you'll kiss me ere I go; I have business,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going!

the modern editors.—I now see that in vol. v. 202 I ought unhesitatingly to have altered "doubt, *sir*" to "doubt *her*", instead of merely proposing the latter reading in a note.

[1] *Cataia*] "i. e. China." WEBER.

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For, if thou tarriest but another dialogue,
I 'll kick thee to thy chamber.

Maria. Fare you well, sir;
And bear yourself, I do beseech you once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly and worthily; 'tis for my credit:
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travel,
(Nothing should make me leave you else,) I 'll deal
So like a wife that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die. If you want lemon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' the sea off,
Pray, speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the devil,
That was your first good master, shower his blessing
Upon ye all! into whose custody——

Maria. I do commit your reformation;
And so I leave you to your *stilo novo*[m]. [*Exit.*

Petru. I will go—yet I will not:—once more, Sophocles,
I 'll put her to the test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go, then. Let 's seek my father out,
And all my friends, to see me fair aboard:
Then, women, if there be a storm at sea
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they crack my keel! [*Exeunt.*

[m] *stilo novo*] "When the calendar had been reformed by Gregory XIII., English travellers, who wrote from abroad, usually dated their letters *stilo novo;* whence it grew into a kind of cant expression." Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* PETRONIUS.

Enter PETRONIUS *and* BIANCA.

Bianca. Now whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern, sir.

Petron. If this motion,
I mean this fair repentance of my daughter,
Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.

Bianca. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you;
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman!
She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing° in this point. Yet all my counsel
And comfort in this case could not so heal her,
But that grief got his share too, and she sicken'd.

Petron. I am sorry she 's so ill; yet glad her sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Bianca. Here comes Moroso.

Enter MOROSO.

Petron. Oh, you are very welcome!
Now you shall know your happiness.

Mor. I am glad on 't.
What makes this lady here?

Bianca. A dish for you, sir,
You 'll thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True, Moroso:
Go, get you in, and see your mistress.

° *Observing*] i. e. obeying.

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Bianca. She is sick, sir;
But you may kiss her whole.
Mor. How!
Bianca. Comfort her.
Mor. Why am I sent for, sir?
Petron. Will you in and see?
Bianca. May be, she needs confession.
Mor. By St. Mary,
She shall have absolution, then, and penance;
But not above her carriage.
Petron. Get you in, fool. [*Exit* MOROSO.
Bianca. Here comes the other too.

Enter ROWLAND *and* TRANIO.

Petron. Now, Tranio!—
Good even to you too; and you are welcome.
Rowl. Thank you.
Petron. I have a certain daughter——
Rowl. Would you had, sir!
Petron. No doubt you know her well.
Rowl. Nor never shall, sir:
She is a woman; and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep-faln snow.
Petron. Well, that's by the bye still.
This daughter that I tell you of is faln
A little crop-sick with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.
Rowl. Mine, sir!
Petron. Yes, sir;
Or rather, as it seems, repenting: and there
She lies within, debating on it.
Rowl. Well, sir?
Petron. I think 'twere well you would see her.
Rowl. If you please, sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But this I 'll tell you, she is alter'd much;
You 'll find her now another Livia.
Rowl. I have enough o' the old, sir.
Petron. No more fool

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To look gay babies in your eyes, young Rowland,
And hang about your pretty neck——
Rowl. I am glad on 't,
And thank my fates I have scap'd such execution.
Petron. And buss you till you blush again.
Rowl. That 's hard, sir;
She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it;
I never was so boyish. Well, what follows?
Petron. She 's mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wandering vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Rowl. She shall have 'em,
With all my heart, sir; and, if you like it better,
A free release in writing.
Petron. That 's the matter;
And you from her shall have another, Rowland,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you!
Rowl. So be it.—Your twenty pound sweats, Tranio.
Tra. 'Twill not undo me, Rowland; do your worst.
Rowl. Come, shall we see her, sir?
Bianca. Whate'er she says
You must bear manly, Rowland; for her sickness
Has made her somewhat teatish[p].
Rowl. Let her talk
Till her tongue ache, I care not. By this hand,
Thou hast a handsome face, wench, and a body
Daintily mounted!—Now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I piss'd it. [*Aside.*

Curtains are drawn by PETRONIUS[q], *and* LIVIA *is discovered in bed,* MOROSO *standing beside her.*

Bianca. Pray, draw 'em softly: the least hurry, sir,
Puts her to much impatience.
Petron. How is 't, daughter?

[p] *teatish*] The same as *tettish* (see note, vol. iv. 184), i. e. tetchy. So the first folio.—The second folio "pettish".

[q] *Curtains are drawn by Petronius,* &c.] Both the folios have "Enter

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Livia. Oh, very sick, very sick! yet somewhat
Better, I hope, a little lightsomer,
Because this good man has forgiven me.—
Pray, set me higher.—Oh, my head!

Bianca. Well done, wench! [*Aside to* LIVIA.

Livia. Father, and all good people that shall hear me,
I have abus'd this man perniciously;
Was never old man humbled so: I have scorn'd him,
And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at him,
Flung candles' ends in 's beard, and call'd him Harrow,
That must be drawn to all he does[r]; contemn'd him,
For methought then he was a beastly fellow,—
Oh, God, my side!—a very beastly fellow;
And gave it out, his cassock was a barge-cloth,
Pawn'd to his predecessor by a sculler,
The man yet living; I gave him purging comfits,
At a great christening once,
That spoil'd his camlet breeches; and one night
I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he pass'd down,
And the good gentleman, (woe worth me for 't!)
Even with this[s] reverent head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true,
Miss'd not a step, and, as we say, *verbatim*
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting-bottle[t],

Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her". Sympson and the Editors of 1778 gave "Livia discovered a-bed, and Moroso by her"; Weber "Livia brought in on a bed, Moroso by her."—In the next line Sympson silently printed "*Pray draw* her *softly*," &c.; so the Editors of 1778; and so Weber, who, after mentioning the reading of the folios, observes, "as it is not to be supposed that Moroso lay also in the bed, the alteration [of Sympson] became obvious". Strange that they should not have perceived that "'em" meant the curtains! Towards the end of this scene Bianca says, "Draw all the curtains close".

[r] *call'd him Harrow,*
That must be drawn to all he does] "The allusion is probably to the agricultural instrument called the *harrow*," &c. WEBER. Yes: but there seems to be also an allusion to some bug-bear termed *Harrow*: compare a passage in *The Captain* (vol. iii. 283),—

"and hoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, and *Spade*, and Spitfire," &c.

[s] *this*] So the second folio; and so Sympson.—The first folio "his"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[t] *casting-bottle*] i. e. a phial for casting or sprinkling perfumed waters. The term is very common in our early writers.

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Lost a fair toad-stone[t] of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,
And was translated[u]. All this villany
Did I, I Livia, I alone, untaught.
Mor. And I, unask'd, forgive it.
Livia. Where 's Bianca?
Bianca. Here, cousin.
Livia. Give me drink.
Bianca. There.
Livia. Who 's that?
Mor. Rowland.
Livia. Oh, my dissembler, you and I must part!
Come nearer, sir.
Rowl. I am sorry for your sickness.
Livia. Be sorry for yourself, sir: you have wrong'd me;
But I forgive you.—Are the papers ready?
Bianca. I have 'em here.—Will 't please you view 'em?
Petron. Yes.
Livia. Shew 'em the young man too; I know he 's willing
To shift his sails too; 'tis for his more advancement:
Alas, we might have beggar'd one another!
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies;
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,
Undone for ever. I confess I lov'd him
(I care not who shall know it) most entirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me:
But farewell that! we must be wiser, cousin;
Love must not leave us to the world. Have you done?
Rowl. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.
Livia. Pray, stay, then.
Give me the papers (and let me peruse 'em),
And so much time as may afford a tear
At our last parting.

[t] *toad-stone*] Among the vulgar errors of other days, was the belief that the toad contained in its head a stone, which was a specific against poison, and a remedy for various disorders. See Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *As you like it*, act ii. sc. 1, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

[u] *translated*] i. e. entranced.

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Bianca. Pray, retire, and leave her;
I 'll call ye presently.
Petron. Come, gentlemen;
The shower must fall.
Rowl. Would I had never seen her!
[*Exeunt all except* LIVIA *and* BIANCA.
Bianca. Thou hast done bravely, wench.
Livia. Pray Heaven, it prove so!
Bianca. There are the other papers: when they come,
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As drapers do their wares.
Livia. Didst mark Moroso,
In what an agony he was? and how he cried most
When I abus'd him most?
Bianca. That was but reason.
Livia. Oh, what a stinking thief is this!
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed; Thames-street to him
Is a mere pomander[v].
Bianca. Let him be hang'd!
Livia. Amen.
Bianca. And lie you still;
And once more to your business.
Livia. Call 'em in.— [*Exit* BIANCA.
Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers!

Re-enter BIANCA, PETRONIUS, ROWLAND, TRANIO, *and* MOROSO.

Petron. Is she ready?
Bianca. She has done her lamentations: pray, go to her.
Livia. Rowland, come near me; and, before you seal,
Give me your hand: take it again: now kiss me.
This is the last acquaintance we must have:
I wish you ever happy: there 's the paper.
Rowl. Pray, stay a little.
Petron. Let me never live more,

[v] *a mere pomander*] See note, vol. iii. 438. "*Mere* means absolute." WEBER.

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But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!

Bianca. There 's pen and ink, sir.

Livia. Even here, I pray you: 'tis a little emblem
How near you have been to me.

Rowl. There. [*Signs.*

Bianca. Your hands too,
As witnesses.

Petron. By any means.—To the book[w], son.

Mor. With all my heart. [*They sign.*

Bianca. You must deliver it.

Rowl. There, Livia; and a better love light on thee!
I can no more.

Bianca. To this you must be witness too.

Petron. We will. [*They sign.*

Bianca. Do you deliver it now.

Livia. Pray, set me up.—
There, Rowland, all thy old love back; and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy!
I must no more.

Rowl. Farewell!

Livia. A long farewell! [*Exit* ROWLAND.

Bianca. Leave her, by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head. Draw all the curtains close.
A day hence you may see her; 'twill be better:
She is now for little company.

Petron. Pray, tend her.
I must to horse straight; you must needs along too,
To see my son aboard: were but his wife
As fit for pity as this wench, I were happy.

Bianca. Time must do that too. Fare ye well. To-morrow
You shall receive a wife to quit[x] your sorrow. [*Exeunt.*

[w] *the book*] "Means the deed which they were to sign. So Glendower says, in the First Part of *Henry IV.* [Act iii. sc. 1],

'By this our *book* is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.'

The '*book*' here means the instrument by which Glendower, Percy, and Mortimer shared the kingdom amongst them." MASON.

[x] *quit*] i. e. requite, recompense.

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SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter JAQUES, PEDRO, *and* Porters *with a chest and hampers.*

Jaques. Bring 'em away, sirs.

Pedro. Must the great trunks go too?

Jaques. Yes, and the hampers.—Nay, be speedy, masters;
He 'll be at sea before us else.

Pedro. Oh, Jaques,
What a most blessèd turn hast thou——

Jaques. I hope so.

Pedro. To have the sea between thee and this woman!
Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.

Jaques. By your leave,
We 'll get us up to Paris with all speed;
For, on my soul, as far as Amiens
She 'll carry blank[y].—Away to Lyon-key,
And ship 'em presently! we 'll follow ye.

Pedro. Now could I wish her in that trunk. [*Exeunt* Porters.

Jaques. God shield, man!
I had rather have a bear in 't.

Pedro. Yes, I 'll tell you;
For, in the passage, if a tempest take you,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas'd the Fates, I would have the master,
Out of a powerful providence, to cry
"Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish!"
Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means
Overboard presently.

Jaques. O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us. But, believe me, Pedro,
She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever;
For none would keep her company but dog-fish,
As currish as herself, or porpisces[z],

[y] *She 'll carry blank*] i. e. carry directly to, hit, the mark: see note, p. 117.

[z] *porpisces*] So both the folios.—The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "porpoises."

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Made to all fatal uses: the two Fish-Streets,
Were she but once arriv'd amongst the whitings,
Would sing a woful *misereri*, Pedro,
And mourn in poor-John[a], till her memory
Were cast o' shore again with a strong sea-breach[b]:
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-fork,
And all his demi-gods and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemish channel, Pedro,
As ever boy was of the school; 'tis certain,
If she but met[c] him fair, and were well anger'd,
She would break his god-head.

Pedro. Oh, her tongue, her tongue!

Jaques. Rather, her many tongues!

Pedro. Or rather, strange tongues!

Jaques. Her lying tongue!

Pedro. Her lisping tongue!

Jaques. Her long tongue!

Pedro. Her lawless tongue!

Jaques. Her loud tongue!

Pedro. And her liquorish——

Jaques. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,
Were women rais'd withal; but never a true one.

Enter SOPHOCLES.

Soph. Home with your stuff again! the journey 's ended.

Jaques. What does your worship mean?

Soph. Your master—Oh, Petruchio!—Oh, poor fellows!

Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

Soph. Oh, your master 's dead,
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,
The grief of her[d]——

Jaques. Has kill'd him?

Soph. Kill'd him, kill'd him!

[a] *poor-John*] i. e. hake, salted and dried.

[b] *sea-breach*] i. e. breaking in of the sea. "We should read," says Mason, "'sea-breeze'"!

[c] *met*] Both the folios "meet"; and so the modern editors.

[d] *The grief of her——*] "i. e. his grief occasioned by her." *Ed.* 1778.—Both the folios have "*The grief of—her*"; and so Sympson.

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Pedro. Is there no law to hang her?
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery: I dare not,
For fear impatience seize me, see her more;
I must away again: bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,
Even to avoid the shame that follows her,
Cry if she can. Your weeping cannot mend it.
The body will be here within this hour,—so tell her,—
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell, fellows. [*Exit.*
Pedro. Oh, Jaques, Jaques!
Jaques. Oh, my worthy master!
Pedro. Oh, my most beastly mistress! hang her—
Jaques. Split her——
Pedro. Drown her directly——
Jaques. Starve her——
Pedro. Stink upon her——
Jaques. Stone her to death! may all she eat be eggs,
Till she run kicking-mad for men!
Pedro. And he,
That man that gives her remedy, pray Heaven
He may even *ipso facto* lose his longings[e]!
Jaques. Let 's go discharge ourselves; and he that serves her,
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A Sedgeley curse light on him,—which is, Pedro,
"The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a sithe at 's back[f]!" [*Exeunt.*

[e] *longings*] So the first folio.—The second folio "fadding" (for "fading" perhaps; see note, vol. ii. 197); and so Sympson.

[f] *A Sedgeley curse light on him,—which is, Pedro,*
"The fiend ride through him booted and spurr'd, with a sithe at 's back."]
"'Sedgeley,' says Grose in his Proverbs, 'is near Dudley, (in Staffordshire,) and is famous for a manufactory of bolts, hinges, plough, cart, and fire-irons.' In Massinger's *City Madam* [act ii. sc. 2], it is quoted as a Scotch saying,

'If she speak
Her language, may the great fiend, booted and spurr'd,
With a sithe at his girdle, *as the Scotchman says*,
Ride headlong down her throat!'" WEBER (Mason having previously cited the passage from Massinger).

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SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter ROWLAND *with a deed, and* TRANIO *stealing behind him.*

Rowl. What a dull ass was I to let her go thus!
Upon my life, she loves me still. Well, paper,
Thou only monument of what I have had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia!
Oh, bitter words, I 'll read ye once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye!— [*Reads.*
How 's this! let me look better on 't: a contract!
[By Heaven][g], a contract, seal'd and ratified,
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!
I do not dream, sure: let me read again:
The same still; 'tis a contract!

Tra. 'Tis so, Rowland;
And, by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound to-morrow.

Rowl. Art sure, Tranio,
We are both alive now?

Tra. Wonder not; you have lost.

Rowl. If this be true, I grant it.

Tra. 'Tis most certain:
There 's a ring for you too; you know it? [*Gives ring.*

Rowl. Yes.

Tra. When shall I have my money?

Rowl. Stay you, stay you:
When shall I marry her?

Tra. To-night.

Rowl. Take heed now
You do not trifle [with] me: if you do,
You 'll find more payment than your money comes to:
Come, swear, (I know I am a man, and find
I may deceive myself,) swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I Rowland?

[g] [*By Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

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Tra. Yes.
Rowl. Am I awake?
Tra. You are.
Rowl. Am I in health?
Tra. As far as I conceive.
Rowl. Was I with Livia?
Tra. You were, and had this contract.
Rowl. And shall I enjoy her?
Tra. Yes, if you dare.
Rowl. Swear to all these.
Tra. I will.
Rowl. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,
As that may wring thee if thou liest,—all these
To be no vision, but a truth, and serious!
Tra. Then, by my honesty, and faith, and conscience,
All this is certain.
Rowl. Let 's remove our places[h].
Swear it again.
Tra. By [Heaven][i], it is true.
Rowl. I have lost, then, and Heaven knows I am glad on 't.
Let 's go; and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a pagan in it.
Tra. I have a priest too;
And all shall come as even as two testers[j]. [*Exeunt.*

[h] *Let's remove our places*] "This is plainly a sneer at the scene in *Hamlet* [act i. sc. 5], where (on account of the Ghost calling under the stage) the prince and his friends two or three times remove their situations. Again, in this play, p. 142, Petruchio's saying,

'*Something Ill do; but what it is, I know not,*'

seems to be meant as a ridicule on Lear's passionate exclamation [act ii. sc. 4],

'———— *I will do such things—*
What they are, yet I know not!'" *J. N. Ed.* 1778.

Nonsense: there is more of compliment than "sneer" in these recollections of Shakespeare.

[i] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

[j] *testers*] i. e. sixpences: see Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, I. 35.

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SCENE IV.—*The court before the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRONIUS, SOPHOCLES, MOROSO, *and* Attendants *bearing* PETRUCHIO *in a coffin.*

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out.

As an Attendant *is about to go into the house, enter from it* MARIA *in black, with* JAQUES *and* PEDRO.

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes!
There lies your husband; there your loving husband;
There he that was Petruchio, too good for you:
Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him,
Ere he could reach the sea. If you can weep,
Now you have cause, begin, and after death[k]
Do something yet to the world, to think you honest.
[MARIA *seems to weep.*
So many tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are, (so a good mind go with 'em,)
Yet they may move compassion.

Maria. Pray ye, all, hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
'Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.

Soph. I see there 's some good nature yet left in her.

Maria. But what 's the cause? mistake me not; not this man,
As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend[l] it!
I never was so childish: but his life,
His poor, unmanly, wretched, foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity; there 's my mourning.

Petron. Dost thou not shame?

Maria. I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was; to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,

[k] *after death*] Silently altered by Sympson to "after 's *death*".
[l] *defend*] i. e. forbid.

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From common understanding and all gentry,
While he was living here, he walk'd amongst us:
He had a happy turn, he died: I 'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person;
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy Autumn flies. But let him rest,—
He was a fool, and farewell he!—not pitied,
I mean in way of life or action,
By any understanding man that 's honest,
But only in 's posterity, which I,
Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him
In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
Denied him means to raise.

Petru. [*rising*] Unbutton me!
[By Heaven][m], I die indeed else!—Oh, Maria,
Oh, my unhappiness, my misery!

Petron. Go to him, whore! [by Heaven], if he perish,
I 'll see thee hang'd myself!

Petru. Why, why, Maria—— [*Comes out of the coffin.*

Maria. I have done my worst, and have my end: forgive me!
From this hour make me what you please: I have tam'd you,
And now am vow'd your servant. Look not strangely,
Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
Thus I begin my new love. [*They kiss.*

Petru. Once again!

Maria. With all my heart.

Petru. Once again, Maria!—
Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am!

Soph. Get ye to bed, then; there you 'll quickly know, sir.

Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Maria. Never, sir.

Petru. You shall not need; for, as I have a faith,
No cause shall give occasion.

Maria. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life

[m] [*By Heaven*] Here, and in the next speech, both the folios have a break.

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From this hour, since you make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.
Soph. Ay, marry, this goes roundly off.
Petru. Go, Jaques,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogsheads blood: I am born again! [*Exit* JAQUES.
Well, little England, when I see a husband,
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,
I 'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;
And, if he have not butter to his[l] bread
Till his[m] teeth bleed, I 'll never trust my travel.

Enter ROWLAND, LIVIA, BIANCA, *and* TRANIO.

Petron. What have we here?
Rowl. Another morris, sir,
That you must pipe to.
Tra. A poor married couple
Desire an offering, sir.
Bianca. Never frown at it;
You cannot mend it now: there 's your own hand,
And yours, Moroso, to confirm the bargain.
Petron. My hand!
Mor. Or mine!
Bianca. You 'll find it so.
Petron. A trick,
By [Heaven][n], a trick!
Bianca. Yes, sir, we trick'd you.
Livia. Father——
Petron. Hast thou lien with him? speak.
Livia. Yes, truly, sir.
Petron. And hast thou done the deed, boy?
Rowl. I have done, sir,
That that will serve the turn, I think.
Petru. A match, then!
I 'll be the maker-up of this.—Moroso,

[l] *his*] So the second folio.—The first folio "thy".
[m] *his*] So the second folio.—The first folio "thy".
[n] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

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There 's now no remedy, you see: be willing;
For, be or be not, he must have the wench.
Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let 's in to dinner;
And, if I can, I 'll drink 't away.
Tra. That 's well said.
Petron. Well, sirrah, you have play'd a trick: look to 't,
And let me be a grandsire within 's[n] twelvemonth,
Or, by this hand, I 'll curtail half your fortunes!
Rowl. There shall not want my labour, sir. Your money
Here 's one has undertaken.
Tra. Well, I 'll trust her;
And glad I have so good a pawn.
Rowl. I 'll watch you.
Petru. Let 's in, and drink of all hands, and be jovial:
I have my colt again, and now she carries:
And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his text. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THE Tamer 's Tam'd; but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider, in their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives;
Nor can the women, from this precedent,
Insult or triumph; it being aptly meant
To teach both sexes due equality,
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause
Well laid and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more than hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.

[n] *within 's*] See note, p. 129.

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THE CHANCES.

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The Chances.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds "*A Comedy.*"

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THE prologue, which would seem to have been spoken at some revival, as also the verses of Gardiner among the Commendatory Poems, assign this comedy to Fletcher alone; and, though neither of these authorities is entitled to much consideration, there appears to be no reason for doubting that they have assigned it rightly.

Langbaine (*Account of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 207) was the first to observe that the plot of *The Chances* is taken from *La Sennora Cornelia*, one of the *Novelas Exemplares* of Cervantes; and Weber furnished an abstract of the tale in question, which (with some alterations of the language) I now subjoin.

"'Don Antonio de Ysunca, and Don Juan de Gamboa, two gentlemen of high rank, and of the same age, had left Salamanca to distinguish themselves in the wars of the Netherlands; but by the earnest persuasion of their parents they proceeded to Bologna, where they resumed their studies, and where their accomplishments procured them a good reception. In that city the lady most celebrated for her beauty was Cornelia Bentivoglio; and it became a favourite object with the two companions to obtain a sight of her, which her retired life rendered a matter of great difficulty. Juan one night declared his intention to his friend of going his usual rounds, nor would he accept of Antonio's offer to accompany him. When Juan was about to return home, he heard the door of a house opened, and a voice asking him whether he was Fabio? Upon his answering in the affirmative, a bundle was given to him, which he found so heavy that he was forced to employ both his hands. The door was then shut, and while he was ruminating how to act, he heard the crying of an infant in the bundle. Having carried it to the old woman with whom he and his companion lodged, he ordered her to procure a nurse, and instead of the valuable clothes in which it was wrapped, to dress it in others more humble, in order to prevent discovery. He then returned to the house where he had received it, and on his approach heard the clashing of swords, and found a single gentleman oppressed by a number of opponents. He immediately flew to his succour, but at the same time the gentleman was struck to the ground. Juan assaulted his enemies furiously, and the neighbours collecting to assist him, they were forced to fly. In the

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scuffle Juan had lost his bonnet, and finding another, he put it on without considering whether it was his own or not. He inquired of the gentleman if he had been wounded; and was answered that God and a good breast-plate had preserved him. At the same time appeared eight friends of the gentleman, who then begged Juan, after inquiring his name, to depart; and missing his bonnet, and finding that Juan wore it, insisted upon his retaining it as a mark whereby he should recognise his benefactor. Juan returning, met his friend Antonio, who informed him, that having gone in search of him, he had encountered a female who had requested his protection, and that he had conveyed her to their lodgings. She had fainted; and on lifting her veil to revive her, he had discovered a face of extreme beauty. Upon her recovery she had prayed him to return to the street where he had met her, and if he found any one assaulted by enemies, to succour him. Juan then related his own adventures, and they proceeded homewards, Antonio telling his friend that the lady had entreated that no one but himself might behold her. When they entered the house, they found that the bonnet which Juan had received from the gentleman was a most superb one, ornamented with a diamond of great value. Antonio went into the chamber of the lady, and Juan could not restrain himself from peeping in. The lady seeing the glitter of the diamond, addressed him by the title of Duke, and said to Antonio that she knew the Duke of Ferrara by his hat. Juan then entered at her desire, and stated the circumstances under which he had obtained the hat. During his narration the old woman passed by the room with the infant, which induced the lady to inquire concerning it, and upon beholding it, she found that it was her own. At the request of the two friends she related her history, informing them that she was Cornelia, the sister of Lorenzo Bentivoglio, by whom she had been carefully educated; that she and Alfonso de Este, Duke of Ferrara, having accidentally met, a mutual attachment followed; and that at last, on the promise of marriage, the duke accomplished his wishes, excusing however the immediate fulfilment of that promise on account of several difficulties which stood in the way; that she soon discovered the effects of their intercourse, and acquainted the duke with the danger of her situation; that he promised to convey her privately to Ferrara, and there to espouse her publicly; but that on the very night fixed for her escape she perceived her brother and some others in complete armour, which, as she guessed the cause, filled her with dismay, and brought on a premature delivery; that she caused the child to be given to a faithful servant, and afterwards herself escaped from the house. Having finished the relation, she threw herself on the bed in despair; but was

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at last comforted by assurances of protection and service from the two Spaniards.

"In the morning they visited the lady, when one of their pages entered with the news that Lorenzo Bentivoglio was below, inquiring for Juan. Upon this, Cornelia, in great distress, renewed her request of protection and secrecy, and received the strongest assurances from Juan. He and his friend armed themselves, and the three pages were also furnished with weapons. Juan found Lorenzo below, who, taking him into a church opposite, informed him that his sister had been seduced and carried off by the Duke of Ferrara, under promise of marriage, which from the superior wealth and station of the duke he believed would never be performed. He then requested Juan to accompany him to Ferrara, believing that one Spaniard was as good a guard as the whole army of Xerxes. The reason why he chose a stranger, was to prevent the intercession and anxiety of friends. Juan immediately accepted the proposal, and begged permission to acquaint his companion with the matter, to which Lorenzo consented. Juan then returned to his lodgings, where he made known to Cornelia and Antonio the result of the interview, and quieted the fears of the former, pointing out to her the necessity of learning the real intentions of the duke.

"Having recommended Cornelia to the care of the old woman, Juan joined Lorenzo, and they began their journey to Ferrara. Antonio followed them in disguise, that he might succour his friend in case of necessity. He had scarcely left Cornelia when the old dame entered, and filled her mind with apprehensions of her brother having purposely drawn off her protectors, in order to seize her. She persuaded her to go with her to the curate of a neighbouring village, whom she had formerly served, and whose secrecy and fidelity could be depended on.

"Meanwhile Lorenzo and Juan were proceeding to Ferrara; and hearing that the duke was still at Bologna, they left the by-paths, which they had hitherto kept, and took the high road, in expectation of meeting him on his return to Ferrara. They soon beheld a company on horseback, and Lorenzo requested Juan to await their approach, and discover whether the duke was among them, while he himself rode apart. When the troop came up, the duke recognised his preserver by his hat, and they both dismounted from their horses. Lorenzo, imagining that his second was attacked, rode back to him, and found him in the embraces of the duke. The latter recognised the brother of his mistress, and went aside with Juan, who asked his intentions respecting Cornelia. The duke answered that he had designed to take her to Ferrara, there publicly to espouse her, but that both she and the child had disappeared, and that

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he was the more perplexed as his mother intended, on his return, to marry him to the daughter of the Duke of Mantua. Upon this, Lorenzo, having advanced at a signal from Juan, was embraced and saluted by the duke with the name of brother; and learning from Juan the intentions of the duke, he threw himself at his feet, and thanked him for the honour of the purposed alliance. The two reconciled friends then resolved to search for Cornelia and her child; when Antonio came up, and having been made known to the duke, informed him, at the desire of his comrade, that Cornelia and her child were safe in their lodgings.

"They now determined to return to Bologna, and Antonio went before to apprise Cornelia of the reconciliation and approach of her brother and the duke; but to his astonishment he learned that she, as well as the old dame, were missing. When the others arrived with the joyful expectation of beholding the objects of their affection, they found Antonio in the utmost despair. Suddenly one of the pages came in, and informed them that his fellow, Santistevan, had a lady locked within his chamber. Antonio immediately flew up to the room, which he found secured. He knocked, and called upon Cornelia to open the door, as her brother and the duke were reconciled and arrived. But a strange voice answered, 'Why do you jeer me? I am truly not so ugly that dukes and counts might not look for me; but I deserve this treatment for being the companion of pages.' Upon this, Santistevan appeared, and throwing himself at the feet of Antonio, implored him not to mention the circumstance to his master Juan. He then informed him that the courtezan's name was also Cornelia. Lorenzo hearing this, asked, 'Where is Cornelia?' and he and the duke rushed up and repeated the question. The courtezan replied, 'Here is Cornelia;' and inquired whether it was so wonderful a thing that a woman should cohabit with a roguish page. Lorenzo tore off her veil, and discovered a girl of considerable beauty. The duke began to suspect the truth of the two Spaniards, and hurried out of the house. Juan and Antonio resolved to search for the lady in every part of the country.

"The duke, having set out on his return, came accidentally to the village-curate, with whom Cornelia was concealed. She overheard the announcement of his arrival, but restrained herself from bursting into his apartment, and requested the priest to make him acquainted with her being in the house. By his advice the infant was decorated with all the jewels which the duke had given her; and the curate presented it to him, saying that it had been brought from Bologna, and placed in his charge by a lady of extreme beauty, accompanied by an old confidante. Cornelia now entered, and the duke recognising her, was nearly overcome by his feelings. He despatched one of his followers to Bologna, who, in three

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days, returned with Lorenzo and the two Spaniards. The duke pretended to them, that as Cornelia was not to be found, he had determined to fulfil another promise of marriage which he had given to a peasant-girl in the village; and, seeing the rage of Lorenzo and the two friends, he said that her extreme beauty would soon induce them to applaud his breach of faith to Cornelia. When he had left the room, Juan swore that the duke's life should pay for his unfaithfulness, and Lorenzo and Antonio declared themselves of the same resolution: but their anger was soon allayed when they beheld Cornelia brought in by the duke, with the old woman and the nurse. The two lovers were secretly married by the curate, but the speedy death of the duke's mother soon enabled him to declare Cornelia his duchess."

That *The Chances* was successful on its first representation is not to be doubted; nor did it cease to be a stock-play till within a comparatively recent period. A droll taken from it and called *The Landlady*, which was acted during the suppression of the theatres, is in Kirkman's collection, *The Wits, or Sport upon Sport, Part First*, 1672, p. 140 (see vol. i. 200, of the present work). In 1682 an alteration of this comedy by the celebrated Villiers Duke of Buckingham was brought out at the theatre in Dorset Gardens: for the two last acts of the original his grace substituted two from his own pen, which though written in very indifferent prose, and grossly indelicate, are by no means destitute of humour, and heighten perhaps the interest of the catastrophe. In 1773 Garrick produced at Drury Lane Theatre another alteration of *The Chances*, which was little more than Buckingham's alteration rendered more decent, and — considerably more dull. In 1821 *Don John, or The Two Violettas, a musical drama in three acts, founded on Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy of The Chances*, was played at Covent-Garden Theatre.

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PROLOGUE[a].

Aptness for mirth to all! This instant night
Thalia hath prepar'd, for your delight,
Her choice and curious viands, in each part
Season'd with rarities of wit and[b] art:
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boast;
My promise will find credit with the most,
When they know ingenious[c] Fletcher made it, he
Being in himself a perfect comedy;
And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that house a theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent: and thus much we
Could not but pay to his lov'd[d] memory.
For ourselves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect strange turns and windings in the plot,
Objects of state, and now and then a rhyme,
To gall particular persons with the time;
Or that his towering Muse hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehension than your sight;
But, if that sweet expression[e], quick conceit,
Familiar language, fashion'd to the weight
Of such as speak it, have the power to raise
Your grace to us, with trophies to his praise;
We may profess, presuming on his skill,
If his Chances please not you, our fortune 's ill.

[a] *Prologue*] "Was probably spoken at a revival." Weber.

[b] *and*] So the second folio.—The first folio "as."

[c] *ingenious*] So the second folio.—The first folio "ingenuous." (The words were formerly synonymous.)

[d] *lov'd*] Both the folios "loud" (the compositor of the first folio having omitted the apostrophe between the *u* and the *d*); and so the modern editors!

[e] *expression*] So Beaumont's *Poems*, &c., 1653.—Both the folios "expressions"; and so the modern editors.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF FERRARA.

PETRUCHIO, governor of Bologna.

ANTONIO, his kinsman.

DON JOHN,
DON FREDERICK, } Spaniards and kinsmen.

Three Gentlemen, friends to the DUKE.

Two Gentlemen, friends to PETRUCHIO.

PETER VECCHIO, a teacher of grammar and music.

PETER,
ANTHONY, } servants to DON JOHN and DON FREDERICK.

FRANCISCO, a musician,
ROWLAND, } servants to ANTONIO.

Surgeon.

Officer, Servants.

CONSTANTIA, sister to PETRUCHIO.

GILLIAN, landlady to DON JOHN and DON FREDERICK.

CONSTANTIA, mistress to ANTONIO.

Bawd.

Waiting-woman to the first CONSTANTIA.

SCENE—*Bologna, and the adjacent country.*

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THE CHANCES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* GILLIAN

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. I would we were remov'd from this town, Anthony,
That we might taste some quiet! for mine own part,
I 'm almost melted with continual trotting
After inquiries, dreams, and revelations,
Of who knows whom or where. Serve wenching soldiers,
That know no other paradise but plackets[a]?
I 'll serve a priest in Lent first, and eat bellropes.
Anth. Thou art the froward'st fool!
Peter. Why, good tame Anthony,
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?
Anth. To wait upon our masters.
Peter. But how, Anthony?
Answer me that; resolve[b] me there, good Anthony.
Anth. To serve their uses.
Peter. Shew your uses, Anthony.
Anth. To be employ'd in any thing.
Peter. No, Anthony,
Not any thing, I take it; nor that thing
We travel to discover, like new islands:
A salt itch serve such uses! In things of moment,
Concerning things, I grant you; not things errant,
Sweet ladies' things, and things to thank the surgeon;
In no such things, sweet Anthony. Put case ——

[a] *plackets*] See note, vol. vi. 508.

[b] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

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Anth. Come, come, all will be mended; this invisible woman,
Of infinite report for shape and virtue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpose,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But fall close to their studies.

Peter. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with report before?
Or wander[c] after that they know not where
To find? or, if found, how to enjoy? Are men's brains
Made now-a-days of malt, that their affections
Are never sober, but, like drunken people,
Founder at every new fame? I do believe, too,
That men in love are ever drunk, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

Anth. Prithee, be thou sober,
And know that they are none of those; not guilty
Of the least vanity of love; only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To find the truth; which since they find so block'd[d]
And lock'd up from their searches, they are now settled
To give the wonder over.

Peter. Would they were settled
To give me some new shoes too! for I 'll be sworn
These are e'en worn out to the reasonable soles
In their good worships' business: and some sleep
Would not do much amiss, unless they mean
To make a bellman on[e] me. And what now
Mean they to study, Anthony? moral philosophy,
After their mar-all women?

Anth. Mar a fool's head!

Peter. 'T will mar two fools' heads, an they take not heed,
Besides the giblets to 'em.

Anth. Will you walk, sir,

[c] *wander*] Both the folios "wonder".

[d] *block'd*] So the second folio.—The first folio "blotted".

[e] *on*] i. e. of.—The Editors of 1778 silently altered it to "of"; and so Weber.

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And talk more out of hearing? your fool's head
May chance to find a wooden nightcap else.
Peter. I never lay in any.
Anth. Then leave your lying,
And your blind prophesying[f]. Here they come:
You had best tell them as much.
Peter. I am no tell-tale. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* DON FREDERICK.

John. I would we could have seen her though! for, sure,
She must be some rare creature, or report lies,
All men's reports too.
Fred. I could well wish I had seen her;
But since she is so conceal'd, so beyond venture
Kept and preserv'd from view, so like a paradise,
Plac'd where no knowledge can come near her, so guarded
As 't were impossible, though known, to reach her,
I have made up my belief.
John. Hang me, from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her;
But, as she came a strong report unto me,
So the next fame shall lose her.
Fred. 'Tis the next way.
But whither are you walking?
John. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.
Fred. 'Tis healthful.
John. Will not you stir?
Fred. I have a little business.
John. Upon my life, this lady still—
Fred. Then you will lose it.
John. Pray, let us walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have something to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miss to meet you.

[f] *Then leave your lying,*
And your blind prophesying] Qy. ought this to stand as two lines of Skeltonic verse, and a quotation?

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John. Where?
Fred. I' th' High Street;
For, not to lie, I have a few devotions
To do first; then I am yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Ant. Cut his wind-pipe, I say.
First Gent. Fie, Antonio!
Ant. Or knock his brains out first, and then forgive him:
If you do thrust, be sure it be to th' hilts
A surgeon may see through him[g].
First Gent. You are too violent.
Sec. Gent. Too open undiscreet.
Petru. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my house crack'd? my blood poison'd?
My credit, and my name?
Sec. Gent. Be sure it be so,
Before you use this violence: let not doubt
And a suspecting anger so much sway you
Your wisdom may be question'd.
Ant. I say, kill him,
And then dispute the cause: cut off what may be,
And what is shall be safe.
Sec. Gent. Hang up a true man[h],
Because 'tis possible he may be thievish!
Alas, is this good justice?
Petru. I know, as certain
As day must come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am basely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompense,
Maliciously abus'd, blasted for ever

[g] *A surgeon may see through him*] "i. e. *so that* a surgeon may see through him." MASON. Weber compares the fourth speech after this—"Your wisdom may be question'd."

[h] *a true man*] i. e. an honest man.

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In name and honour, lost to all remembrance,
But what is smear'd and shameful: I must kill him;
Necessity compels me.

First Gent. But think better.

Petru. There is no other cure left: yet, witness with me,
All that is fair in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I seek for,
Nor thirst to shed man's blood; and would 't were possible—
I wish it with my soul, so much I tremble
To offend the sacred image of my Maker—
My sword could only kill his crimes! No, 'tis honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idol honour
That all the world now worships, not Petruchio,
Must do this justice.

Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter whether you, or honour,
Or both, be accessary.

Sec. Gent. Do you weigh, Petruchio,
The value of the person, power and greatness,
And what this spark may kindle?

Petru. To perform it,
So much I am tied to reputation
And credit of my house, let it raise wild-fires
That all this dukedom smoke, and storms that toss me
Into the waves[i] of everlasting ruin,
Yet I must through. If ye dare side me——

Ant. Dare!

Petru. Ye 're friends indeed; if not——

Sec. Gent. Here 's none flies from you;
Do it in what design you please, we 'll back you.

Ant. But, then, be sure you kill him[j].

Sec. Gent. Is the cause
So mortal, nothing but his life——

[i] *waves*] So the second folio.—The first folio "stormes".

[j] Ant. *But, then, be sure you kill him*] In both the folios the prefix to this speech is "1.," i. e. *First Gentleman.* "Mr. Seward, observing that these words did not suit the moderate character of the *Gentlemen*, gives them to *Petruchio*. They are much more suitable to *Antonio*, we think, who is crying out for bloo through the whole scene." *Ed.* 1778; and so Weber. I am not sure, however, but that Seward was right.

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Petru. Believe me,
A less offence has been the desolation
Of a whole name.
First Gent. No other way to purge it?
Petru. There is; but never to be hop'd for.
Sec. Gent. Think an hour more;
And, if then you find no safer road to guide you,
We 'll set up our rests[k] too.
Ant. Mine 's up already;
And hang him, for my part, goes less[l] than life!
Sec. Gent. If we see noble cause, 'tis like our swords
May be as free and forward as your words. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Street before the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. The civil order of this town, Bologna,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all travellers,
As a most safe retirement in all troubles;
Beside[m] the wholesome seat, and noble temper
Of those minds that inhabit it, safely wise,
And to all strangers virtuous. But I see
My admiration has drawn night upon me;
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into suspicion of too late a stirrer,
Which all good governments are jealous of:
I 'll home, and think at liberty. Yet, certain,
'Tis not so far night as I thought; for, see,
A fair house yet stands open: yet all about it
Are close, and no lights stirring: there may be foul play;
I 'll venture to look in; if there be knaves,
I may do a good office.
Wait.-w. [*within*] Signior!
John. What! how is this? [*Aside.*
Wait.-w. [*within*] Signior Fabricio!
John. I 'll go nearer. [*Aside.*

[k] *set up our rests*] See note, p. 82. [l] *goes less*] See note, p. 147.
[m] *Besi le*] The Editors of 1778 and Weber chose to print "Besides".

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Wait.-w. [*within*] Fabricio!

John. This is a woman's tongue; here may be good done. [*Aside.*

Wait.-w. [*within*] Who 's there? Fabricio?

John. Ay.

Wait.-w. [*within*] Where are you?

John. Here.

Wait.-w. [*within*] Oh, come, for Heaven's sake!

John. I must see what this means. [*Aside.*

Enter Waiting-woman, *with a bundle, from the house.*

Wait.-w. I have stay'd this long hour for you. Make no noise,
For things are in strange trouble. Here; be secret;
'Tis worth your care [*Gives him the bundle*]. Begone now: more eyes watch us
Than may be for our safeties.

John. Hark you—

Wait.-w. Peace: good night. [*Exit.*

John. She is gone, and I am loaden; fortune for me!
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be some pack of worth: by the mass, 'tis heavy;
If it be coin or jewels, 'tis worth welcome;
I 'll ne'er refuse a fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common price. Now to my lodging.
If it hit right, I 'll bless this night. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another street.*

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis strange
I cannot meet him; sure, he has encounter'd
Some light-o'-love[m] or other, and there means

[m] *light-o'-love*] Is properly the name of an old dance-tune, which is given (from a MS.) by Sir J. Hawkins in a note on Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, act iii. sc. 4. In *Nat. Engl. Airs*, ii. 193, Mr. Chappell has reprinted from a unique black-letter copy, dated 1570, *A very proper Dittie: To the Tune of Lightie Love*. Our early writers very frequently mention the tune of *light-o'-love*, and also (as in the present passage) use the word as equivalent to—a light woman, a wanton.

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To play at in-and-in[n] for this night. Well, Don John,
If you do spring a leak, or get an itch
Till you claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks;
You must be still a-boot-haling[o]. One round more,
Though it be late, I 'll venture to discover you:
I do not like your out-leaps. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A room in the lodging of the* Duke.

Enter Duke *and three* Gentlemen.

Duke. Welcome to town. Are ye all fit?

First Gent. To point[p], sir.

Duke. Where are the horses?

Sec. Gent. Where they were appointed.

Duke. Be private; and[q] whatsoever fortune
Offer itself, let's stand sure.

Third Gent. Fear not us:
Ere you shall be endanger'd or deluded,
We 'll make a black night on 't.

Duke. No more; I know it.
You know your quarters?

First Gent. Will you go alone, sir?

Duke. Ye shall not be far from me; the least noise
Shall bring ye to my rescue.

Sec. Gent. We are counsell'd. [*Exeunt.*

[n] *in-and-in*] A quibbling allusion to the game so called: "*Inn-and-Inn* is a Game very much used at an Ordinary, and may be play'd by two or three, each having a Box in his hand. It is play'd with four Dice", &c. &c. *The Compleat Gamester*, &c., p. 117, ed. 1680.

[o] *a-boot-haling*] Is spelt in both the folios "bootehalling", and was misunderstood by the modern editors.—"*Butinement*: A *bootehaling*, preying on, making spoile of." Cotgrave's *Dict.* The word *boot-haling* is compounded of *boot* (booty) and *hale* (to drag). Here it is equivalent to—prowling for wenches.

[p] *To point*] "Signifies *completely*, as we now say, *to a hair*." *Ed.* 1778. "A literal translation of the French *a point*." MASON.

[q] *Be private; and*] Silently altered by Seward to "*Be private* all; *and*"; and so his successors.

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SCENE VI.—*A street.*

Enter DON JOHN, *with a child in his arms.*

John. Was ever man so paid for being curious,
Ever so bobb'd[r] for searching out adventures,
As I am? Did the devil lead me? must I needs be peeping
Into men's houses, where I had no business,
And make myself a mischief? 'Tis well carried!
I must take other men's occasions on me,
And be I know not whom! most finely handled!
What have I got by this now? what's the purchase[s]?
A piece of evening arras-work, a child,
Indeed an infidel,—this comes of peeping!—
A lump got out of laziness.—Good White-bread,
Let's have no bawling with you.—'Sdeath, have I
Known wenches thus long, all the ways of wenches,
Their snares and subtilties; have I read over
All their school-learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fiddled with a bastard?
Fetch'd over with a card of five[t], and in mine old days,
After the dire massacre of a million
Of maidenheads, caught the common way? i' the night too,
Under another's name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, Don John,
You will be wiser one day, when you have purchas'd
A bevy of these butter-prints[u] together,
With searching out conceal'd iniquities
Without commission. Why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this gingerbread; never stirr'd me,
So I had had a stroke for 't; 't had been justice
Then to have kept it: but to raise a dairy
For other men's adulteries, consume myself in caudles[v],

[r] *Ever so bobb'd*] i. e. ever so cheated, ever had such a trick put upon him.

[s] *purchase*] i. e. booty, gain.

[t] *a card of five*] i. e. a fifth card, a five,—which is comparatively a weak one at any game. This expression, I believe, is not common, though we find frequent mention of "a card of ten".

[u] *butter-prints*] A cant term which has occurred before: see vol. iv. 191.

[v] *caudles*] So Seward, at Sympson's suggestion.—Both the folios have

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And scouring-works, in nurses, bells, and babies[w],
Only for charity, for mere "I thank you,"
A little troubles me: the least touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contented me.
Whose'er it is, sure 't had a wealthy mother,
For 'tis well clothed, and, if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within. To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a more sin
Than his that got it: well, I will dispose on 't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths' heads in rings,
To cry *memento* to me, no more peeping!
Now all the danger is to qualify[x]
The good old gentlewoman, at whose house we live,
For she will fall upon me with a catechism
Of four hours long: I must endure all;
For I will know this mother.—Come, good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your starv'd treble
Will waken the rude watch else.—All that be
Curious night-walkers, may they find my fee! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Street before the house of* PETRUCHIO.

Enter DON FREDERICK.

Fred. Sure, he's gone home: I have beaten all the purlieus,
But cannot bolt him. If he be a-bobbing,
'Tis not my care can cure him: to-morrow morning

"candles"; and so the Editors of 1778, who defend it by a reference to *The Lovers' Progress*, act iv. sc. 3,—where *the same misprint* ("candles") is found in both the folios!

[w] *babies*] Here Sympson proposed to read "bawbles" (spelt formerly *bables*): and in a note on a passage of *The Captain* (vol. iii. 235),—

"and now you cry for't,
As children do for *babies*, back again,"

I have put a query—"did the author write '*bables*' (i. e. bawbles)?" That Sympson's conjecture was rightly rejected by his coadjutor Seward and the succeeding editors, I do not dispute; but that my own is at least a very probable one, is shown by a passage of *The Woman's Prize* (p. 130 of the present vol.), which stands thus in the first folio,—

"he's like little children
That lose their *Bables*, crying ripe".

[x] *qualify*] i. e. soften, soothe.

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I shall have further knowledge from a surgeon's,
Where he lies moor'd to mend his leaks.

Enter, from the house, CONSTANTIA *veiled.*

Con. I 'm ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to you:
Be full of haste and care; we are undone else.
Where are your people? which way must we travel?
For Heaven-sake, stay not here, sir!

Fred. What may this prove? [*Aside.*

Con. Alas, I am mistaken, lost, undone,
For ever perish'd! [*Aside*]—Sir, for Heaven-sake, tell me,
Are you a gentleman?

Fred. I am.

Con. Of this place?

Fred. No, born in Spain.

Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your desires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to trust you!

Fred. You have charm'd me[y]:
Humanity and honour bids me help you;
And, if I fail your trust——

Con. The time 's too dangerous
To stay your protestations; I believe you—
Alas, I must believe you! From this place,
Good noble sir, remove me instantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourself
And honest conversation may come near me,
In some secure place settle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a stranger's hand, the fears and dangers
That force me to this wild course, at more leisure
I shall reveal unto you.

Fred. Come, be hearty;
He must strike through my life that takes you from me.

[*Exeunt.*

[y] *charm'd me*] "i. e. bound me to your service, as it were by enchantment." WEBER.

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SCENE VIII.—*Another street.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Petru. He will sure come. Are ye well arm'd?
Ant. Never fear us:
Here 's that will make 'em dance without a fiddle.
Petru. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadvis'd ones.
Ant. Best gamesters make the best game;
We shall fight close and handsome, then.
First Gent. Antonio,
You are a thought too bloody.
Ant. Why, all physicians
And penny almanacks[y] allow the opening
Of veins this month. Why do you talk of bloody?
What come we for? to fall to cuffs for apples?
What, would you make the cause a cudgel-quarrel?
On what terms stands this man? is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pick'd out like an oyster?
His credit like a quart-pot knock'd together,
Able to hold no liquor? Clear but this point.
Petru. Speak softly, gentle cousin.
Ant. I 'll speak truly:
What should men do allied to these disgraces?
Lick o'er his enemy, sit down, and dance him—
Sec. Gent. You are as far o' the bow-hand[z] now.
Ant. And cry,
"That 's my fine boy! thou wilt do so no more, child?"
Petru. Here are no such cold pities.
Ant. By Saint Jaques,
They shall not find me one! Here 's old tough Andrew[a],

[y] *penny almanacks*] The stated price of almanacks, as appears from several authorities: see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 42.

[z] *o' the bow-hand*] See note, vol. iii. 132. In this place, the expression is very erroneously interpreted (after Johnson) by the Editors of 1778, whose note Weber retained.

[a] *Andrew*] "Meaning his broad-sword; which was called an Andrew Ferrara from the name of a man famous for making that weapon." MASON.

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A special friend of mine; an he but hold,
I 'll strike 'em such a hornpipe! knocks I come for,
And the best blood I light on; I profess it;
Not to scare costermongers[a]: if I lose mine own,
Mine audit 's cast[b], and farewell five and fifty!

Petru. Let 's talk no longer: place yourselves with silence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,
As ye are friends, so shew yourselves.

Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A room in the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter DON JOHN *with the child, and* GILLIAN.

Gillian. Nay, son, if this be your regard——

John. Good mother——

Gillian. Good me no goods! Your cousin and yourself
Are welcome to me, whilst you bear yourselves
Like honest and true gentlemen. Bring hither
To my house, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent and fair carriage,
And so behav'd myself——

John. I know you have.

Gillian. Bring hither, as I say, to make my name
Stink in my neighbours' nostrils, your devices,
Your brats, got out of Alligant[c] and broken oaths!
Your linsey-woolsey work, your hasty puddings!
I foster up your filch'd iniquities!
You are deceiv'd in me, sir; I am none
Of those receivers.

John. Have I not sworn unto you
'Tis none of mine, and shew'd you how I found it?

Gillian. You found an easy fool that let you get it;
She had better have worn pasterns[d].

[a] *costermongers*] See note, vol. iii. 79.

[b] *cast*] So the second folio.—The first folio "lost".

[c] *Alligant*] As our early writers very frequently corrupt the word—i. e. a red wine of *Alicant* in the province of Valencia. (In Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act iv. sc. 2, the Clown calls it "Allegant").—"The Landlady here means, 'Your brats produced by intoxication and faithless promises.'" *Ed.* 1778.

[d] *She had better have worn pasterns*] Mason proposed here an unfortunate

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John. Will you hear me?
Gillian. Oaths! what do you care for oaths, to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? what saint know ye?
Or what religion, but your purpos'd lewdness,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then swear like accus'd cut-purses,
As far off truth too; and lie beyond all falconers:
I 'm sick to see this dealing.
John. Heaven forbid, mother!
Gillian. Nay, I am very sick.
John. Who waits there?
Ant. [*within*] Sir?
John. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.
Gillian. Exceeding sick; Heaven help me!
John. Haste you, sirrah.—
I must even make her drunk [*Aside*].—Nay, gentle mother—
Gillian. Now, fie upon you! was it for this purpose
You fetch'd your evening-walks for your digestions?
For this, pretended holiness? No weather,
Not before day, could hold you from the matins:
Were these your bo-peep prayers? you have pray'd well,
And with a learnèd zeal; watch'd well too: your saint,
It seems, was pleas'd as well.—Still sicker, sicker!
John. There is no talking to her till I have drench'd her.
[*Aside.*

Enter ANTHONY, *with a bottle of wine.*

Give me.—Here, mother, take a good round draught;
'Twill purge spleen from your spirits: deeper, mother.
[GILLIAN *drinks.*
Gillian. Ay, ay, son, you imagine this will mend all.
John. All, i' faith, mother.
Gillian. I confess, the wine
Will do his part.
John. I 'll pledge you.
Gillian. But, son John—

conjectural emendation, viz. "She had better have worn *pattens*"; and hence, I presume, the remark of Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* in v. *Pastern*) that "elder poetry seems to exhibit the word *pastern* for a patten."—"Cotgrave", as Weber remarks, "explains *Empas*, 'shackles, fetters, or *pasterns*, for unrulie or unbroken horses'".

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John. I know your meaning, mother; touch it once more;
Alas, you look not well! take a round draught
(It warms the blood well, and restores the colour),
And then we 'll talk at large.
Gillian. A civil gentleman!
A stranger! one the town holds a good regard of!—
John. Nay, I will silence thee.
Gillian. One that should weigh his fair name!—Oh, a stitch!
John. There 's nothing better for a stitch, good mother:
Make no spare of it; as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.
Gillian. As I said, a gentleman!
Lodge in my house! Now Heaven 's my comfort, signior——
John. I look'd for this. [*Aside.*
Gillian. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A woman of my credit; one, Heaven knows,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.
John. Dear mother,
I ever found your kindness, and acknowledge it.
Gillian. No, no, I am a fool to counsel you. Where 's the infant?
Come, let 's see your workmanship.
John. None of mine, mother;
But there 'tis, and a lusty one. [*Gives her the child.*
Gillian. Heaven bless thee!
Thou hadst a hasty making; but the best is,
'Tis many a good man's fortune.—As I live,
Your own eyes, signior, and the nether lip
As like you as you had spit it.
John. I am glad on 't.
Gillian. Bless me, what things are these?
John. I thought my labour
Was not all lost. 'Tis gold, and these are jewels,
Both rich and right, I hope.
Gillian. Well, well, son John,
I see you are a woodman*, and can choose

* *woodman*] i. e. forester, hunter. Compare a passage in vol. ii. 32, where see note.

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Your deer, though it be i' the dark; all your discretion
Is not yet lost; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now, when, as they say,
Your pleasure comes with profit; when you must needs do,
Do where you may be done to, 'tis a wisdom
Becomes a young man well: be sure of one thing,
Lose not your labour and your time together,
It seasons of a fool, son; time is precious,
Work wary whilst you have it: since you must traffic
Sometimes this slippery way, take sure hold, signior;
Trade with no broken merchants, make your lading
As you would make your rest[f], adventurously,
But with advantage ever.

John. All this time, mother,
The child wants looking-to, wants meat and nurses.

Gillian. Now blessing o' thy care! it shall have all,
And instantly; I 'll seek a nurse myself, son.
'Tis a sweet child.—Ah, my young Spaniard!—
Take you no further care, sir.

John. Yes, of these jewels,
I must, by your leave, mother. These are yours,
To make your care the stronger; for the rest
I 'll find a master. The gold, for bringing up on 't,
I freely render to your charge.

Gillian. No more words,
Nor no more children, good son, as you love me:
This may do well.

John. I shall observe your morals.
But where 's Don Frederick, mother?

Gillian. Ten to one
About the like adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [*Exit with child.*

John. Why should he stay thus?
There may be some ill chance in 't: sleep I will not,
Before I have found him: now this woman 's pleas'd,
I 'll seek my friend out, and my care is cas'd. [*Exit.*

[f] *make your rest*] See note, p. 82.

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SCENE X.—*A street.*

Enter Duke *and* Gentlemen.

First Gent. Believe, sir, 'tis as possible to do it
As to remove the city: the main faction
Swarm through the streets like hornets, arm'd with angers
Able to ruin states; no safety left us,
Nor means to die like men, if instantly
You draw not back again.

Duke. May he be drawn,
And quarter'd too, that turns now! Were I surer
Of death than thou art of thy fears, and with death
More than those fears are too——

First Gent. Sir, I fear not.

Duke. I would not crack my vow, start from my honour,
Because I may find danger; wound my soul
To keep my body safe.

First Gent. I speak not, sir,
Out of a baseness, to you.

Duke. No, nor do not,
Out of a baseness, leave me. What is danger,
More than the weakness of our apprehensions?
A poor cold part o' the blood: who takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers: valiant minds
Were made the masters of it; and, as hearty seamen
In desperate storms stem with a little rudder
The tumbling ruins of the ocean,
So with their cause and swords do they do dangers.
Say we were sure to die all in this venture
(As I am confident against it), is there any
Amongst us of so fat a sense, so pamper'd,
Would choose luxuriously to lie a-bed,
And purge away his spirit, send his soul out
In sugar-sops and syrups? Give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with mankind by a man that's manly!

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Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy[8] with 'em, I will on.
Sec. Gent. You may, sir;
But with what safety?
First Gent. Since 'tis come to dying,
You shall perceive, sir, here be those amongst us
Can die as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony. On, brave sir.
Duke. That 's spoken heartily.
First Gent. And he that flinches,
May he die lousy in a ditch!
Duke. No more dying;
There 's no such danger in it. What 's o'clock?
Third Gent. Somewhat above your hour.
Duke. Away, then, quickly!
Make no noise, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—*A room in the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter DON FREDERICK, *and* PETER *with a candle.*

Fred. Give me the candle. So; go you out that way.
Peter. What have we now to do? [*Aside.*
Fred. And, o' your life, sirrah,
Let none come near the door without my knowledge;
No, not my landlady, nor my friend.
Peter. 'Tis done, sir.
Fred. Nor any serious business that concerns me.
Peter. Is the wind there again? [*Aside.*
Fred. Begone.
Peter. I am, sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. Now enter without fear:

Enter CONSTANTIA *veiled.*

and, noble lady,
That safety and civility you wish'd for
Shall truly here attend you: no rude tongue

[8] *envy*] "i. e. malice, hatred." WEBER.

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Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wishes
Beyond the moderation of a man
Dare enter here; your own desires and innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd obedience, shall protect you,
Were dangers more than doubts.

Con. You are truly noble,
And worth a woman's trust. Let it become me,
(I do beseech you, sir,) for all your kindness,
To render, with my thanks, this worthless trifle;
I may be longer troublesome. [*Offers a jewel.*

Fred. Fair offices
Are still their own rewards: Heaven bless me, lady,
From selling civil courtesies! May it please you,
If you will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aside, to satisfy me
For what good angel I am engag'd.

Con. It shall be,
For I am truly confident you are honest:
The piece is scarce worth looking on. [*Unveils.*

Fred. Trust me,
The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness!—
Defend me, honest thoughts! I shall grow wild else:
What eyes are there, rather what little heavens,
To stir men's contemplations! what a paradise
Runs through each part she has! Good blood, be temperate:
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it [*Aside*].—Noble lady,
If there be any further service to cast on me,
Let it be worth my life, so much I honour you,
Or the engagement of whole families.

Con. Your service is too liberal, worthy sir:
Thus far I shall entreat——

Fred. Command me, lady;
You make your power too poor.

Con. That presently,
With all convenient haste, you would retire
Unto the street you found me in.

Fred. 'Tis done.

Con. There, if you find a gentleman oppress'd

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With force and violence, do a man's office,
And draw your sword to rescue him.
Fred. He 's safe,
Be what he will; and let his foes be devils,
Arm'd with your pity, I shall conjure 'em.
Retire; this key will guide you: all things necessary
[*Gives key.*
Are there before you.
Con. All my prayers go with you!
Fred. You clap on proof[h] upon me. [*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Men say gold
Does all, engages all, works through all dangers:
Now I say beauty can do more. The king's exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy Indies, could not draw me
Through half those miseries this piece of pleasure
Might make me leap into. We are all like sea-cards[i];
All our endeavours and our motions,
As they do to the north, still point at beauty,
Still at the fairest: for a handsome woman,
Setting my soul aside, it should go hard
But I would strain my body; yet to her,
Unless it be her own free gratitude,
Hopes, ye shall die, and thou, tongue, rot within me,
Ere I infringe my faith. Now to my rescue. [*Exit.*

[h] *proof*] "i. e. armour of proof." MASON.

[i] *sea-cards*] i. e. mariners' compasses (as in vol. vi. 56.),—properly, the cards or papers on which the points of the wind were marked.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter Duke, *pursued by* PETRUCHIO, ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.

Duke. You will not all oppress me?
Ant. Kill him i' the wanton eye[h]; let me come to him.
Duke. Then ye shall buy me dearly.
Petru. Say you so, sir?
Ant. I say cut his wesand, spoil his peeping[i].—
Have at your love-sick heart, sir! [*They attack the* Duke.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Sure, 'tis fighting:
My friend may be engag'd.—Fie, gentlemen!
This is unmanly odds.
Ant. I'll stop your mouth, sir.
[Duke *falls*; DON JOHN *bestrides him.*
John. Nay, then, have at thee freely!
There's a plum, sir, to satisfy your longing.
Petru. Away! I hope I have sped him. Here comes rescue;
We shall be endanger'd. Where 's Antonio?
Ant. I must have one thrust more, sir.
John. Come up to me. [*Wounds* ANTONIO.
Ant. A mischief confound your fingers!
Petru. How is 't?
Ant. Well:
H'as given me my *quietus est*; I felt him
In my small guts; I 'm sure he has feez'd me[j].
This comes of siding with you.

[h] *Kill him i' the wanton eye*] Compare *Philaster*, vol. i. 267 (where Theobald's explanation of the phrase is manifestly wrong), and *The Humorous Lieutenant*, vol. vi. 466.

[i] *peeping*] i. e. chirping "To *Peep* (as birds), *pipio*." Coles's *Dict.* See too Todd's *Johnson's Dict.*—So the first folio.—The second folio "piping"; and so the modern editors.

[j] *feez'd me*] Equivalent here to—quelled me, taken me down. Concerning this word (variously written, *feaze, feize, pheese*) see Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, iv. 189, and Nares's *Gloss.*

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Sec. Gent. Can you go, sir?
Ant. I should go, man, an my head were off:
Never talk of going.
Petru. Come, all shall be well, then:
I hear more rescue coming.
Ant. Let 's turn back, then;
My skull 's uncloven yet; let me but kill.

Enter the Duke's Gentlemen.

Petru. Away, for Heaven-sake, with him!
[*Exit* PETRUCHIO, *with* ANTONIO, *and two* Gentlemen.
John. How is 't?
Duke. Well, sir;
Only a little stagger'd.
Gentlemen. Let 's pursue 'em.
Duke. No, not a man, I charge ye!—Thanks, good coat;
Thou hast sav'd me a shrewd welcome: 'twas put home, too,
With a good mind, I 'm sure on 't.
John. Are you safe, then?
Duke. My thanks to you, brave sir, whose timely valour
And manly courtesy came to my rescue.
John. You had foul play offer'd you, and shame befall him
That can pass by oppression!
Duke. May I crave, sir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name,
And him I am so bound to?
John. For the bond, sir,
'Tis every good man's tie; to know me further
Will little profit you: I am a stranger,
My country Spain; my name Don John, a gentleman
That lies here for my study.
Duke. I have heard, sir,
Much worthy mention of you; yet I find
Fame short of what you are.
John. You are pleas'd, sir,
To express your courtesy: may I demand
As freely what you are, and what mischance
Cast you into this danger?
Duke. For this present

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I must desire your pardon: you shall know me
Ere it be long, sir, and a nobler thanks
Than now my will can render.

John. Your will 's your own, sir.

Duke. What is 't you look for, sir? have you lost any thing?

John. Only my hat i' the scuffle: sure, these fellows
Were night-snaps[k].

Duke. No, believe, sir. Pray you, use mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.

John. No, sir.

Duke. Indeed you shall; I can command another:
I do beseech you honour me.

John. I will, sir: [*Takes the* Duke's *hat.*
And so, I'll take my leave.

Duke. Within these few days
I hope I shall be happy in your knowledge;
Till when, I love your memory.

John. I yours. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Gentlemen.
This is some noble fellow.

Enter Don Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his tongue, sure.—
Don John?

John. Don Frederick?

Fred. You 're fairly met, sir:
I thought you had been a-bat-fowling. Prithee, tell me
What revelations hast thou had to-night,
That home was never thought of?

John. Revelations!
I'll tell thee, Frederick; but, before I tell thee,
Settle thy understanding.

Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, sir.

John. Why, then, mark what shall follow. This night, Frederick,
This bawdy night——

Fred. I thought no less.

John. This blind night,
What dost think I have got?

Fred. The pox, it may be.

[k] *night-snaps*] i. e. night-robbers.

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John. Would 'twere no worse! You talk of revelations;
I have got a revelation will reveal me
An arrant coxcomb[k] while I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou hast lost nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee.
Fred. What hast thou got?
John. One of the infantry, a child.
Fred. How!
John. A chopping child, man.
Fred. 'Give you joy, sir!
John. A lump of lewdness, Frederick; that's the truth on't:
This town's abominable.
Fred. I still told you, John,
Your whoring must come home; I counsell'd you:
But where no grace is——
John. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fred. Answer the parish so.
John. Cheated, in troth,
Peeping into a house; by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place again. No, Frederick,
Had I but kiss'd the ring for 't—'Tis no poor one,
That's my best comfort, for 't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fred. Where is 't?
John. At home.
Fred. A saving voyage! But what will you say, signior,
To him that, searching out your serious worship,
Has met a stranger fortune?
John. How, good Frederick?
A militant girl now to this boy would hit it.
Fred. No; mine's a nobler venture. What do you think, sir,
Of a distressèd lady, one whose beauty
Would over-sell all Italy?——
John. Where is she?
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified as admiration
Dwells round about her; of that perfect spirit——

[k] *coxcomb*] i. e. fool: see note, vol. iii. 123.

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John. Ay, marry, sir!
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That sweetness in discourse; young as the Morning,
Her blushes staining his[l]?
John. But where's this creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one; she's forth-coming,
I have her sure, boy.
John. Hark you, Frederick;
What truck betwixt my infant——
Fred. 'Tis too light, sir;
Stick to your charges[m], good Don John; I am well.
John. But is there such a wench?
Fred. First tell me this,
Did you not lately, as you walk'd along,
Discover people that were arm'd, and likely
To do offence?
John. Yes, marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had spirit.
Fred. Pray, go forward.
John. A gentleman I found engag'd amongst 'em,
It seems of noble breeding, I'm sure brave mettle,
As I return'd to look you[n]: I set in to him,
And without hurt, I thank Heaven, rescu'd him,
And came myself off safe too.
Fred. My work's done, then:
And now, to satisfy you, there is a woman,
Oh, John, there is a woman——
John. Oh, where is she?
Fred. And one of no less worth then I assure you;
And, which is more, faln under my protection.
John. I am glad of that. Forward, sweet Frederick.
Fred. And, which is more than that, by this night's wandering;
And, which is most of all, she is at home too, sir.

[l] *staining his*] "i. e. out-doing or excelling his; making them appear faint [sullied] by the superior lustre of her own." MASON,—who compares *Cupid's Revenge*, vol. ii. 383. l. 3. The word is very frequently found in this sense.
[m] *charges*] Altered by Seward to "charge"; and so the Editors of 1778.
[n] *look you*] i. e. look for you (as several times before).

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John. Come, let 's be gone, then.
Fred. Yes; but 'tis most certain
You cannot see her, John.
John. Why?
Fred. She has sworn me
That none else shall come near her, not my mother [a],
Till some few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her!
What chamber is she in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let 's go, I say:
A woman's oaths are wafers, break with making;
They must for modesty a little: we all know it.
Fred. No, I 'll assure you, sir.
John. Not see her!
I smell an old dog-trick of yours. Well, Frederick,
You talk 'd to me of whoring: let 's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wish you.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that issue,
Your spoon shall be as deep as mine, sir.
John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the cause honourable,
Or for your ease?
Fred. By all our friendship, John,
'Tis honest, and of great end.
John. I am answer'd:
But let me see her though; leave the door open
As you go in.
Fred. I dare not.
John. Not wide open,
But just so as a jealous husband
Would level at his wanton wife through.
Fred. That courtesy,
If you desire no more, and keep it strictly,
I dare afford you. Come; 'tis now near morning. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *my mother*] "He means the Landlady." MASON.

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SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter PETER *and* ANTHONY.

Peter. Nay, the old woman 's gone too.
Anth. She 's a-caterwauling
Among the gutters: but, conceive me, Peter,
Where our good masters should be?
Peter. Where they should be
I do conceive; but where they are, good Anthony—
Anth. Ay, there it goes: my master's bo-peep[p] with me,
With his sly popping in and out again,
Argu'd a cause, a frippery cause.
Peter. Believe me,
They bear up with some carvel[q].
Anth. I do believe thee,
For thou hast such a master for that chase,
That till he spend[r] his main-mast——
Peter. Pray, remember
Your courtesy, good Anthony, and withal,
How long 'tis since your master sprung a leak;
He had a sound one since he came.
Anth. Hark! [*Lute sounds within.*
Peter. What?
Anth. Dost not hear a lute? Again!
Peter. Where is 't?
Anth. Above, in my master's chamber.
Peter. There 's no creature;
He hath the key himself, man.
Anth. This is his lute;
Let him have it.
Peter. I grant you; but who strikes it? [*Singing within.*
Anth. An admirable voice too; hark you!

SONG[s] [*within*].

Merciless Love, whom nature hath denied
The use of eyes, lest thou shouldst take a pride

---

[p] *bo-peep*] Silently altered by Seward to "bo-peeps"; and so his successors.
[q] *carvel*] See note, vol. i. 184.
[r] *spend*] The Editors of 1778 silently printed "spends"; and so Weber.
[s] *Song*] "Like many others in this collection, was first inserted in the second

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And glory in thy murders, why am I,
That never yet transgress'd thy deity[t],
Never broke vow, from whose eyes never flew
Disdainful dart, whose hard heart never slew,
Thus ill rewarded[u]? Thou art young and fair,
Thy mother soft and gentle as the air,
Thy holy fire still burning, blown with prayer:
Then, everlasting Love, restrain thy will;
'Tis god-like to have power, but not to kill.

Peter. Anthony,
Art sure we are at home?

Anth. Without all doubt, Peter.

Peter. Then this must be the devil.

Anth. Let it be.—
Good devil, sing again! [*Singing again within.*] Oh, dainty devil!—
Peter, believe it, a most delicate devil,
The sweetest devil——

Enter DON FREDERICK; *followed by* DON JOHN, *who remains at the door, peeping.*

Fred. If you could leave peeping!

John. I cannot, by no means.

Fred. Then come in softly;
And, as you love your faith, presume no further
Than you have promis'd. [DON JOHN *advances into the room.*

John. Basta[v].

folio; where the only stage direction is '*Lute sounds within*' [opposite the words 'He had a sound one', &c.] That direction is also in the first folio; where, opposite to the words 'This is his lute,' &c. we have '*Sing within a little,*' and afterwards, at the words 'Let it be,'—'*Sing agen.*' Probably the song was divided originally, and different portions of it sung at different times to the end of the scene." WEBER.

[t] *transgress'd thy deity*] Compare vol. v. 65, 441, and p. 41 of the present vol.

[u] *whose hard heart never slew,*
Thus ill rewarded?] Stands thus in the second folio (which alone contains this song);

"*Whose hard heart never,*
Slew those rewarders?"

Seward printed;

"*whose hard heart* none e'er *slew,*
Thus ill rewarded?"

and so the Editors of 1778. I have, with Weber, retained only the second of Seward's alterations: it is at least better than nonsense.

[v] *Basta*] i. e. enough (as before, vol. iii. 526, vol. vi. 167).

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Fred. What make you up so early, sir?
John. You, sir, in your contemplations!
Peter. Oh, pray you, peace, sir! [*Lute sounds again within.*
Fred. Why peace, sir?
Peter. Do you hear?
John. 'Tis your lute.
Fred. Pray you, speak softly;
She 's playing on 't.
Anth. The house is haunted, sir,
For this we have heard this half-year.
Fred. Ye saw nothing?
Anth. Not I.
Peter. Nor I, sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfast, then;
And make no words on 't. We 'll undertake this spirit,
If it be one.
Anth. This is no devil, Peter:
Mum; there be bats abroad. [*Exeunt* PETER *and* ANTHONY.
Fred. Stay; now she sings. [*Singing again within.*
John. An angel's voice, I'll swear!
Fred. Why didst thou shrug so?
Either allay this heat, or, as I live,
I will not trust you.
John. Pass: I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. To curse those stars that men say govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my fate,
And task the general world, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the same still! neither are they
Subject to helps or hurts: our own desires
Are our own fates, our own stars all our fortunes,
Which, as we sway 'em, so abuse or bless us.

Enter DON FREDERICK; *followed by* DON JOHN, *who remains at the door, peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your meditations!

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John. Pox upon you,
Stand out o' the light!
Con. I crave your mercy, sir;
My mind, o'ercharg'd with care, made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray you, set that mind at rest; all shall be perfect.
John. I like the body rare; a handsome body,
A wondrous handsome body. Would she would turn!
See, an that spiteful puppy be not got
Between me and my light again! [*Aside.*
Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command shall be: the gentleman
Is safely off all danger.
John. *Oh, de Dios!* [*Aside.*
Con. How shall I thank you, sir? how satisfy?
Fred. Speak softly, gentle lady, all's rewarded.—
Now does he melt, like marmalade. [*Aside.*
John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the sweetest woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honest. [*Aside.*
Fred. None disturb'd you?
Con. Not any, sir, nor any sound came near me;
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. I would fain pray now,
But the devil and that flesh there o' the world—
What are we made to suffer[e]! [*Aside.*
Fred. He will enter:—
Pull in your head, and be hang'd!
John. Hark you, Frederick;
I have brought you home your pack-saddle.
Fred. Pox upon you!
Con. Nay, let him enter.—Fie, my lord the duke,
Stand peeping at your friends!

[e] *But the devil and that flesh there o' the world—*
What are we made to suffer!] Seward printed,
"*But th' devil and that flesh there,* (O *the world!*)
What are we made to suffer?"
and proposed also in a note, "and *the world*—". Both alterations are villanous: yet Mason approves of the former! By "*that flesh there o' the world*" John, of course, means Constantia.

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Fred. You are cozen'd, lady;
Here is no duke.
Con. I know him full well, signior.
John. Hold thee there, wench! [*Aside.*
Fred. This mad-brain'd fool will spoil all. [*Aside.*
Con. I do beseech your grace come in.
John. My grace!
There was a word of comfort! [*Aside.*
Fred. Shall he enter,
Whoe'er he be?
John. Well follow'd, Frederick! [*Aside.*
Con. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in, then.
[DON JOHN *advances into the room.*
John. Bless you, lady!
Fred. Nay, start not; though he be a stranger to you,
He 's of a noble strain; my kinsman, lady,
My countryman, and fellow-traveller:
One bed contains us ever, one purse feeds us,
And one faith free between us. Do not fear him;
He 's truly honest.
John. That 's a lie. [*Aside.*
Fred. And trusty
Beyond your wishes, valiant to defend,
And modest to converse with as your blushes.
John. Now may I hang myself; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes; for now
Must I cry "No, forsooth," and "Ay, forsooth," and "Surely,"
And "Truly, as I live," and "As I am honest."
H'as done these things for 'nonce[f] too; for he knows,
Like a most envious[g] rascal as he is,
I am not honest, nor desire to be,
Especially this way: h'as watch'd his time;
But I shall quit[h] him. [*Aside.*
Con. Sir, I credit you.
Fred. Go kiss her, John.

[f] *for 'nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.
[g] *envious*] i. e. malicious. [h] *quit*] i. e. requite.

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John. Plague o' your commendations!
Con. Sir, I shall now desire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, sweet lady: thus I seal
My faith and all my service. [*Kisses her.*
Con. One word, signior. [*To* DON FREDERICK.
John. Now 'tis impossible I should be honest;
She kisses with a conjuration
Would make the devil dance. What points she at?
My leg, I warrant, or my well-knit body:
Sit fast, Don Frederick!— [*Aside.*
Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took such care of, his own being lost i' the scuffle.
Con. With much joy may he wear it!—'Tis a right one,
I can assure you, gentleman; and right happy
May you be in all fights for that fair service!
Fred. Why do you blush?
Con. 'T had almost cozen'd me;
For, not to lie, when I saw that, I look'd for
Another master of it: but 'tis well. [*Knocking within.*
Fred. Who 's there?——Stand you a little close.
[*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Come in, sir!

Enter ANTHONY.

Now, what 's the news with you?
Anth. There is a gentleman without
Would speak with Don John.
John. Who, sir?
Anth. I do not know, sir; but he shews a man
Of no mean reckoning.
Fred. Let him shew his name,
And then return a little wiser.
Anth. Well, sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. How do you like her, John?
John. As well as you, Frederick,
For all I am honest; you shall find it so too.
Fred. Art thou not honest?
John. Art thou [not][h] an ass?

[h] [*not*] Was inserted by the Editors of 1778, and, as the preceding speech

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"And modest as her blushes!" what a blockhead[i]
Would e'er have popt out such a dry apology
For his dear friend? and to a gentlewoman?
A woman of her youth and delicacy?
They are arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honest moral man! 'tis for a constable:
A handsome man, a wholesome man, a tough man,
A liberal man, a likely man, a man
Made up like Hercules, unslak'd with service,
The same to-night, to-morrow-night, the next night,
And so to perpetuity of pleasures,—
These had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have such a spic'd[j] consideration,
Such qualms upon your worship's conscience,
Such chilblains in your blood, that all things pinch you,
Which nature, and the liberal world, makes custom;
And nothing but fair honour, oh, sweet honour!
Hang up your eunuch honour! That I was trusty
And valiant, were things well put in; but modest!
A modest gentleman! Oh, wit, where wast thou?

Fred. I am sorry, John.

John. My lady's gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a school-boy, make me blush
With playing with my codpiece-point: fie on thee!
A man of thy discretion!

Fred. It shall be mended;
And henceforth you shall have your due.

John. I look for 't.

Re-enter ANTHONY.

How now? who is 't?

Anth. A gentleman of this town,
And calls himself Petruchio.

John. I'll attend him. [*Exit* ANTHONY.

shews, is absolutely necessary. Weber, however, threw it out, having persuaded himself that, without it, "there is as much point, and more of the quaintness of old language."

[i] *what a blockhead*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "*What blockhead.*"—Seward silently printed "Why, *what blockhead.*"

[j] *spic'd*] i. e. nice, scrupulous (as before, vol. vi. 160).

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Re-enter CONSTANTIA.

Con. How did he call himself?
Fred. Petruchio:
Does it concern you aught?
Con. Oh, gentlemen,
The hour of my destruction is come on me!
I am discover'd, lost, left to my ruin!
As ever ye had pity—— [*Kneels.*
John. Do not fear;
Let the great devil come, he shall come through me.
Lost here, and we about you!
Fred. Fall before us!
Con. Oh, my unfortunate estate! all angers
Compar'd to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all men's,
Whilst we have power and life—Stand up, for Heaven-sake!
[*Raising her.*
Con. I have offended Heaven too; yet Heaven knows——
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heaven forbid we should have our deserts!
What is he?
Con. Too, too near to my offence, sir:
Oh, he will cut me piece-meal!
Fred. 'Tis no treason?
John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I 'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He must buy you dear;
With more than common lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heaven, I 'll fire the town before you perish!
And then, the more the merrier, we 'll jog with you.
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John. Pray, no more weeping:
Spoil a sweet face for nothing! My return
Shall end all this, I warrant you.
Con. Heaven grant it! [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*Street before the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter PETRUCHIO, *with a letter.*

Petru. This man should be of special rank; for these commends
Carry no common way, no slight worth, with 'em:
He shall be he.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. 'Save you, sir! I am sorry
My business was so unmannerly to make you
Wait thus long here.

Petru. Occasions must be serv'd, sir.
But is your name Don John?

John. It is, sir.

Petru. Then,
First, for your own brave sake, I must embrace you;
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Alvara, make you mine,
Who lays his charge upon me in this letter
To look you out, and, for the goodness in you,
Whilst your occasions make you resident
In this place, to supply you, love and honour you;
Which, had I known[k] sooner——

John. Noble sir,
You 'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a sword, sir,
And have a service to be still dispos'd of
As you shall please command it.

Petru. Gentle sir,
That manly courtesy is half my business:
And, to be short, to make you know I honour you,
And in all points believe your worth like oracle,
And how above my friends (which are not few,
And those not slack) I estimate your virtues,
Make yourself understand, this day Petruchio
(A man that may command the strength of this place,
Hazard the boldest spirits) hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble office.

[k] *had I known*] Seward silently printed "*had I* but *known*."

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John. Forward; I am free to entertain it.
Petru. Thus, then:—
I do beseech you mark me.
John. I shall do it.
Petru. Ferrara's Duke (would I might call him worthy!
But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with infamy), this man,
Rather this powerful monster, we being left
But two of all our house to stock our memories,
My sister and myself, with arts and witchcrafts,
Vows, and such oaths Heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to dishonour this weak maid by stealths
And secret passages I knew not of;
Oft he obtain'd his wishes, oft abus'd her:—
I am asham'd to say the rest:—this purchas'd,
And his hot blood allay'd, as friends forsake us
At a mile's end upon our way, he left her
And all our name to ruin.
John. This was foul play,
And ought to be rewarded so.
Petru. I hope so.
He scap'd me yester-night; which, if he dare
Again adventure for, Heaven pardon him!
I shall, with all my heart.
John. For me, brave signior,
What do you intend?
Petru. Only, fair sir, this trust,
Which, from the commendations of this letter,
I dare presume well plac'd,—nobly to bear him
By word of mouth a single challenge from me,
That, man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.
John. Fair and noble;
And I will do it home. When shall I visit you?
Petru. Please you, this afternoon. I will ride with you;
For at a castle, six miles hence, we are sure
To find him.
John. I 'll be ready.

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Petru. To attend you,
My man shall wait. With all my love[k]—
John. My service shall not fail you. [*Exit* PETRUCHIO.

Enter DON FREDERICK.

Fred. How now?
John. All 's well. Who dost thou think this wench is?
Guess, an thou canst.
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known, then,
To all men by these presents, this is she,
She, she, and only she, our curious coxcombs[l]
Were errant two months after.
Fred. Who? Constantia?
Thou talk'st of cocks and bulls.
John. I talk of wenches,
Of cocks and hens, Don Frederick; this is the pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be.
John. It shall be;
Sister to Don Petruchio: I know all, man.
Fred. Now I believe.
John. Go to! there has been stirring,
Fumbling with linen, Frederick.
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
You know her fame was pure as fire.
John. That pure fire
Has melted out her maidenhead; she is crack'd:
We have all that hope of[m] our side, boy.
Fred. Thou tell'st me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I see no loose thought in her.

[k] *With all my love*] "We much doubt whether these words are not part of Don John's speech:

'*With all my love, my service shall not fail you.*'" *Ed.* 1778.

"Mason supports the alteration; but a bar, shewing that Petruchio does not complete his speech, sets all right." WEBER,—whose arrangement is confirmed by the first folio, which has no point after "*love*".

[l] *coxcombs*] i. e. heads: see note, vol. vi. 155.

[m] *of*] i. e. on.

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John. That 's all one;
She is loose i' th' hilts, by Heaven: but the world
Must know a fair way,—upon vow of marriage.
Fred. There may be such a slip.
John. And will be, Frederick,
Whilst the old game 's a-foot. I fear the boy too
Will prove hers I took up [n].
Fred. Good circumstance
May cure all this yet.
John. There thou hit'st it, Frederick.
Come, let 's walk in and comfort her: her being here
Is nothing yet suspected. Anon I 'll tell thee
Wherefore her brother came (who, by this light,
Is a brave noble fellow), and what honour
H 'as done to me a stranger. There be irons
Heating for some, will hiss into their heart-bloods,
Ere all be ended. So much for this time.
Fred. Well, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter GILLIAN *and* PETER.

Gillian. Come, you do know.
Peter. I do not, by this hand, mistress:
But I suspect——
Gillian. What?
Peter. That, if eggs continue

[n] *I fear the boy too*
Will prove hers I took up] So the Duke of Buckingham in his alteration of the play; and so Weber.—The first folio has,

"*I feare the boy too*
Will prove hers too *I took up.*"

The second folio reads,

"*I fear the boy*
Will prove hers too *I took up*";

and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

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At this price, women will ne'er be sav'd [o]
By their good works.
Gillian. I will know.
Peter. You shall, any thing
Lies in my power. The duke of Lorrain now
Is seven thousand strong: I heard it of a fish-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.
Gillian. Sirrah, sirrah!
Peter. The pope's bulls are broke loose too, and 'tis suspected
They shall be baited in England.
Gillian. Very well, sir!
Peter. No, 'tis not so well, neither.
Gillian. But I say to you,
Who is it keeps your master company?
Peter. I say to you, Don John.
Gillian. I say, what woman?
Peter. I say so too.
Gillian. I say again, I will know.
Peter. I say, 'tis fit you should.
Gillian. And I tell thee,
He has a woman here.
Peter. And I tell thee,
'Tis then the better for him.
Gillian. You are no bawd now?
Peter. Would I were able to be call'd unto it!
A worshipful vocation for my elders;
For, as I understand, it is a place
Fitting my betters far.
Gillian. Was ever gentlewoman
So frump'd off [p] with a fool! Well, saucy sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpose;
I pay the rent, and I will know how my house
Comes by these inflammations: if this gear hold,
Best hang a sign-post up, to tell the signiors,
Here ye may have lewdness at livery.
Peter. 'Twould be a great ease to your age.

[o] *will ne'er be sav'd*] Qy. "*never will be sav'd*"?
[p] *frump'd off*] i. e. mocked, flouted.

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Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now!
Why, what 's the matter, landlady?
Gillian. What 's the matter!
Ye use me decently among ye, gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abus'd her? you, sir?
Gillian. 'Ods my witness,
I will not be thus treated, that I will not!
Peter. I gave her no ill language.
Gillian. Thou liest lewdly;
Thou took'st me up at every word I spoke,
As I had been a maukin [p], a flurt-gillian [q];
And thou think'st, because thou canst write and read,
Our noses must be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, sirrah?
Peter. Let but the truth be known, sir, I beseech you;
She raves of wenches, and I know not what, sir.
Gillian. Go to! thou know'st too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou instrument of evil!
Peter. As I live, sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fred. Get you in;
I 'll answer you anon, sir.
Peter. By this hand,
I 'll break your posset-pan.
Gillian. Then, by this hood,
I 'll lock the meat up. [*Exit* PETER.
Fred. Now, your grief; what is 't?
For I can guess——
Gillian. You may, with shame enough,
If there were shame amongst ye: nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuse my house! not satisfied
With bringing home your bastards to undo me,
But you must drill your whores here too! My patience
(Because I bear, and bear, and carry all,

[p] *maukin*] See note, vol. iii. 91.

[q] *flurt-gillian*] The same as *flirt gill* (which occurs, vol. ii. 198)—a transposition of *gill-flirt*: see Nares's *Gloss.* in *Flirt-gill.*

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And, as they say, am willing to groan under)
Must be your make-sport now!

Fred. No more of these words,
Nor no more murmurings, lady; for you know
That I know something. I did suspect your anger:
But turn it presently and handsomely,
And bear yourself discreetly to this woman,
(For such a one there is indeed,)——

Gillian. 'Tis well, son.

Fred. Leaving your devil's matins and your melancholies,
Or we shall leave our lodgings.

Gillian. You have much need
To use these vagrant ways, and to much profit:
Ye had that might content
At home, within yourselves too, right good, gentlemen,
Wholesome, and ye said handsome: but you gallants—
Beast that I was to believe ye——

Fred. Leave your suspicion;
For, as I live, there 's no such thing.

Gillian. Mine honour!
An 't were not for mine honour——

Fred. Come, your honour,
Your house, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough. Sleek up yourself, leave crying,
For I must have you entertain this lady
With all civility, (she well deserves it,)
Together with all secresy: I dare trust you,
For I have found you faithful: when you know her,
You will find your own fault. No more words, but do it.

Gillian. You know you may command me.

Enter DON JOHN.

John. Worshipful lady,
How does thy velvet scabbard? by this hand,
Thou look'st most amiably: now could I willingly,
An 't were not for abusing thy Geneva print there,
Venture my body with thee.

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Gillian. You 'll leave this ropery[r]
When you come to my years.
John. By this light,
Thou art not above fifteen yet; a mere girl;
Thou hast not half thy teeth: come——
Fred. Prithee, John,
Let her alone; she has been vex'd already;
She 'll grow stark mad, man.
John. I would see her mad;
An old mad woman——
Fred. Prithee, be patient.
John. Is like a miller's mare troubled with tooth-ache;
She 'll make the rarest faces.
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this fellow.
Gillian. Well, Don John,
There will be times again, when, "Oh, good mother,
What 's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
Oh, the green water, mother!"——
John. Doting take you!
Do you remember that?
Fred. She has paid you now, sir.
Gillian. "Clary, sweet mother, clary[s]!"——
Fred. Are you satisfied?
Gillian. "I 'll never whore again; never give petticoats
And waistcoats at five pound a-piece[t]! Good mother!
Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, son.
John. A devil grind your old chaps!
Fred. By this hand, wench,
I 'll give thee a new hood for this. [*Exit* GILLIAN.
Has she met with your lordship?
John. Touchwood take her[u]!
She 's a rare ghostly mother.

[r] *ropery*] i. e. roguery (what deserves a rope or halter). So the first folio.—The second folio "roguery"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778.

[s] *clary*] Concerning "The [medicinal] Vertues" of this herb, see Parkinson's *Theatrum Botanicum*, 1640, p. 59.

[t] *waistcoats at five pound a-piece*] See note, p. 127.

[u] *take her*] So the second folio.—The first folio "rake *her*"; and so Weber.

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Enter ANTHONY.

Anth. Below attends you
The gentleman's man, sir, that was with you.
John. Well, sir. [*Exit* ANTHONY.
My time is come, then; yet, if my project hold,
You shall not stay behind: I 'll rather trust
A cat with sweet milk, Frederick.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

By her face,
I feel her fears are working.
Con. Is there no way
(I do beseech ye think yet) to divert
This certain danger?
Fred. 'Tis impossible;
Their honours are engag'd.
Con. Then there must be murder,
Which, gentlemen, I shall no sooner hear of
Than make one in 't. You may, if you please, sir,
Make all go less[v] yet.
John. Lady, were 't mine own cause,
I could dispense; but, loaden with my friend's trust,
I must go on; though general massacres,
As much I fear——
Con. [*To* FREDERICK] Do you hear, sir? for Heaven's pity,
Let me request one love of you!
Fred. Yes, any thing.
Con. This gentleman I find too resolute,
Too hot and fiery for the cause: as ever
You did a virtuous deed, for honour's sake,
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper,
And noble disposition, like wish'd showers,
May quench those eating fires that would spoil all else.
I see in him destruction.
Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wise consideration,

[v] *Make all go less*] Equivalent here to—prevent such hazard. See note, p. 147.

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To me a bounteous favour.—Hark you, John;
I will go with you.
John. No.
Fred. Indeed I will;
You go upon a hazard: no denial;
For, as I live, I 'll go.
John. Then make you ready,
For I am straight o' horse-back.
Fred. My sword on,
I am as ready as you.—What my best labour,
With all the art I have, can work upon 'em,
Be sure of, and expect fair end. The old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; she is both grave and private,
And you may trust her in all points.
Con. You are noble.
Fred. And so, I kiss your hand[w].
John. That seal for me too;
And I hope happy issue, lady.
Con. All Heaven's care upon ye, and my prayers!
John. So, now my mind 's at rest.
Fred. Away! 'tis late, John. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* ANTONIO.

Enter ANTONIO, Surgeon, *and two* Gentlemen.

First Gent. Come, sir, be hearty; all the worst is past.
Ant. Give me some wine.
Sur. 'Tis death, sir.
Ant. 'Tis a horse, sir!
'Sblood, to be dress'd to the tune of ale only!
Nothing but sauces to my sores!
Sec. Gent. Fie, Antonio!
You must be govern'd.
Ant. H'as given me a damn'd glyster,

[w] *And so, I kiss your hand*] Given to Constantia in both the folios. "This certainly belongs to *Frederick*. 'Tis the usual compliment from a gentleman to a lady, but not from a lady to a gentleman; and *John* confirms it by desiring the same favour." SEWARD.

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Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scour'd my guts out.
Sur. I have given you that, sir,
Is fittest for your state.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks and drowned chickens,
Stew'd pericraniums and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven, 'tis true, gentlemen,)
He rolls me up in lints, with labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i' the almanack,—
"In[x] head and face is Aries' place."
Sur. Will 't please you[y]
To let your friends see you open'd?
Ant. Will 't please you, sir,
To let me have a wench? I feel my body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How! a wench!
Ant. Why, look ye, gentlemen, thus I am us'd still;
I can get nothing that I want.
First Gent. Leave these things,
And let him open you.
Ant. Do you hear, surgeon?
Send for the music; let me have some pleasure
To entertain my friends, (beside your salads[z],
Your green salves, and your searches[a],) and some wine too,

[x] *In*] Changed by Seward to "My" (which had been previously given by the Duke of Buckingham in his alteration of this play); and so the other modern editors,—most improperly. Antonio means that the "labels" make him resemble the figure we find in old almanacks,—a man surrounded by the 12 signs of the zodiac, each sign being placed beside that part of the body which it governs, and each having a "label", from "*Aries, the head and face*", to "*Pisces, the feet.*" Probably the very words of this line are quoted from some almanack.

[y] *you*] Weber silently printed "*you*, sir."

[z] *salads*] "What Antonio means by '*salads*' is explained by a passage in the third act of *Monsieur Thomas*, where the [First] physician attending Francisco says—

'Bring in the *lettice-cap*.—You must be shav'd, sir,
And then how suddenly we 'll make you sleep!'" MASON.

And see note, vol. i. 187.

[a] *searches*] i. e. tents or probes.—Seward, with the approbation of Sympson, printed "sear-cloths"; and Mason says "we should read 'searces', fine sieves used in preparing medicines"!

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That I may only smell to it; or, by this light,
I'll die upon thy hand, and spoil thy custom.
First Gent. Let him have music.
Sur. 'Tis i' the house, and ready,

Enter ROWLAND *with wine, and* Musicians.

If he will ask no more. But wine——
Sec. Gent. He shall not drink it.
Sur. Will these things please you?
Ant. Yes; and let 'em sing
John Dory.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis too long.
Ant. I'll have *John Dory;*
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.—
Give me some drink.—Have you stopt the leaks well, surgeon?
All will run out else.
Sur. Fear not.
Ant. Sit down, gentlemen.—
And now advance your plasters. [*Song of John Dory* [b].

[b] *Song of John Dory*] Has been already mentioned: see note, vol. ii. 163.— "This song was so popular in the seventeenth century, that a reference to it was sufficient in the folios. As it has not retained its popularity till the present time, it seems necessary to subjoin it. It is given with the music in Hawkins's *History of Music*, [v. 474], and Ritson's *Ancient Songs* [p. 163], from [Ravenscroft's] *Deuteromelia: or the Second Part of Musicks Melodie, or Melodious Musicke. Of pleasant Roundelaies; K. H.* [*King Henry's*] *Mirth or Freemens Songs, and such delightful Catches. Lond.* 1609. 4to, where it is ranked among the '*Freemens Songs of* 3 *voices*.'

'As it fell on a holy day,
And upon an holy tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate-a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted
To let him in thereat-a.

The first man that John Dory did meet
Was good King John of France-a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell down in a trance-a.

A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merie men and for me-a;

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Give 'em ten shillings, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROWLAND *and Musicians.*

How do ye find me?

What symptoms do you see now?

Sur. None, sir, dangerous;

But, if you will be rul'd——

Ant. What time?

Sur. I can cure you

In forty days, so you will not transgress me[c].

Ant. I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.

In how long canst thou kill me?

Sur. Presently.

Ant. Do it; there 's more delight in 't.

And all the churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee-a.

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide-a;
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fiftie good oares on a side-a.

Run up, my boy, unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canst spie-a.
Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory-a.

They hoist their sailes, both top and top,
The meisseine and all was tride-a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide-a.

The roring cannons then were plide,
And dub a dub went the drumme-a;
The braying trumpets lowd they cride,
To courage both all and some-a.

The grapling hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill and the sword-a:
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board-a.'

Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall, Lond.* 1602, 4to., observes, that 'the prowesse of one Nicholas, sonne to a widdow, neer Foy, is deskanted upon in an old three-man's song, namely, how he fought brauely at sea with John Dory (a Genowey, as I coniecture), set forth by John the French king, and (after much bloudshed on both sides) tooke and slew him, in reuenge of the great rauine and crueltie which hee had forecommitted upon the Englishmens goods and bodies. [p. 135. ed. 1769].'" WEBER.

[c] *transgress me*] See note, p. 248.

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First Gent. You must have patience.
Ant. Man, I must have business: this foolish fellow
Hinders himself; I have a dozen rascals
To hurt within these five days.—Good man-mender,
Stop me up with some parsley[d], like stuff'd beef,
And let me walk abroad——
Sur. You shall walk shortly.
Ant. For I must find Petruchio.
Sec. Gent. Time enough.
First Gent. Come, lead him in, and let him sleep.—Within these three days
We 'll beg you leave to play.
Sec. Gent. And then how things fall
We 'll certainly inform you.
Ant. But, surgeon, promise me
I shall drink wine then too.
Sur. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I 'll no tempering, surgeon.
Sur. Well, as 't please you,
So you exceed not.
Ant. Farewell: and, if ye find
The mad slave that thus slash'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his skin close.
First Gent. Take your rest, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter CONSTANTIA *and* GILLIAN.

Con. I have told you all I can, and more than yet
Those gentlemen know of me; ever trusting
Your counsel and concealment; for to me
You seem a worthy woman, one of those
Are seldom found in our sex, wise and virtuous.
Direct me, I beseech you.
Gillian. You say well, lady;

[d] *Stop me up with some parsley*] So the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—The first folio has "*Stop me up with parsley*". The second reads "*Stop me with some parsley*"; and so Seward.

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And hold you to that point; for, in these businesses,
A woman's counsel, that conceives the matter,
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, lady,)
Is worth ten men's engagements: she knows something,
And out of that can work like wax; when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenness, vain ostentation,
Discovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an eel's tail; nay, 'tis held fashion
To defame now all they can.

Con. Ay, but these gentlemen——

Gillian. Do not you trust to that; these gentlemen
Are, as all gentlemen, of the same barrel,
Ay, and the self-same pickle too. Be it granted
They have us'd you with respect and fair behaviour
Yet[e] since you came; do you know what must follow?
They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,
Things that will thrash the devil or his dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven—

Con. Now Heaven bless me!

Gillian. Mad colts will court the wind[f]; I know 'em, lady,
To the least hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pint-pot bless 'em,
They 'll offer to my years——

Con. How!

Gillian. Such rude gambols——

Con. To you!

Gillian. Ay, and so handle me, that oft I am forc'd
To fight of all four for my safety. There 's the younger,
Don John, the arrant'st Jack in all this city:
The other time has blasted, yet he will stoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely, on the quarry[g];

[e] *Yet*] So the first folio.—The second folio "Ere"; and so Seward and the Editors of 1778 ("E'er").

[f] *They are Spaniards, lady, jennets of high mettle,*
. . . . . .
Mad colts will court the wind] See note, vol. v. 273.

[g] *stoop*
. . . . . *on the quarry*] i. e. descend on the game or prey;

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H'as been a dragon in his days: but, Tarmont[h],
Don Jenkin is the devil himself, the Dog-days,
The most incomprehensible whoremaster,
Twenty a night is nothing; beggars, broom-women,
And those so miserable they look like Famine,
Are all sweet ladies in his drink.

Con. He 's a handsome gentleman;
Pity he should be master of such follies.

Gillian. He 's ne'er without a noise of syringes
In 's pocket, (those proclaim him,) birding-pills[i],
Waters, to cool his conscience, in small vials,
With thousand such sufficient emblems: the truth is,
Whose chastity he chops upon he cares not;
He flies at all. Bastards, upon my conscience,
He has now in making, multitudes; the last night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it;
But we are all weak vessels; some rich woman
(For wise I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with jewels, the bearing-cloth[j]
No less than crimson velvet.

Con. How!

Gillian. 'Tis true, lady.

Con. Was it a boy too?

Gillian. A brave boy; deliberation
And judgment shew'd in 's getting; as, I 'll say for him,
He 's as well-pac'd for that sport——

Con. May I see it?
For there is a neighbour of mine, a gentlewoman,
Has had a late mischance, which willingly
I would know further of: now, if you please
To be so courteous to me——

terms of falconry, which have several times occurred before; see, for instance, notes, vol. vi. 12, vol. ii. 554.

[h] *Tarmont*] i. e., I presume, by *Termagant*. See note, vol. ii. 306.

[i] *birding-pills*] i. e., I suppose, pills to cure the consequences of *birding* (wenching).—Altered by Seward to "purging-*pills*."

[j] *the bearing-cloth*] "This, as Dr. Percy observes [note on Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, act iii. sc. 3], 'is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized' [or when it is shown among the gossips by the nurse]." WEBER.

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Gillian. You shall see it.
But what do you think of these men, now you know 'em,
And of the cause I told you of? Be wise;
You may repent too late else; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you will find it, lady.
Con. I am advis'd.
Gillian. No more words, then; do that,
And instantly, I told you of; be ready.—
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps[k]. [*Aside.*
Con. I shall be:
But shall I see this child?
Gillian. Within this half-hour.
Let 's in, and there think better: she that 's wise
Leaps at occasion first; the rest pay for it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The country.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, DON JOHN, *and* DON FREDERICK.

John. Sir, he is worth your knowledge, and a gentleman
(If I that so much love him may commend him)
Of free and virtuous parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us (for which fear I brought him),
Will not fly back for fillips.
Petru. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay; what troop
Is that below i' the valley there?
John. Hawking, I take it.
Petru. They are so: 'tis the duke; 'tis even he, gentlemen.—
Sirrah, draw back the horses till we call you.—
[*To* Servant *within.*
I know him by his company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petru. So he does.
John. Stand you still
Within that covert till I call. You, Frederick,

[k] *frumps*] i. e. mocks, flouts.

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By no means be not seen, unless they offer
To bring on odds upon us. He comes forward;
Here will I wait him fairly. To your cabins!

Petru. I need no more instruct you?

John. Fear me not;
I'll give it him, and boldly. [*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* FREDERICK.

Enter Duke *and* Gentlemen.

Duke. Feed the hawks up;
We'll fly no more to-day.—Oh, my blest fortune!
Have I so fairly met the man?

John. You have, sir;
And him you know by this. [*Points to his hat.*

Duke. Sir, all the honour
And love——

John. I do beseech your grace stay there
(For I know you too now); that love and honour
I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
Till you appear fair to the world. I must beseech you,
Dismiss your train a little.

Duke. Walk aside,
And out of hearing, I command ye. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.
Now, sir?

John. Last time we met, I was a friend.

Duke. And nobly
You did a[1] friend's office: let your business
Be what it may, you must be still——

John. Your pardon;
Never a friend to him cannot be friend
To his own honour.

Duke. In what have I transgress'd it?
You make a bold breach at the first, sir.

John. Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy
And ruin, to surprise a noble stock.

Duke. Be plain, sir.

John. I will, and short: you have wrong'd a gentleman,
Little behind yourself, beyond all justice,
Beyond [the] mediation of all friends.

[1] *did a*] Seward silently printed "*did* me *a*".

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Duke. The man, and manner of wrong?
John. Petruchio;
The wrong, you have whor'd his sister.
Duke. What 's his will in 't?
John. His will is to oppose you like a gentleman,
And, single, to decide all.
Duke. Now stay you, sir,
And hear me with the like belief. This gentleman
His sister[l] that you nam'd, 'tis true I have long lov'd,
Nor was that love lascivious, as he makes it;
As true, I have enjoy'd her; no less truth,
I have a child by her: but that she, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted,
Suffer disgrace or ruin by my pleasures,
I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*,
And him in this cause when he please; for know, sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven
(Witness I owe more tie to than her brother);
Nor will I fly from that name, which long since
Had had the church's approbation,
But for his jealous danger[m].
John. Sir, your pardon;
And all that was my anger, now my service.
Duke. Fair sir, I knew I should convert you. Had we
But that rough man here now too——
John. And you shall, sir.—
Whoa, hoa, hoo!
Duke. I hope you have laid no ambush?
John. Only friends.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Duke. My noble brother! welcome!
Come, put your anger off; we 'll have no fighting,

[l] *This gentleman*
His sister] "i. e. this gentleman's sister." MASON.

[m] *his jealous danger*] Was rightly explained by Seward "the danger arising from his jealousy"; yet, on account of "what the Duke says to Petruchio below", he gave in the text, with Sympson's concurrence, "*his jealous* anger"; and so the Editors of 1778!

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Unless you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that name.

Petru. Do you speak this heartily?

Duke. Upon my soul, and truly: the first priest
Shall put you out of these doubts.

Petru. Now I love you;
And I beseech you pardon my suspicions:
You are now more than a brother, a brave friend too.

John. The good man's over-joy'd.

Re-enter FREDERICK.

Fred. How now? how goes it?

John. Why, the man has his mare again, and all's well, Frederick;
The duke professes freely he's her husband.

Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.

John. Yes, for modest gentlemen.
I must present you.—May it please your grace
To number this brave gentleman, my friend
And noble kinsman, amongst those your servants.

Duke. Oh, my brave friend, you shower your bounties on me!
Amongst my best thoughts, signior; in which number
You being worthily dispos'd already,
May place your friend to honour me.

Fred. My love, sir,
And, where your grace dares trust me, all my service.

Petru. Why, this is wondrous happy. But now, brother,
Now comes the bitter to our sweet: Constantia——

Duke. Why, what of her?

Petru. Nor what, nor where, do I know:
Wing'd with her fears, last night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my house; but whither——

Fred. Let not that——

Duke. No more, good sir; I have heard too much.

Petru. Nay, sink not;
She cannot be so lost.

John. Nor shall not, gentlemen:
Be free again; the lady's found. That smile, sir,
Shews you distrust your servant.

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Duke. I do beseech you——

John. You shall believe me: by my soul, she is safe—

Duke. Heaven knows, I would believe, sir.

Fred. You may safely.

John. And under noble usage: this fair gentleman
Met her in all her doubts last night, and to his guard
(Her fears being strong upon her) she gave her person,
Who waited on her to our lodging; where all respect,
Civil and honest service, now attend her.

Petru. You may believe now.

Duke. Yes, I do, and strongly.—
Well, my good friends, or rather my good angels
(For ye have both preserv'd me), when these virtues
Die in your friend's remembrance——

John. Good your grace,
Lose no more time in compliment; 'tis too precious:
I know it by myself, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes, especially
In way of lustly pleasures.

Petru. He has hit it.

Fred. To horse again, then; for this night I 'll crown
With all the joys ye wish for.

Petru. Happy gentlemen! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the country.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. This is the maddest mischief: never fool
Was so fubb'd off as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myself mine own ass. Trust a woman!
I 'll trust the devil first; for he dare be
Better than 's word sometime. What faith have I broke?
In what observance fail'd? let me consider;
For this is monstrous usage.

Enter DON JOHN *and* DON FREDERICK.

Fred. Let them talk;
We 'll ride on fair and softly.

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Fran. Well, Constantia——
Fred. Constantia!—What's this fellow? stay, by all means.
Fran. You have spun yourself a fair thread now.
Fred. Stand still, John.
Fran. What cause had you to fly? what fear possess'd you?
Were you not safely lodg'd from all suspicion?
Us'd with all gentle means? did any know
How you came thither, or what your sin was?—
Fred. John,
I smell some juggling, John.
John. Yes, Frederick;
I fear it will be found so.
Fran. So strangely,
Without the counsel of your friends, so desperately,
To put all dangers on you!—
Fred. 'Tis she.
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a stranger's lure!—
John. Did you mark that, Frederick?
Fran. To make you appear more monster, and the law
More cruel to reward you! to leave all,
All that should be your safeguard, to seek evils!
Was this your wisdom? this your promise? Well,
He that incited you——
Fred. Mark that too.
John. Yes, sir.
Fran. Had better have plough'd farther off. Now, lady,
What will your last friend, he that should preserve you,
And hold your credit up, the brave Antonio,
Think of this slip? he 'll to Petruchio,
And call for open justice.
John. 'Tis she, Frederick.
Fred. But what that *he* is, John——
Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt you out; for I know certainly
You are about the town still. Ha! no more words. [*Exit.*
Fred. Well!
John. Very well!
Fred. Discreetly—

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John. Finely carried!
Fred. You have no more of these tricks?
John. Ten to one, sir,
I shall meet with 'em, if you have.
Fred. Is this honest?
John. Was it in you a friend's part to deal double?
I am no ass, Don Frederick.
Fred. And, Don John,
It shall appear I am no fool. Disgrace me,
To make yourself a lecher! 'tis boyish, 'tis base.
John. 'Tis false, and most unmanly to upbraid me;
Nor will I be your bolster, sir.
Fred. Thou wanton boy, thou hadst better have been eunuch,
Thou common woman's courtesy, than thus
Lascivious, basely to have bent mine honour.
A friend! I'll make a horse my friend first.
John. Holla, holla!
You kick too fast, sir: what strange brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely! I better been an eunuch!
I privy to this dog-trick! Clear yourself,
(For I know where the wind sits,) and most nobly,
Or, as I have a life—— [*A noise of horses within.*
Fred. No more;—they 're[n] horses;—
Nor shew no discontent: to-morrow comes.
Let 's quietly away. If she be at home,
Our jealousies are put off.
John. The fellow, we
Have lost him in our spleens, like fools.

Enter Duke *and* PETRUCHIO.

Duke. Come, gentlemen,
Now set on roundly: suppose ye have all mistresses,
And mend your pace according.
Petru. Then have at ye! [*Exeunt.*

[n] *they 're*] Seward silently printed "their"; and so the Editors of 1778;—an alteration, which Weber disapproves of, but which I have felt strongly inclined to adopt.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Bologna.—Street before the house of* GILLIAN.

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, DON FREDERICK, *and* DON JOHN.

Petru. Now to Bologna, my most honour'd brother,
I dare pronounce you a hearty and safe welcome:
Our loves shall now way-lay you.—Welcome, gentlemen.

John. The same to you, brave sir.—Don Frederick,
Will you step in, and give the lady notice
Who comes to honour her?

Petru. Bid her be sudden:
We come to see no curious wench; a night-gown
Will serve the turn: here 's one that knows her nearer.

Fred. I 'll tell her what you say, sir. [*Exit into the house.*

Duke. My dear brother,
You are a merry gentleman.

Petru. Now will the sport be,
To observe her alterations; how like wildfire
She 'll leap into your bosom; then seeing me,
Her conscience and her fears creeping upon her,
Dead, as a fowl at souse[o], she 'll sink.

Duke. Fair brother,
I must entreat you——

Petru. I conceive your mind, sir;
I will not chide her: yet, ten ducats, duke,
She falls upon her knees; ten more, she dare not—

Duke. I must not have her frighted.

Petru. Well, you shall not:
But, like a summer's evening against heat,
Mark how I 'll gild her cheeks.

Re-enter DON FREDERICK *with* PETER.

John. How now?

[o] *at souse*] i. e. at the stroke of another bird descending violently on it.

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Duke. You may, sir.

Fred. Not to abuse your patience [P], noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumstance;
For you must know—

Petru. What?

Duke. Where is she?

Fred. Gone, sir.

Duke. How!

Petru. What did you say, sir?

Fred. Gone, by Heaven; remov'd!
The woman of the house too——

John. Well, Don Frederick!

Fred. Don John, it is not well; but——

Petru. Gone!

Fred. This fellow
Can testify I lie not.

Peter. Some four hours after
My master was departed with this gentleman,
My fellow and myself being sent of business,
(As we must think, of purpose)——

Petru. Hang these circumstances!
They appear like owls, to ill ends.

John. Now could I eat

[P] John. *How now?*
Duke. *You may, sir.*
Fred. Not to abuse your patience, &c.] In both the folios thus;

"*John.* How now?
Fred. Ye may, sir:
Not to abuse your patience", &c.

and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—In assigning "*You may, sir*" to the Duke, I have followed Seward, who remarks, "I have ventured to give the three first words of *Frederick*'s speech to the *Duke*: they are a proper answer to *Petruchio*, but are not intelligible in *Frederick*'s mouth, without considering them as a broken sentence relating to the mutual suspicion between John and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting:" and Mason approves of the change made here by Seward. The Editors of 1778 observe, "Mr. Seward has, we think, interpreted the words right in the place they stood at first, though he has changed that place"; and Weber has a note to the same effect. To me it appears that in Frederick's mouth the words have no meaning at all.

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The devil in his own broth, I am so tortur'd !—— [*Aside.*
Gone !

Petru. Gone !

Fred. Directly gone, fled, shifted :
What would you have me say ?

Duke. Well, gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.

Fred. For your dukedom
I will not be a knave, sir.

John. He that is,
A rot run in his blood !

Petru. But hark ye, gentlemen ;
Are ye sure ye had her here ? did ye not dream this ?

John. Have you your nose, sir ?

Petru. Yes, sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petru. Since you are so short, believe your having her
Shall suffer more construction.

John. Let it suffer :
But, if I be not clear of all dishonour,
Or practice [q] that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your city's monster !

Duke. I believe you.

John. I could lie with a witch now, to be reveng'd
Upon that rascal did this ! [*Aside.*

Fred. Only thus much
I would desire your grace (for my mind gives me,
Before night yet she is yours),—stop all opinion,
And let no anger out, till full cause call it ;
Then every man's own works to justify him :
And this day let us give to search. My man here
Tells me, by chance he saw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of) such a face
As our old landlady's, he believes the same too,
And by her hood assures it : let 's first thither ;
For, she being found, all 's ended.

[q] *practice*] See note, p. 28.

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Duke. Come, for Heaven's sake !—
And, Fortune, an thou be'st not ever turning,
If there be one firm step in all thy reelings,
Now settle it, and save my hopes.—Away, friends ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* Servant[r].

Ant. With all my jewels ?
Serv. All, sir.
Ant. And that money
I left i' the trunk ?
Serv. The trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. Francisco of the plot ?
Serv. Gone with the wench too.
Ant. The mighty pox go with 'em ! Belike they thought
I was no man of this world, and those trifles
Would but disturb my conscience.
Serv. Sure, they thought, sir,
You would not live to persecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and fiddler !
Why, what a consort[s] have they made ! hen and bacon !
Well, my sweet mistress, well, good madam Mar-tail,
You that have hung about my neck and lick'd me,
I 'll try how handsomely your ladyship
Can hang upon a gallows; there 's your master-piece.——
But, hark you, sirrah ; no imagination
Of where they should be[t] ?
Serv. None, sir ; yet we have search'd
All places we suspected. I believe, sir,
They have taken towards the ports.

[r] *Servant*] Should perhaps be "Rowland" : see p. 266.

[s] *consort*] "One of the many quibbles in old writings on *concert* and *consort*, which were anciently spelt with the same letters." WEBER.

[t] *Of where they should be*] "In the first folio there is here a direction for the prompter to see that the Bawd is ready for the next scene, in these words—'*Bawd ready above*'." WEBER.

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Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raise a water-devil: I 'll port 'em.
Play at duck and drake with my money! Take heed, fiddler;
I 'll dance you, by this hand; your fiddle-stick
I 'll grease of a new fashion, for presuming
To meddle with my de-gamboys. [u]——Get me a conjurer;
Inquire me out a man that lets out devils.—
None but my C cliff serve your turn!

Serv. I know not——

Ant. In every street, Tom Fool; any blear-ey'd people,
With red heads and flat noses, can perform it:
Thou shalt know 'em by their half-gowns and no breeches.—
Mount my mare, fiddler! ha, boy! up at first dash!
Sit sure; I 'll clap a nettle, and a smart one,
Shall make your filly firk; I will, fine fiddler;
I 'll put you to your plunge, boy.—Sirrah, meet me
Some two hours hence at home; in the mean time,
Find out a conjurer, and know his price,
How he will let his devils by the day out.
I 'll have 'em, an they be above ground. [*Exit.*

Serv. Now, bless me,
What a mad man is this! I must do something
To please his humour: such a man I 'll ask for,
And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his Don Devils,
I thank my fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another street.*

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, DON FREDERICK, DON JOHN, *and* PETER.

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?

Peter. 'Tis hard by, sir:

Enter a Servant *with bottles, and goes into a house.*

And ten to one this wine goes thither.

Duke. Forward.

Petru. Are they grown so merry?

[u] *de-gamboys*] i. e. viol-de-gambo.—The modern editors print "de-gambos".

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Duke. 'Tis most likely
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To wash her sorrows off.

Peter. 'Tis so; that house, sir,
Is it: out of that window certainly
I saw my old mistress's face.

Petru. They are merry, indeed: [*Music within.*
Hark! I hear music too.

Duke. Excellent music.

John. Would I were even among 'em, and alone now,
A pallet for the purpose in a corner,
And good rich wine within me! what gay sport
Could I make in an hour now! [*Aside.*

Fred. Hark! a voice too:
Let 's not stir yet by any means.

SONG[v] [WITHIN].

Welcome, sweet liberty! and, care, farewell!
I am mine own.
She is twice damn'd that lives in hell,
When heaven is shewn.
Budding beauty, blooming years,
Were made for pleasure. Farewell, fears!
For now I am myself, mine own command,
My fortune always in my hand.

John. Was this her own voice?

Duke. Yes, sure.

Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Duke. The song confirms her here too; for, if ye mark it,
It spake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleasure.

[Bawd *appears at the window.*

Peter. Look you there, sir:
Do you know that head?

Fred. 'Tis my good landlady:
I find fear has done all this.

John. She, I swear;
And now do I know, by the hanging of her hood,
She is parcel drunk[w]. Shall we go in?

[v] *Song*] Found only in the second folio.
[w] *parcel drunk*] i. e. partly drunk.

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Duke. Not yet, sir.
Petru. No; let 'em take their pleasure.
Duke. When it is highest,
We 'll step in, and amaze 'em. [*Music*] Peace; more music.
John. This music murders me: what blood have I now!
[*Aside.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fred. I should know that face.
John. By this light, 'tis he, Frederick,
That bred our first suspicions; the same fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Discoursing of Constantia.
John. Still the same. [*Exit* FRANCISCO *into the house.*
Now he slips in.
Duke. What 's that?
Fred. She must be here, sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your grace
We found upon the way, and what his talk was.
[FRANCISCO *appears at the window.*
Petru. Why, sure, I know this fellow: yes, 'tis he;
Francisco, Antonio's boy, a rare musician;
He taught my sister on the lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice so well) about her. Certain,
Without all doubt, she is here; it must be so.
John. Here! that 's no question: what should our hen o' the game else
Do here without her? If she be not here,
(I am so confident,) let your grace believe
We two are arrant rascals, and have abus'd you.
Fred. I say so too. [Bawd *appears again at the window.*
John. Why, there 's the hood again now,
The card[x] that guides us; I know the fabric of it,

[x] *card*] Equivalent here to—mariner's compass: see note, p. 240.—Both the folios have "guard".—"In either sense of the word, as a watch or sentinel, or as a fringe or hem of a garment, 'guard' is intelligible in this place; but sure 'tis not a very natural expression, and I have therefore ventured to discard it, to make room for what I think a very happy conjecture of Mr. Sympson's, 'card', i. e. the chart or mariner's compass." SEWARD,—whose successors, rightly, I think, adopted Sympson's conjecture. Mason also approves of it; but insists that "card" never means "the chart or mariner's compass,"—an assertion which might be easily disproved by many passages of early writers.

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And know the old tree of that saddle yet 'twas made of;
A hunting-hood; observe it.
Duke. Who shall enter?
Petru. I'll make one.
John. I another.
Duke. But so carry it
That all her joys flow not together.
John. If we told her
Your grace would none of her?—
Duke. By no means, signior;
'Twould turn her wild, stark frantic.
John. Or assur'd her——
Duke. Nothing of that stern nature[y]. This you may, sir,—
That the conditions of our fear yet stand
On nice and dangerous knittings, or that a little
I seem to doubt the child.
John. Would I could draw her
To hate your grace with these things! [*Aside.*
Petru. Come, let 's enter.—
And, now he sees me not, I 'll search her soundly. [*Aside.*
Duke. Now luck of all sides!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* JOHN *into the house.*
Fred. Doubt it not.—More music! [*Music within.*
Sure, she has heard some comfort.
Duke. Yes; stand still, sir. [*Song within*[z].
Fred. This is the maddest song!
Duke. Applied for certain
To some strange melancholy she is loaden with.
[*Clapping of a door within.*
Fred. Now all the sport begins—hark!
Duke. They are amongst 'em:
The fears now, and the shakings! [*Trampling above.*
Fred. Our old lady
(Hark how they run!) is even now at this instant
Ready to lose her head-piece by Don John,
Or creeping through a cat-hole.

[y] *Nothing of that stern nature*] So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Nothing of that? starve nature?*"

[z] *Song within*] This song has not been preserved.

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Petru. [*within*] Bring 'em down :—
And you, sir, follow me.
Duke. He 's angry with 'em :
I must not suffer this.
John. [*within*] Bowl down the bawd there,
Old Erra Mater[a].—You, Lady Lechery,
For the good will I bear to the game, most tenderly
Shall be led out, and lash'd.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, *and* DON JOHN, *with Second* CONSTANTIA *drunk, and* Bawd, *followed by* FRANCISCO.

Duke. Is this Constantia ?
Why, gentlemen, what do you mean ? is this she ?
Sec. Con. I am Constantia, sir.
Duke. A whore you are, sir.
Sec. Con. 'Tis very true ; I am a whore indeed, sir.
Petru. She will not lie yet, though she steal.
Sec. Con. A plain whore,
If you please to employ me.
Duke. And an impudent.
Sec. Con. Plain dealing now is impudence :—
One, if you will, sir, can shew you as much sport
In one half-hour, and with as much variety,
As a far wiser woman can in half a year ;
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is she not drunk too ?
Sec. Con. A little gilded o'er[b], sir :
Old sack, old sack, boys !
Petru. This is saliant.
John. A brave bold quean !
Duke. Is this your certainty ?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, gentlemen ?
Is this the woman meant ?
Fred. No.

[a] *Old Erra Mater*] See note, vol. iii. 81.

[b] *A little gilded o'er*] "The phrase of being *gilded* is frequently used to signify being *drunk*. In *The Tempest* [act v. sc. 1.], Alonzo says,

'And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where should they
Find this grand liquor, that hath *gilded* 'em ?'" REED.

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Duke. That your landlady?
John. I know not what to say.
Duke. Am I a person
To be your sport, gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a knave; but how or when——
Duke. What are you?
Petru. Bawd to this piece of pie-meat.
Bawd. A poor gentlewoman
That lies in town about law-business,
An 't like your worships.
Petru. You shall have law, believe it.
Bawd. I 'll shew your mastership my case.
Petru. By no means;
I had rather see a custard.
Bawd. My dead husband
Left it even thus, sir;—
John. Bless mine eyes from blasting!
I was never so frighted with a case.
Bawd. And so, sir——
Petru. Enough; put up, good velvet-head [c].
Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free confessions?
Fred. What you shall think us;
Though to myself I am certain, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it [d].
John. We are sure of nothing, Frederick, that 's the truth on 't:
I do not think my name 's Don John, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my debts,
Nor those in way of payment.—Things are so carried,
What to entreat your grace, or how to tell you
We are, or we are not, is past my cunning;
But I would fain imagine we are honest,
And, o' my conscience, I should fight in 't.

[c] *velvet-head*] Alluding, of course, to her velvet hood.
[d] *with it*] Here the Editors of 1778 very improperly put a break, as if the speech were imperfect; and so Weber.

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Duke. Thus, then ;
For we may be all abus'd——
Petru. 'Tis possible ;
For how should this concern them ?
Duke. Here let 's part,
Until to-morrow this time ; we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way,
Pawning our honours then to meet again :
When, if she be not found——
Fred. We stand engag'd
To answer, any worthy way we are call'd to.
Duke. We ask no more.
Sec. Con. Ye have done with us, then ?
Petru. No, dame.
Duke. But is her name Constantia ?
Petru. Yes ; a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine.—Come out, fiddler ;
What say you to this lady ? be not fearful.
Fran. Saving the reverence of my master's pleasure,
I say she is a whore, and that she has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
Sec. Con. Who provok'd me ?
Nay, sirrah Squeak, I 'll see your treble strings
Tied up too ; if I hang, I 'll spoil your piping ;
Your sweet face shall not save you.
Petru. Thou damn'd impudence,
And thou dried devil !—Where 's the officer ?
Peter. He 's here, sir.

Enter Officer.

Petru. Lodge these safe, till I send for 'em :
Let none come to 'em, nor no noise be heard
Of where they are, or why. Away !

[*Exit* Officer *with* Second CONSTANTIA, Bawd, *and* FRANCISCO.

John. By this hand,
A handsome whore !—Now will I be arrested,
And brought home to this officer's.—A stout whore !
I love such stirring ware.—Pox o' this business !

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A man must hunt out morsels for another,
And starve himself!—A quick-ey'd whore, that's wildfire,
And makes the blood dance through the veins like billows!
I will reprieve this whore. [*Aside.*

Duke. Well, good luck with ye!

Fred. As much attend your grace.

Petru. To-morrow, certain——

John. If we out-live this night, sir.

Fred. Come, Don John,
We have something now to do.

John. I am sure I would have.

Fred. If she be not found, we must fight.

John. I am glad on 't;
I have not fought a great while.

Fred. If we die——

John. There 's so much money sav'd in lechery. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A street.*

Enter Duke *and* PETRUCHIO; VECCHIO *at a window above.*

Duke. It should be hereabouts.

Petru. Your grace is right;
This is the house, I know it.

Vec. Grace! [*Aside.*

Duke. 'Tis further,
By the description we receiv'd.

Petru. Good my lord the duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very house.

Vec. My lord the duke! [*Aside, and then withdraws.*

Duke. Pray Heaven this man prove right now!

Petru. Believe it, he 's a most sufficient scholar,
And can do rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raising an appearance, whole Christendom
Has not a better: I have heard strange wonders of him.

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Duke. But can he shew us where she is?
Petru. Most certain;
And for what cause too she departed.
Duke. Knock, then;
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man satisfy me. I fear the Spaniards;
Yet they appear brave fellows: can he tell us?
Petru. With a wet finger, whether they be false.
Duke. Away, then!
Petru. Who 's within here? [*Knocks.*

Enter VECCHIO.

Vec. Your grace may enter——
Duke. How can he know me?
Petru. He knows all.
Vec. And you, sir. [*Exeunt into the house.*

SCENE II.—*Another street.*

Enter DON JOHN *and* DON FREDERICK.

John. What do you call his name?
Fred. Why, Peter Vecchio.
John. They say he can raise devils: can he make 'em
Tell truth too when he has rais'd 'em? for, believe it,
These devils are the lying'st rascals!
Fred. He can compel 'em.
John. With what?
Can he tie squibs in their tails, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
Whose sanctified zeal shall rumble like an earthquake?
Fred. With spells, man.
John. Ay, with spoons as soon. Dost thou think
The devil such an ass as people make him?
Such a poor coxcomb? such a penny foot-post?
Compell'd with cross and pile[e] to run of errands?
With Asteroth, and Behemoth, and Belfagor?

[e] *cross and pile*] Properly, the name of a game (equivalent to—heads or tails).

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Why should he shake at sounds that lives in a smith's forge?
Or, if he do——

Fred. Without all doubt he does, John.

John. Why should not bilbo[f] raise him, or a pair of bullions[g]?
They go as big as any; or an unshod car,
When he goes tumble, tumble, o'er the stones,
Like Anacreon's drunken verses, make him tremble[h]?
These make as fell a noise. Methinks the colic,
Well handled, and fed with small-beer——

Fred. 'Tis the virtue——

John. The virtue! nay, an goodness fetch him up once,
H'as lost a friend of me; the wise old gentleman
Knows when, and how. I 'll lay this hand to two-pence,
Let all the conjurers in Christendom,
With all their spells and virtues, call upon him,

[f] *bilbo*] i. e. sword.

[g] *bullions*] Again in Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush*, act iv. sc. 4, we have "blister'd *bullions*"; and the word is occasionally used by other early writers. In a note on Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, *Works*, iii. 390, ed. 1813, Gifford remarks; "The *Bullion* seems to be a piece of finery, which derived its denomination from the large globular gilt buttons, still in use on the continent (particularly in Holland), and of which a diminutive specimen may yet be seen on the clothes of our children": and in a note on Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, *Works*, v. 89, he observes; "It appears to be some article (trunk-hose or doublet) of spurious finery, furnished with globular gilt buttons", &c. "*Bullion*", says Nares, "besides its usual signification of gold or silver uncoined, meant also, according to the old dictionaries, 'copper-plates set on the breast-leathers or bridles of horses, for ornaments.' I suspect that it also meant, in colloquial use, copper lace, tassels, and ornaments in imitation of gold. Hence contemptuously attributed to those who affected a finery above their station." He then quotes the passages (above alluded to) from *The Devil is an Ass*, *The Beggars' Bush*, and *The Fatal Dowry*; and, immediately after, gives as a separate article [!!], "*Bullyons, a pair of.* Qy. Pistols," citing the present passage of *The Chances*.

To me it appears that, in their attempts to explain *bullions* when applied to dress, Gifford and Nares have been misled by connecting the word with *bullion* (uncoined gold or silver). *Bullions*, I apprehend, mean some sort of hose or breeches, which were *bolled* or *bulled*, i. e. swelled, puffed out (—in Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, act i. sc. 2, we find, "And hang the *bulled* nosegays 'bove their heads"): hence the epithet applied to them in *The Beggars' Bush*, "blister'd".

[h] *make him tremble*] Mason's correction, and obviously necessary ("*him*", i. e. the devil).—The first folio has "*make* us *tremble*"; and so the Editors of 1778. The second folio omits these words; and so Seward.

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And I but think upon a wench, and follow it,
He shall be sooner mine than theirs: where's virtue?
Fred. Thou art the most sufficient[1] (I'll say for thee)
Not to believe a thing——
John. Oh, sir, slow credit
Is the best child of knowledge. I'll go with you;
And, if he can do any thing, I'll think
As you would have me.
Fred. Let's inquire along;
For certain we are not far off.
John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of* VECCHIO.

Enter Duke, PETRUCHIO, *and* VECCHIO.

Vec. You lost her yester-night.
Petru. How think you, sir?
Duke. Is your name Vecchio?
Vec. Yes, sir.
Duke. And you can shew me
These things you promise?
Vec. Your grace's word bound to me,
No hand of law shall seize me.
Duke. As I live, sir!
Petru. And as I live, that can do something too, sir!
Vec. I take your promises. Stay here a little,
Till I prepare some ceremonies, and I'll satisfy ye.
The lady's name's Constantia?
Petru. Yes.
Vec. I come straight. [*Exit.*
Duke. Sure, he's a learnèd man.
Petru. The most now living.
Did your grace mark, when we told all these circumstances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us,
To use his study's help?
Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with some familiar[1].

[1] *sufficient*] "i. e. self-sufficient." MASON.
[1] *familiar*] i. e. attendant demon.

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Petru. Not unlikely;
For sure he has 'em subject.
Duke. How could he else
Tell when she went, and who went with her?
Petru. True.
Duke. Or hit upon mine honour[j]? or assure me
The lady lov'd me dearly?
Petru. 'Twas so.

Re-enter VECCHIO, *in his magical habiliments.*

Vec. Now,
I do beseech your grace, sit down; and you, sir:
Nay, pray, sit close, like brothers.
Petru. A rare fellow!
Vec. And what ye see, stir not at, nor use a word,
Until I ask ye; for what shall appear
Is but weak apparition and thin air,
Not to be held nor spoken to.
Duke. We are counsell'd. [*Knocking within.*
Vec. What noise is that without there?
Fred. [*within*] We must speak with him.
Serv. [*within*] He 's busy, gentlemen.
John. [*within*] That 's all one, friend;
We must and will speak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, sir:
We know their tongues and business; 'tis our own,
And in this very cause that we now come for,
They also come to be instructed.
Vec. Let 'em in, then. [*To* Servant *within.*

Enter DON FREDERICK, DON JOHN, *and* Servant.

Sit down; I know your meaning.
Fred. The duke before us!
Now we shall sure know something.
Vec. Not a question;
But make your eyes your tongues.
John. This is a strange juggler;
Neither indent before-hand for his payment,

[j] *honour*] "i. e. rank and title." *Ed.* 1778.

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Nor know the breadth of the business! Sure, his devil
Comes out of Lapland, where they sell men winds
For dead drink and old doublets.

Fred. Peace; he conjures.

John. Let him; he cannot raise my devil.

Fred. Prithee, peace.

Vec. Appear, appear!
And you, soft winds, so clear,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them sing
Gentle love-lays to the spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure as ye blow,
Raise these forms from under ground,
With a soft and happy sound! [*Soft music.*

John. This is an honest conjurer and a pretty poet:
I like his words well; there 's no bombast in 'em.
But do you think now he can cudgel up the devil
With this short staff of verses?

Fred. Peace: the spirits.

Enter two Shapes of Women.

John. Nay, an they be no worse——

Vec. Do ye know these faces?

Duke. No.

Vec. Sit still, upon your lives, then, and mark what follows.——
Away, away! [*Exeunt the two Shapes.*

John. These devils do not paint, sure?
Have they no sweeter shapes in hell?

Fred. Hark now, John.

Enter CONSTANTIA *veiled.*

John. Ay, marry, this moves something like; this devil
Carries some mettle in her gait.

Vec. I find you;
You would see her face unveil'd?

Duke. Yes.

Vec. Be uncover'd. [*She unveils.*

Duke. Oh, Heaven!

Vec. Peace!

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Petru. See how she blushes!
John. Frederick,
This devil for my money; this is she, boy.
Why dost thou shake? I burn.
Vec. Sit still, and silent.
Duke. She looks back at me; now she smiles, sir.
Vec. Silence!
Duke. I must rise, or I burst. [*Exit* CONSTANTIA.
Vec. You see what follows.
Duke. Oh, gentle sir, this shape again!
Vec. I cannot;
'Tis all dissolv'd again. This was the figure?
Duke. The very same, sir.
Petru. No hope once more to see it?
Vec. You might have kept it longer, had ye spar'd it;
Now 'tis impossible.
Duke. No means to find it[k]?
Vec. Yes, that there is: sit still a while; there 's wine,
To thaw the wonder from your hearts; drink well, sir.
[*Exit.*
John. This conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two such devils more
Would make me a conjurer. What wine is it?
Fred. Hollock[l].
John. The devil 's in it, then; look how it dances!
Well, if I be——[m]

[k] *No means to find it*] After these words Weber inserted a stage-direction, "*Enter a Servant with Wine*": but, surely, we may suppose that the wine which Vecchio recommends to his guests was upon the table when they first entered.

[l] *Hollock*] Altered by Seward to "Hock"; and so his successors.—In Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 312, the present passage is cited with the erroneous reading "Hock"; but that elaborate work contains no account of *hollock*. The latter wine, however, is frequently mentioned by our early writers: so Taylor;

> "*Hollock* and Tent would be of small repute."
> *The Praise of Hemp-seed*, p. 65,—*Workes*, ed. 1630.

It probably means wine produced in *Holach* or Hohenlohe, a district in the circle of Franconia.

[m] *Well, if I be*——] So both the folios. The author, I apprehend, wrote, "*Well, if I be* damn'd—": John has just said that the devil is in the wine.

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Petru. We are all before you,
That 's your best comfort, sir.
John. By the mass, brave wine!
Nay, an the devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within these two months yet to be deliver'd
Of a large legion of 'em.
Duke. Here he comes:

Re-enter VECCHIO.

Silence of all sides, gentlemen!
Vec. Good your grace,
Observe a stricter temper; and you too, gallants;
You 'll be deluded all else. This merry devil
That next appears (for such a one you'll find it)
Must be call'd up by a strange incantation,—
A song, and I must sing it: pray, bear with me,
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet, ere parting,
Twenty to one I please ye.
Duke. We are arm'd, sir.
Petru. Nor shall you see us more transgress.
Fred. What think'st thou
Now, John?
John. Why, now do I think, Frederick,
(And, if I think amiss, Heaven pardon me!)
This honest conjurer, with some four or five
Of his good fellow-devils, and myself,
Shall be yet drunk ere midnight.
Fred. Peace; he conjures.

SONG *.

VECCHIO.

Come away, thou lady gay!—
Hoist, how she stumbles!
Hark how she mumbles!—
Dame Gillian!

GILLIAN [within].
I come, I come.

* *Song*] "First appears in the second folio." WEBER.

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VECCHIO.

By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
By Britain Matthewglin [p], and Peter [q],
Appear, and answer me in metre!
Why, when [r]!
Why, Gill!
Why, when?

GILLIAN [within].

You 'll tarry till I am ready.

VECCHIO.

Once again I conjure thee,
By the pose [s] in thy nose,
And the gout in thy toes;
By thine old dried skin,
And the mummy within;
By thy little, little ruff,
And thy hood that 's made of stuff;
By thy bottle at thy breech,
And thine old salt itch;
By the stakes and the stones,
That have worn out thy bones,

---

[p] *Britain Matthewglin*] i. e. British metheglin (compare a passage in the preceding play, p. 141, where "metheglin" is termed "a stout Briton").—Seward altered "*Mathewglin*" to "Metheglin"; and so his successors. But let us hear Taylor:—"The common appellation of the first [Metheglin] by the name of *Mathew Glinn*, (although it seeme a Nick't name to the world,) is generally received by the History of Monmoth to be the Authours name of this Mellifluous mixture; for this *Mathew*, dwelling in a Valley (for so the word *Glinn* imports Englished from the Welsh), being master of a very great stocke of Bees, and wanting vent for the issue of their labours in an abundant yeare, betooke himself wholy to his study, and being most ingenious in things of this nature, in a short time he profited so well, as out of his maternall or mother-wit, of himselfe he perfected this rare composure." *Drinke and Welcome*, &c. 1637, sig. A 3.

[q] *Peter*] Which puzzled the modern editors—is an abbreviation of *Peter-see-me*, *Peter-sameene* (see Middleton's *Works*, iv. 142, iii. 213, ed. Dyce), or *Peter-semine*, corruptions of the word *Pedro-Ximenes*. "The Pedro-Ximenes - - - receives its name from a grape which is said to have been imported from the banks of the Rhine by an individual called *Pedro Simon* (corrupted to Ximen or Ximenes), and is one of the richest and most delicate of the Malaga wines, resembling very much the malmsey of Paxarete." Henderson's *Hist. of Anc. and Mod. Wines*, p. 193.

[r] *Why, when?*] A common elliptical expression of impatience: see note, vol. v. 425.

[s] *pose*] "Is an old English word used by Chaucer [and not unfrequently by much later writers] for a catarrh or defluxion of rheum." SEWARD.

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Appear,
Appear,
Appear!

GILLIAN [within].
Oh, I am here!

John. Why, this is the song, Frederick. Twenty pound now,
To see but our Don Gillian!

Fred. Peace; it appears.

Enter GILLIAN *carrying the Child.*

John. I cannot peace: devils in French hoods, Frederick! Satan's old syringes!

Duke. What 's this?

Vec. Peace!

John. She, boy.

Fred. What dost thou mean?

John. She, boy, I say.

Fred. Ha!

John. She, boy;
The very child too, Frederick.

Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, John: has the devil these affections?
I do believe 'tis she, indeed.

Vec. Stand still.

John. I will not:
"Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed[1]?"
Sweet lady, was it you? if thou be'st the devil,
First, having cross'd myself, to keep out wildfire,
Then said some special prayers to defend me
Against thy most unhallow'd hood, have at thee!

Gillian. Hold, sir! I am no devil——

[1] "*Who calls Jeronimo from his naked bed?*"] A line made up from an often-ridiculed passage of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (see note, vol. ii. 135);

"*Enter Hieronimo in his shirt*, &c.
Hieronimo. What outcries pluck me *from my naked bed*,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? speak—here I am."

(In the first line several of the 4tos. have "What *outcry calls* me", &c).
Dodsley's *Old Plays*, iii. 130, last ed.

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John. That 's all one.
Gillian. I am your very landlady.
John. I defy thee:
Thus, as St. Dunstan blew the devil's nose
With a pair of tongs, even so, right worshipful——
Gillian. Sweet son, I am old Gillian.
Duke. This is no spirit.
John. Art thou old Gillian, flesh and bone?
Gillian. I am, son.
Vec. Sit still, sir; now I 'll shew you all. [*Exit.*
John. Where 's thy bottle?
Gillian. Here, I beseech you, son——
John. For I know the devil
Cannot assume that shape.
Fred. 'Tis she, John, certain.
John. A hog's pox o' your mouldy chaps! what make you
Tumbling and juggling here?
Gillian. I am quit now, signior,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me;
For, to tell true[u], out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours, (which was a lie,
But then it serv'd my turn,) I drew the lady
Unto my kinsman's here, only to torture
Your don-ships for a day or two, and secure her
Out of all thoughts of danger. Here she comes now.

Re-enter VECCHIO *and* CONSTANTIA.

Duke. May I yet speak?
Vec. Yes, and embrace her too;
For one that loves you dearer——
Duke. Oh, my sweetest!
Petru. Blush not; I will not chide you.
Con. To add more
Unto the joy I know I bring you,—see, sir,
The happy fruit of all our vows!
Duke. Heaven's blessing
Be round about thee ever!
John. Pray, bless me too;

[u] *true*] Silently altered by Weber to "truth".

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For, if your grace be well instructed this way,
You 'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, sir?
John. I 'll tell you that anon.
Con. 'Tis true, this gentleman
Has done a charity worthy your favour;
And let him have it, dear sir.
Duke. My best lady,
He has, and ever shall have.—So must you, sir,
To whom I am equal bound as to my being.
Fred. Your grace's humble servant[v].
Duke. Why kneel you, sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldness; yet 'twas harmless,
And all the art I have, sir. Those your grace saw,
Which you thought spirits, were my neighbours' children,
Whom I instruct in grammar here and music;
Their shapes[w] (the people's fond[x] opinions
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things stoln from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readiness. By conjecture,
Out of their own confessions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have faln out so; which way
(Having the persons here I knew you sought for)
I wrought upon your grace. My end is mirth,
And pleasing, if I can, all parties.
Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleas'd me truly; so well pleas'd me,
That, when I shall forget it——
Petru. Here 's old Antonio,
(I spied him at a window) coming mainly;
I know, about his whore; the man you light[y] on,
As you discover'd unto me. Good your grace,

[v] *servant*] So the second folio.—The first folio "servants"; and so Weber.
[w] *shapes*] i. e. dresses (for disguise).
[x] *fond*] i. e. foolish.
[y] *light*] i. e. lit (as several times before). The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "lit".—Mason says, "we should read—
"*I know, about his whore,* and *the man you lit on,*" &c.—The words "*the man you light on*", &c. are, of course, addressed to John and Frederick, "*the man*" meaning Francisco.

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Let 's stand by all; 'twill be a mirth above all
To observe his pelting fury.
Vec. About a wench, sir?
Petru. A young whore that has robb'd him.
Vec. But do you know, sir,
Where she is?
Petru. Yes, and will make that perfect.
Vec. I am instructed well, then.
John. If he come
To have a devil shew'd[z] him, by all means
Let me be he; I can roar rarely.
Petru. Be so;
But take heed to his anger.
Vec. Slip in quickly;
There you shall find suits of all sorts. When I call,
Be ready, and come forward.
[*Exeunt all except* VECCHIO.—*Knocking within.*
Who 's there? come in[a].

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Are you the conjurer?
Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you please to employ me.
Ant. Presently
Shew me a devil that can tell——
Vec. Where your wench is.
Ant. You are i' the right; as also where the fiddler
That was consenting to her.
Vec. Sit you there, sir;
You shall know presently. Can you pray heartily?
Ant. Why, is your devil so furious?
Vec. I must shew you
A form may chance affright you.
Ant. He must fart fire, then:
Take you no care for me.

[z] *shew'd*] Silently altered to "shewn" by the Editors of 1778; and so Weber.

[a] *Who's there? come in*] So the first folio, except that it puts the interrogation point at the end of these words.—The second folio has "*Who's there comes in?*"; and so the modern editors!!

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Vec. Ascend, Asteroth!
Why, when?[a] appear, I say!—

Re-enter DON JOHN, *disguised as a spirit.*

Now question him.

Ant. Where is my whore, Don Devil?
John. Gone to China,
To be the Great Cham's mistress.
Ant. That 's a lie, devil.
Where are my jewels?
John. Pawn'd for petticoats.
Ant. That may be. Where 's the fiddler?
John. Condemn'd to the gallows
For robbing of a mill.
Ant. The lying'st devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikeliest!—
What was that rascal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How!
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do you hear, conjurer?
Dare you venture your devil?
Vec. Yes.
Ant. Then I 'll venture my dagger[b].——
Have at your devil's pate! [*Attacks* DON JOHN, *who throws off his disguise.*] Do you mew[c]?

Re-enter Duke, CONSTANTIA, PETRUCHIO, DON FREDERICK, *and* GILLIAN.

Vec. Hold!
Petru. Hold there!
I do command you hold!
Ant. Is this the devil?
Why, conjurer——
Petru. H'as been a devil to you, sir;

[a] *Why, when?*] See note, p. 297.

[b] *I'll venture my dagger, &c.*] "Refers to the Vice of the old moralities, who [sometimes] belaboured the devil with a wooden dagger." WEBER.

[c] *mew*] i. e. cast your dress; properly, moult; see note, p. 177.

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But now you shall forget all. Your whore 's safe,
And all your jewels; your boy too.
John. Now the devil indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee! for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fiend.
Ant. All[d] safe?
Petru. Pray you, know this person; all 's right now.
Ant. Your grace
May now command me, then. But where 's my whore?
Petru. Ready to go to whipping.
Ant. My whore whipt!
Petru. Yes, your whore, without doubt, sir.
Ant. Whipt! Pray, gentlemen——
Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob you? The young boy
You may forgive; he was entic'd.
John. The whore, sir,
Would rather carry pity; a handsome whore!
Ant. A gentleman, I warrant thee.
Petru. Let 's in all;
And, if we see contrition in your whore, sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now, my dear fair, to you,
And the full consummation of my vow! [*Exeunt.*

[d] *All*] Weber chose to print "All 's".

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EPILOGUE.

We have not held you long; nor do I see
One brow in this selected company
Assuring a dislike. Our pains were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all rise pleas'd:
But such ambition soars too high: if we
Have satisfied the best, and they agree
In a fair censure[c], we have our reward,
And, in them arm'd, desire no surer guard.

[c] *censure*] i. e. judgment, opinion.

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MONSIEUR THOMAS.

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Monsievr Thomas. A Comedy. Acted at the Private House in Blacke Fryers. The Author, John Fletcher, Gent. London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Crowne : 1639. 4to.

In the folio of 1679.

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This comedy was wholly from Fletcher's pen; see The Dedication and verses prefixed to it by Brome. The date of its first production on the stage is not known.

Weber thinks that "the original idea of the plot of Valentine, Cellidè, and Francisco, was probably borrowed from the celebrated novel of *Tito and Gisippo* in the last *giornata* of Boccaccio's *Decameron*."

Durfey's *Trick for Trick, or the Debauched Hypocrite*, 1678, is, as Langbaine observes, "only Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* reviv'd, though scarce at all acknowledg'd by our author." *Acc. of Engl. Dram. Poets*, p. 184. The "acknowledgment", such as it is, occurs in the following lines of the Epilogue,—

"On the foundation Fletcher laid he [i. e. Durfey] built,
New drest his modish spark fit to be shown,
And made him more debauch'd t' oblige the town", &c.

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TO THE

NOBLE HONOURER OF THE DEAD AUTHOR'S WORKS AND MEMORY, MASTER CHARLES COTTON[a].

SIR,

MY directing of this piece unto you renders me obvious to many censures, which I would willingly prevent by declaring mine own and your right thereto. Mine was the fortune to be made the unworthy preserver of it: yours is the worthy opinion you have of the author and his poems; neither can it easily be determined whether your affection to them hath made you, by observing, more able to judge of them, than your ability to judge of them hath made you to affect them deservedly, not partially. In this presumptuous act of mine I express my two-fold zeal; to him, and your noble self who have built him a more honourable monument in that fair opinion you have of him than any inscription subject to the wearing of time can be. You will find him in this poem as active as in others, to many of which the dull apprehensions of former times gave but slender allowance, from malicious custom more than reason; yet they have since, by your candid self and others, been clearly vindicated. You shall oblige by your acceptance of this acknowledgment (which is the best I can render you, mine own weak labours being too unworthy your judicious perusal) him that is ambitious to be known

Your most humble servant,

RICHARD BROME[b].

[a] *Master Charles Cotton*] "Charles Cotton Esq., of Beresford in Staffordshire, was a gentleman of considerable fortune. His character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in very favourable colours. The latter part of his life was rendered gloomy by some severe misfortunes. He died in 1658. He was father to the more celebrated person of the same name, who is well known for his burlesque poetry; but whose miscellaneous poems deserve more attention than they have hitherto obtained." WEBER.

[b] *Richard Brome*] See note (on the Commendatory Poems), vol. i. lxv.

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IN PRAISE OF THE AUTHOR[c] AND HIS FOLLOWING POEM.

'Tis both the life of action and of wit,
When actors so the fancied humours hit,
As if 'twixt them and th' author there were strife
How each to other should give mutual life.
The last this wanted not. Invention strays
Here in full many pleasant turning ways,
That, like meanders, their curl'd circles bend,
Yet in a smooth stream run to crown the end.
Then 'tis authoriz'd by the author's name,
Who never writ but with such sprightly flame,
As if the Muses jointly did inspire
His raptures only with their sacred fire.
And yet perhaps it did participate,
At first presenting, but of common fate;
When Ignorance was judge, and but a few
What was legitimate, what bastard, knew.
The world's grown wiser now: each man can say,
If Fletcher made it, 'tis an excellent play.
Thus poems, like their authors, may be said,
Never to live till they have first been dead.

RICHARD BROME.

[c] *In praise of the author*, &c.] This copy of verses is found only in the 4to.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VALENTINE.

FRANCISCO[d], his son.

SEBASTIAN.

THOMAS, his son.

HYLAS.

SAM.

MICHAEL.

LAUNCELOT, servant to THOMAS.

Fiddler.

Three Physicians.

Apothecary, Barber, Sailors, Officers, Servants.

ALICE, sister to VALENTINE.

MARY, their niece.

CELLIDÈ, ward to VALENTINE.[e]

DOROTHEA, daughter to SEBASTIAN.

Abbess of St. Katherine's, aunt to THOMAS and DOROTHEA.

Nuns.

MADGE, KATE a blackamoor, and other Maids.

SCENE—*The neighbourhood of London, London, and the Sea-Coast.*

[d] "This character is called Francisco, Francis, and Frank in the course of the play." WEBBER.

[e] See the last speech of Michael, p. 382, and the speech of the Abbess, p. 406. Cellidè calls Alice "aunt", p. 331; and, if that term is to be understood in its common acceptation, she is the niece of her guardian (and lover) Valentine.

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MONSIEUR THOMAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A hall in the house of* VALENTINE.

Enter ALICE *and* VALENTINE.

Alice. How dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it;
And, my best sister, you as dear[f] to my sight,
And, pray, let this confirm it [*Kisses her*]. How you have govern'd
My poor states[g] in my absence, how my servants,
I dare and must believe (else I should wrong you)
The best and worthiest.
Alice. As my woman's wit, sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.
Val. But, good Alice,
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellidè,
The life of my affection, since my travel,
My long and lazy travel? is her love still
Upon the growing hand? does it not stop
And wither at my years? has she not view'd
And entertain'd some younger smooth behaviour,
Some youth but in his blossom, as herself is?
There lie[h] my fears.
Alice. They need not; for, believe me,
So well you have manag'd her, and won her mind,

[f] *you as dear*] So the 4to.—The folio "*you* are *as dear*"; and so Seward.
[g] *state*] i. e. estate.
[h] *lie*] Old eds. "lyes" and "lies".

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Even from her hours of childhood to this ripeness,
(And, in your absence, that by me enforc'd still,)
So well distill'd your gentleness into her,
Observ'd her[1], fed her fancy, liv'd still in her,
And, though Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here you have gone beyond Love, better'd nature,
Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;
For, though your body has been far off from her,
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodness,
I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
And willingly, to give it ever harbour:
Believe she is so much yours, and won by miracle
(Which is by age), so deep a stamp set on her
By your observances, she cannot alter.
Were the child living now you lost at sea
Among the Genoa galleys, what a happiness!
What a main blessing!

Val. Oh, no more, good sister!
Touch no more that string; 'tis too harsh and jarring.
With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
The root of all those hopes, the mother too,
Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal:
But peace be with their souls!

Val. For her loss,
I hope, the beauteous Cellidè——

Alice. You may, sir,
For all she is, is yours.

Val. For the poor boy's loss,
I have brought a noble friend I found in travel;
A worthier mind, and a more temperate spirit,
If I have so much judgment to discern 'em,
Man yet was never master of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A gentleman, I do assure myself,

[1] *Observ'd her*] i. e. obsequiously attended on her.

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And of a worthy breeding, though he hide it.
I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
Only his mind the master of a treasure:
I sought his friendship, won him by much violence,
His honesty and modesty still fearing
To thrust a charge upon me. How I love him
He shall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions. Use him nobly;
It is my will, good sister; all I have
I make him free companion in and partner,
But only ——

Alice. I observe you; hold your right there;
Love and high rule allow no rivals[j], brother:
He shall have fair regard and all observance.

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. You are welcome, noble sir.

Val. What, Monsieur Hylas!
I 'm glad to see your merry body well yet.

Hylas. I' faith, you 're welcome home. What news beyond seas?

Val. None, but new men expected, such as you are,
To breed new admirations. 'T is my sister;
Pray you, know her, sir.

Hylas. With all my heart.—Your leave, lady?

Alice. You have it, sir. [*He kisses her.*

Hylas. A shrewd smart touch! which does prognosticate
A body keen and active: somewhat old,
But that 's all one; age brings experience
And knowledge to despatch [*Aside*].—I must be better,
And nearer in my service, with your leave, sir,
To this fair lady.

Val. What, the old Squire of Dames[k] still?

Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodness.—With all my heart, now,

[j] *Love and high rule allow no rivals*] We have had this sentiment before: see vol. iv. 403. The 4to "allowes"; the folio "allows."

[k] *Squire of Dames*] An allusion (which has already occurred, vol. ii. 160) to a personage so called in Spenser's *F. Queene*; see B. iii. C. vii. st. 51, &c.

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I love a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck[l], will travel:
Forty, and somewhat fulsome, is a fine dish;
These young colts are too skittish. [*Aside.*

Enter MARY.

Alice. My cousin Mary,
In all her joy, sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.
Val. My loving and kind cousin,
A thousand welcomes!
Mary. A thousand thanks to Heaven, sir,
For your safe voyage and return!
Val. I thank you.
But where's my blessèd Cellidè? her slackness
In visitation——
Mary. Think not so, dear uncle;
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.
Val. You have given me too much comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from you.
Hylas. Your fair cousin?
Val. It is so, and a bait you cannot balk, sir,
If your old rule reign in you. You may know her.
Hylas[m]. A happy stock you have.—Right worthy lady,
The poorest of your servants vows his duty
And oblig'd faith.
Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiss you would, sir?
Take it, and tie your tongue up. [*He kisses her.*
Hylas. I am an ass,
I do perceive now, a blind ass, a blockhead;
For this is handsomeness, this that that draws us,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!

[l] *That, lay the bridle on her neck*] So the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—The 4to has "*That lay the bridle* in *her neck*." The folio reads "*That* lays *the bridle* in *her neck*"; and so Seward.

[m] *Hylas*] This prefix is omitted by mistake in both the old eds.

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How like a swan she swims her pace[n], and bears
Her silver breasts! This is the woman, she,
And only she, that I will so much honour
As to think worthy of my love; all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions, besides hers, to gypsies. [*Aside.*

Enter FRANCISCO *at one door, and* CELLIDÈ *at another.*

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all dangers,
Distresses in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endless like the hours upon me,
In this kiss had been buried in oblivion:
How happy have you made me, truly happy!

Cel. My joy has so much over-master'd me,
That, in my tears for your return——

Val. Oh, dearest!—
My noble friend too? what a blessedness
Have I about me now! how full my wishes
Are come again! A thousand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon you! all I have,
The fair and liberal use of all my servants
To be at your command, and all the uses
Of all within my power——

Fran. You are too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive those thanks, sir——

Val. You wrong my tender love now——even my service;
Nothing excepted[o]; nothing stuck between us
And our entire affections but this woman;
This I beseech you, friend——

Fran. It is a jewel,

[n] *swims her pace*] Perhaps Milton recollected the present passage when he described the swan, that

"*rows*
Her state with oary feet." *Par. Lost*, B. vii. 438.

[o] *excepted*] Both the old eds. "accepted".—This passage was mispointed and misunderstood by Seward and the Editors of 1778. Mason saw that the words

"*even my service;*
Nothing excepted", &c.

are a continuation of

"*and all the uses*
Of all within my power—"

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I do confess, would make a thief, but never
Of him that 's so much yours, and bound your servant:
That were a base ingratitude.
Val. You are noble:
Pray, be acquainted with her. Keep your way, sir;
My cousin, and my sister.
Alice. You are most welcome.
Mary. If any thing in our poor powers, fair sir,
To render you content and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.
Alice. You shall find us
Happy in our performance.
Fran. The poor servant
Of both your goodnesses presents his service.
Val. Come, no more compliment; custom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious: you are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make you, and the same ever:
And so, we 'll in to ratify it.
Hylas. Hark you, Valentine;
Is Wild-Oats yet come over?
Val. Yes, with me, sir.
Mary. How does he bear himself?
Val. A great deal better.
Why do you blush? the gentleman will do well.
Mary. I should be glad on 't, sir.
Val. How does his father?
Hylas. As mad a worm as e'er he was.
Val. I look'd for 't.
Shall we enjoy your company?
Hylas. I 'll wait on ye:
Only a thought or two.
Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all except* HYLAS.
Hylas. This last wench—ay, this last wench was a fair one,
A dainty wench, a right one. A devil take it,
What do I ail, to have fifteen now in liking?
Enough, a man would think, to stay my stomach:
But what 's fifteen, or fifteen score, to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to increase my objects? This last wench

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Sticks plaguy close to[p] me; a hundred pound
I were as close to her! If I lov'd now,
As many foolish men do, I should run mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* SEBASTIAN.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French shrugs, I advise you:
If you be lousy, shift yourself.

Laun. May it please your worship——

Seb. Only to see my son; my son, good Launcelot;
Your master and my son. Body o' me, sir,
No money, no more money, Monsieur Launcelot,
Not a denier, sweet signior! Bring the person,
The person of my boy, my boy Tom, Monsieur Thomas,
Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*[q], sir!
Bassa mi cu, good Launcelot! *valetote*[r]!
My boy, or nothing!

Laun. Then, to answer punctually—

Seb. I say, to the purpose.

Laun. Then I say, to the purpose,
Because your worship's vulgar understanding
May meet me at the nearest;—your son, my master,
Or Monsieur Thomas (for so his travel styles him),
Through many foreign plots that virtue meets with,
And dangers, (I beseech you give attention,)
Is at the last arriv'd
To ask your (as the Frenchman calls it sweetly)
Benediction de jour en jour.

Seb. Sirrah, do not conjure me with your French furies[s].

[p] *to*] So the folio.—The 4to "unto"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber: but compare the next line.

[q] *Du gata whee*] Vitiated Welch, meaning—God bless or preserve you. See note, vol. iv. 411.

[r] *valetote*] Was explained by the Editors of 1778, "A corruption of *voila tout*"; and Weber reprinted their note as a just interpretation!!! I am therefore compelled to state that it is the imperative of the Latin word *valeo*.

[s] *French furies*] Seward printed "*French* juries", and asserted, most untruly, that "in the old quarto of this play it is hard to distinguish whether the last word be *Juries* or *Furies*".

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Laun. *Que dites-vous*[t], *monsieur?*
Seb. *Che doga vou*, rascal!
Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, sirrah, lest I crack your French crown,
What your good master means. I have maintained
You and your monsieur, as I take it, Launcelot,
These two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours*:
Jour me no more; for not another penny
Shall pass my purse.
Laun. Your worship is erroneous;
For, as I told you, your son Tom or Thomas,
My master and your son, is now arriv'd
To ask you (as our language bears it nearest)
Your quotidian blessing; and here he is in person.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my heart, boy!
Welcome, faith! thou hast gladded me at soul, boy;
Infinite glad I am: I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas: Tom, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.
Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my sins——
Seb. How 's this? [*Aside.*
Tho. Else certain I had perish'd with my rudeness,
Ere I had won myself to that discretion
I hope you shall hereafter find.
Seb. Humh, humh—
Discretion! is it come to that? the boy 's spoil'd. [*Aside.*
Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for 't; for I will make thee
Ten times more miserable than thou thought'st thyself
Before thou travell'dst: thou hast told my father
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention,[u] to undo me.

[t] *Que dites-vous*] Both the old eds. "*Che ditt'a vou*"; and so the modern editors. But the travelled Launcelot was certainly not intended to blunder in such a common expression. French is generally given with absurd corruptions by our early printers: in *The Woman's Prize* (p. 131 of the present vol.), Maria's exclamation "*Qui va là?*" appears in both the folios as "*Cheval'a*".

[u] *prevention*] i. e., I believe, (not—anticipation, but) prejudice, prepossession (a Gallicism).

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Laun. Sir, as I speak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to ask his *benediction*
De jour en jour.
Tho. But that I must be civil[t],
I would beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howsoever
The time I have mispent may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainst my conversion—
Seb. A pox o' travel, I say!
Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after-courses——
Seb. Prithee, no more; 'tis scurvy. There 's thy sister.——

Enter DOROTHEA.

Undone, without redemption! he eats with picks[u];
Utterly spoil'd, his spirit baffled in him!
How have I sinn'd, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more sons,
And this no more mine own; no spark of nature
Allows him mine now; he 's grown tame. My grand curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee! Travel!
I 'll send my horse to travel next: *We, Monsieur!*
Now will my most canonical dear neighbours
Say, I have found my son, and rejoice with me,
Because he has mew'd[v] his mad tricks off. I know not,
But I am sure this monsieur, this fine gentleman,
Will never be in my books[w] like mad Thomas.
I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance
Must not turn secretary: my name and quality
Has kept my land three hundred years in madness:
An it slip now, may it sink! [*Aside, and then exit.*
Tho. Excellent sister,
I am glad to see thee well. But where 's my[x] father?
Dor. Gone discontent, it seems.

[t] *civil*] i. e. grave, serious, sober.
[u] *picks*] i. e. toothpicks, the use of which was particularly affected by persons who had returned from foreign travel: see vol. i. 78, vol. iii. 443, vol. v. 430.
[v] *mew'd*] i. e. cast: see note, p. 177.
[w] *in my books*] i. e. in my favour: see note, vol. iv. 310.
[x] *my*] So the 4to.—The folio "thy"; and so Seward.

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Tho. He did ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handsome speech or two I have been studying
E'er since I came from Paris. How glad to see thee!
Dor. I am gladder to see you (with more love too,
I dare maintain it) than my father's sorry
To see (as he supposes) your conversion;
And I am sure he is vex'd; nay, more, I know it;
He has pray'd against it mainly: but it appears, sir,
You had rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in yourself correct it. Dearest brother,
Since there is in our uniform resemblance
No more to make us two but our bare sexes,
And since one happy birth produc'd us hither,
Let one more happy mind——
Tho. It shall be, sister;
For I can do it when I list, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I please; I have the trick on 't:
Beware a traveller.
Dor. Leave that trick too.
Tho. Not for the world. But where 's my mistress?
And, prithee, say how does she? I melt to see her,
And presently: I must away.
Dor. Then do so,
For, o' my faith, she will not see you, brother.
Tho. Not see me! I 'll——
Dor. Now you play your true self:
How would my father love this! I 'll assure you
She will not see you: she has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd since your departure
In every town you came; your several mischiefs,
Your rouses[a] and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no-causes of 'em; these, I take it,
Although she love you well, to modest ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,

[a] *rouses*] i. e. bumpers,—drinking-bouts: see Gifford's note on Massinger's *Works*, i. 240, ed. 1813.

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Must needs, and reason for it, be examin'd,
And by her modesty; and fear'd too light, too,
To file with her affections: you have lost her,
For any thing I see, exil'd yourself.
Tho. No more of that, sweet Doll; I will be civil[a].
Dor. But how long?
Tho. Wouldst thou have me lose my birthright?
For yond old thing will disinherit me,
If I grow too demure. Good sweet Doll, prithee,
Prithee, dear sister, let me see her.
Dor. No.
Tho. Nay, I beseech thee! By this light——
Dor. Ay, swagger.
Tho. Kiss me, and be my friend; we two were twins,
And shall we now grow strangers?
Dor. 'Tis not my fault.
Tho. Well, there be other women; and remember you,
You were[b] the cause of this; there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em, (fare you well,)
And other loves: what shall become of me,
And of my vanities, because they grieve you——
Dor. Come hither, come. Do you see that cloud that flies there?
So light are you, and blown with every fancy.
Will you but make me hope you may be civil?
I know your nature's sweet enough and tender,
Not grated on nor curb'd. Do you love your mistress?
Tho. He lies that says I do not.
Dor. Would you see her?
Tho. If you please; for it must be so.
Dor. And appear to her
A thing to be belovèd?
Tho. Yes.
Dor. Change, then,

[a] *civil*] See note, p. 321.
[b] *You were*] Weber chose to print,
"*remember you,*
You, *you were.*"

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A little of your wildness into wisdom,
And put on a more smoothness.
I 'll do the best I can to help you; yet
I do protest she swore, and swore it deeply,
She would never see you more. Where's your man's heart now?
What, do you faint at this?
Tho. She is a woman:
But him[c] she entertains next for a servant[d]
I shall be bold to quarter.
Dor. No thought of fighting.
Go in, and there we 'll talk more: be but rul'd,
And what lies in my power you shall be sure of. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A garden belonging to Valentine's house.*

Enter ALICE *and* MARY.

Alice. He cannot be so wild still.
Mary. 'Tis most certain;
I have now heard all, and all the truth.
Alice. Grant all that;
Is he the first that has been given a lost man,
And yet come fairly home? He is young and tender,
And fit for that impression your affections
Shall stamp upon him. Age brings on discretion;
A year hence these mad toys that now possess him
Will shew like bugbears to him, shapes to fright him;
Marriage dissolves all these like mists.
Mary. They are grounded
Hereditary in him from his father,
And to his grave they will haunt him.
Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wise part in you; yet your love,
However you may seem to lessen it
With these dislikes, and choke it with these errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuse him:

[c] *him*] So the folio.—The 4to "he"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.
[d] *entertains next for a servant*] "i. e. engages as, or accepts for, a lover [see notes, vol. i. 213, vol. iii. 394]." WEBER.

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You have him in your heart, and planted, cousin,
From whence the power of reason nor discretion
Can ever root him.
Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt!
Believe it, no; I never was so liberal.
What though he shew a so-so-comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or say, it may be handsome?
What though his promises may stumble at
The power of goodness in him, sometimes use too——
Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays thee! Cousin,
Cozen thyself no more: thou hast no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirsty
Has to abstain from drink standing before him.
His mind is not so monstrous: for his shape,
If I have eyes, I have not seen his better;
A handsome brown complexion——
Mary. Reasonable,
Inclining to a tawny.
Alice. Had I said so,
You would have wish'd my tongue out:—then his making——
Mary. Which may be mended; I have seen legs straighter,
And cleaner made.
Alice. A body too——
Mary. Far neater,
And better set together.
Alice. God forgive thee!
For against thy conscience thou liest stubbornly.
Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice. 'Tis excellent;
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o' the mind,) what must the soul be?
Put case, youth has his swing, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uses many times——
Mary. All this
You only use to make me say I love him:
I do confess I do; but that my fondness
Should fling itself upon his desperate follies——
Alice. I do not counsel that; see him reclaim'd first,
Which will not prove a miracle: yet, Mary,

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I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To stay so long.
Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.
Alice. What was your dream[e] to-night? for I observ'd you
Hugging of me, with "Good, dear, sweet Tom!"——
Mary. Fie, aunt!
Upon my conscience——
Alice. On my word, 'tis true, wench:
And then you kiss'd me, Mary, more than once too,
And sigh'd, and "Oh, sweet Tom!" again. Nay, do not blush;
You have it at the heart, wench.
Mary. I 'll be hang'd first:
But you must have your way.
Alice. And so will you too,
Or break down hedges for it.

Enter DOROTHEA.

Dorothea!
The[f] welcom'st woman living! How does thy brother?
I hear he 's turn'd a wondrous civil[g] gentleman,
Since his short travel.
Dor. Pray Heaven he make it good, Alice.
Mary. How do you, friend? I have a quarrel to you;
You stole away and left my company.
Dor. Oh, pardon me, dear friend! it was to welcome
A brother, that I have some cause to love well.
Mary. Prithee, how is he? thou speak'st truth.
Dor. Not perfect:
I hope he will be.
Mary. Never. H'as forgot me,
I hear, wench, and his hot love too——
Alice. Thou wouldst howl, then. [*Aside.*
Mary. And I am glad it should be so: his travels
Have yielded him variety of mistresses,
Fairer in his eye far.

[e] *What was your dream*, &c.] "We have had occasion to observe before, that Congreve was much obliged to our authors upon several occasions; and we cannot but think he had been reading this scene before he wrote the third scene in the second act of *The Old Bachelor*." REED.

[f] *The*] Weber chose to print "Thou." [g] *civil*] See note, p. 321.

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Alice. Oh, cogging[h] rascal! [*Aside.*
Mary. I was a fool; but better thoughts, I thank Heaven——
Dor. Pray, do not think so, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth, most firmly; would fain see you.
Mary. See me, friend! do you think it fit?
Dor. It may be,
Without the loss of credit too: he 's not
Such a prodigious thing, so monstrous,
To fling from all society.
Mary. He 's so much contrary
To my desires, such an antipathy,
That I must sooner see my grave.
Dor. Dear friend,
He was not so before he went.
Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair conversion.
Alice. Come, do not mask yourself, but see him freely;
You have a mind.
Mary. That mind I 'll master, then.
Dor. And is your hate so mortal?
Mary. Not to his person,
But to his qualities, his mad-cap follies,
Which still, like Hydra's heads, grow thicker on him.
I have a credit, friend; and maids of my sort
Love where their modesties may live untainted.
Dor. I give up that hope, then. Pray, for your friend's sake,
If I have any interest within you,
Do but this courtesy, accept this letter.
Mary. From him?
Dor. The same. 'Tis but a minute's reading;
And, as we look on shapes of painted devils,
Which for the present may disturb our fancy,
But with the next new object lose 'em, so,
If this be foul, you may forget it. Pray!
Mary. Have you seen it, friend?
Dor. I will not lie, I have not;
But I presume, so much he honours you,

[h] *cogging*] i. e. cheating—lying.

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The worst part of himself was cast away
When to his best part he writ this.
Mary. For your sake;
Not that I any way shall like his scribbling——
[*Takes letter, and reads it.*
Alice. A shrewd dissembling quean!
Dor. I thank you, dear friend.
I know she loves him.
Alice. Yes, and will not lose him,
Unless he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then she 'll scramble too. Young wenches' loves
Are like the course of quartans; they may shift,
And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
The least distemper pulls 'em back again,
And seats 'em in their old course. Fear her not,
Unless he be a devil.
Mary. Now Heaven bless me!
Dor. What has he writ?
Mary. Out, out upon him!
Dor. Ha! what has the madman done?
Mary. Worse, worse, and worse still!
Alice. Some northern[h] toy, a little broad.
Mary. Still fouler!
Hey, hey, boys! Goodness keep me! Oh!
Dor. What ail you?
Mary. Here, take your spell again; it burns my fingers.
Was ever lover writ so sweet a letter, [*Returns letter.*
So elegant a style? Pray, look upon 't;
The rarest inventory of rank oaths
That ever cut-purse cast.
Alice. What a mad boy is this!
Mary. Only i' the bottom
A little julep gently sprinkled over
To cool his mouth, lest it break out in blisters,
"Indeed la, yours for ever."
Dor. I am sorry.

[h] *northern*] i. e. clownish, coarse. "Frequent and not very flattering allusions to the North of England occur in the old poets," &c. WEBER.

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Mary. You shall be welcome to me, come when you please,
And ever may command me virtuously;
But for your brother, you must pardon me:
Till I am of his nature, no access, friend,
No word of visitation, as you love me:
And so, for now I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!
With what a state he enters into style!
"Dear mistress!"

Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!

Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: such likeness
As you two carry, methinks——

Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well:
The fool shall now fish for himself.

Alice. Be sure, then,
His tew[i] be tith and strong[j]; and next, no swearing;
He 'll catch no fish else. Farewell, Doll.

Dor. Farewell, Alice. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* VALENTINE.

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, *and* CELLIDÈ.

Cel. Indeed he is much chang'd, extremely alter'd,
His colour faded strangely too.

Val. The air,
The sharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all; which will as well restore
To health again the affected body by it,

[i] *tew*] Spelt in both the old eds. "tewgh."—Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) gives "*Tew* or *Tewgh*. A rope or chain by which vessels were drawn along," and cites the present passage as an instance of the word with that meaning. But here "*tew*" evidently is equivalent to—tackle (fishing-tackle).

[j] *tith and strong*] Nearly synonymous in this passage: *tith* (tight) has occurred already more than once; see note, p. 170.—What follows, is still a proverbial saying.

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And make it stronger far, as leave it dangerous.
How does my sweet? our blessèd hour comes on now
Apace, my Cellidè, (it knocks at door,)
In which our loves and long desires, like rivers
Rising asunder far, shall fall together:
Within these two days, dear——
Cel. When Heaven and you, sir,
Still think it fit; for by your wills I am govern'd.
Alice. 'Twere good some preparation——

Enter FRANCISCO.

Val. All that may be;
It shall be no blind wedding; and all the joy
Of all our friends, I hope.—He looks worse hourly.——
How does my friend? myself?—He sweats, too, coldly;
His pulse, like the slow dropping of a spout,
Scarce gives his function.—How is 't, man? alas, sir,
You look extreme ill! is it any old grief,
The weight of which——
Fran. None, gentle sir, that I feel;
Your love is too, too tender: nay, believe, sir.
Cel. You cannot be the master of your health:
Either some fever lies in wait to catch you,
Whose harbingers already in your face
We see preparing, or some discontent,
Which, if it lie in this house—I dare say,
Both for this noble gentleman, and all
That live within it—shall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care soften'd,
And where the cause is——
Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where such a virtuous fair physician
Is ready to relieve: your noble cares
I must and ever shall be thankful for;
And would my service—I dare not look upon her— [*Aside.*
But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;
A grudging [k], caus'd by the alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: my heart 's whole.—
I would it were! [*Aside.*

[k] *grudging*] i. e. symptom of disease,—slight illness.

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Val. I knew the cause to be so.
Fran. No, you shall never know it. [*Aside.*
Alice. Some warm broths
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, sir,
And sweat it out.
Cel. I have such cordials,
That, if you will but promise me to take 'em,
Indeed you shall be well, and very quickly:
I 'll be your doctor; you shall see how finely
I 'll fetch you up again.
Val. He sweats extremely;
Hot, very hot: his pulse beats like a drum now—
Feel, sister, feel—feel, sweet.
Fran. How that touch stung me! [*Aside.*
Val. My gown there! [*To* Servants *within.*
Cel. And those juleps in the window!
Alice. Some see his bed made!
Val. This is most unhappy.—
Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.
Cel. And this shall be the last fit.
Fran. Not by thousands.
Now what 'tis to be truly miserable,
I feel at full experience. [*Aside.*
Alice. He grows fainter.
Val. Come, lead him in; he shall to bed: a vomit,
I 'll have a vomit for him.
Alice. A purge first;
And, if he breath'd a vein——
Val. No, no, no bleeding;
A clyster will cool all.
Cel. Be of good cheer, sir.
Alice. He 's loath to speak.
Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!
Alice. I do not like that sign.
Val. Away to 's chamber!
Softly; he 's full of pain: be diligent,
With all the care ye have.—Would I had 'scus'd him!
[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.—*A room in the house of Sebastian.*

Enter DOROTHEA *and* THOMAS.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? do I dwell in her,
To force her to do this or that? your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your sweet letter!
You are so learnèd in your writs! You stand now
As if you had worried sheep. You must turn tippet[l],
And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkin the May-lady[m];
You must, dear brother. Do you make me carrier
Of your "confound-me's" and your culverins?
Am I a seemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ such a debosh'd[n]——

Tho. Your patience:
May not a man profess his love?

Dor. In blasphemies?
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?
Out, out upon thee[o]!

Tho. How would you have me write?
Begin with "My love premisèd; surely,
And by my truly, mistress"?

Dor. Take your own course,
For I see all persuasion's lost upon you,
Humanity all drown'd: from this hour fairly
I'll wash my hands of all you do. Farewell, sir.

Tho. Thou art not mad?

Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,
I would keep you company. Get a new mistress,
Some suburb saint[p], that sixpence and some oaths[q]

[l] *turn tippet*] "This phrase, like that of *turn Turk*, implies a change of conduct, condition, &c." See Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, vi. 378.

[m] *the May-lady*] See note, p. 61.

[n] *debosh'd*] i. e. debauched.

[o] *Out, out upon thee*] Is, in both the old eds., the commencement of the next speech.

[p] *Some suburb saint*] See note, vol. iii. 408.

[q] *oaths*] Both the 4to and the folio "others."

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Will draw to parley; carouse her health in cans
And candles' ends[r], and quarrel for her beauty;
Such a sweetheart must serve your turn: your old love
Releases you of all your ties, disclaims you,
And utterly abjures your memory,
Till time has better manag'd you. Will you command me——

Tho. What, bobb'd[s] of all sides!

Dor. Any worthy service
Unto my father, sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart and much rejoicing,
You are his true son Tom still? will it please you
To beat some half-a-dozen of his servants presently,
That I may testify you have brought the same faith
Unblemish'd home you carried out? or, if it like you,
There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
Handsome, and apt for exercise: you have been good, sir,
And charitable, though I say it, signior,
To such poor orphans: and now, by the way, I think on't,
Your young rear-admiral, I mean your last bastard,
Don John[t], you had by Lady Blanch the dairy-maid,
Is, by an academy of learnèd gypsies,
Foreseeing some strange wonder in the infant,
Stoln from the nurse, and wanders with those prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good store, sir,
When you want[u], shall supply it. So, most humbly
(First rendering my due service) I take leave, sir. [*Exit.*

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I say!—My letter fubb'd too,
And no access without I mend my manners!
All my designs in limbo! I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, though the devil roar,

[r] *carouse her health in cans*
And candles' ends] The swallowing of candles' ends with their wine, in honour of their mistresses, was a frequent practice among the gallants of other days, and is mentioned by various writers.

[s] *bobb'd*] i. e. fooled, jeered.

[t] *Your young rear-admiral, I mean your last bastard,*
Don John] "This is evidently an allusion to the celebrated bastard Don John of Austria, who gained the naval battle of Lepanto, in 1571, against the Turks." WEBER.

[u] *you want*] Seward's correction.—Both the 4to and the folio "your wants."

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I am resolv'd that, if she live above ground:
I 'll not be bobb'd i' the nose with every bobtail.
I will be civil[u] too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried;
And yet be mad upon occasion,
And stark mad too, and save my land: my father,
I 'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Before the house of Sebastian.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Sirrah, I say still, you have spoil'd your master;—leave your stitches[v];—
I say, thou hast spoil'd thy master.

Laun. I say, how, sir?

Seb. Marry, thou hast taught him, like an arrant rascal,
First, to read perfectly, which on my blessing
I warn'd him from, for I knew, if he read once,
He was a lost man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
Sir lousy Launcelot, you have suffer'd him,
Against my power first, then against my precept,
To keep that simpering sort of people company,
That sober men call civil: mark you that, sir?

Laun. An 't please your worship——

Seb. It does not please my worship,
Nor shall not please my worship. Third and lastly,
Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However, I will lame thee,) like a villain,
Thou hast wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a mischief,
A handsome mischief, such as thou knew'st I lov'd well:
My servants all are sound now, my drink sour'd,
Not a horse pawn'd, nor play'd away; no warrants
Come for the breach of peace;
Men travel with their money, and nothing meets 'em.
I was accurs'd to send thee: thou wert ever

[u] *civil*] See note, p. 321.

[v] *stitches*] i. e. contortions of the face, grimaces (as before, vol. iii. 255).—The Editors of 1778 proposed to read "speeches"!

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Leaning to laziness and loss of spirit;
Thou slept'st[v] still like a cork upon the water.
Laun. Your worship knows I ever was accounted
The most debosh'd[w]; and, please you to remember,
Every day drunk too, for your worship's credit;
I broke the butler's head too.
Seb. No, base palliard[x],
I do remember yet that anslaight[y]; thou wast beaten,
And fled'st before the butler, a black-jack[z]
Playing upon thee furiously; I saw it;
I saw thee scatter'd, rogue. Behold thy master!

Enter THOMAS, *with a book.*

Tho. What sweet content dwells here!
Laun. Put up your book, sir;
We are all undone else.
Seb. Tom, when is the horse-race?
Tho. I know not, sir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not I, sir;
I have forgot those journeys.
Seb. Spoil'd for ever!— [*Aside.*
The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jack Wild-Oats and Will Purser.
Tho. I am sorry, sir,
They should employ their time so slenderly;
Their understandings will bear better courses.
Seb. Yes, I will marry again [*Aside*].—But, Monsieur Thomas,

[v] *slept'st*] Weber chose to print "sleep'st,"—which the preceding line but one proves to be wrong. [w] *debosh'd*] i. e. debauched.

[x] *palliard*] "*Palliard*, a debauchee, a whore-master; from the French. *Skinner.*" SEWARD. Like other words of the kind, it became a general term of reproach, without reference to its original meaning.

[y] *anslaight*] So both the 4to and the folio; and since Todd (who remarks that it is "the parent, perhaps, of *onslaught*") has given it a place in his ed. of *Johnson's Dict.* on the authority of the present passage, I have not followed the modern editors in altering it to "onslaught."

[z] *black-jack*] See note, vol. i. 181.

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What say you to the gentleman that challeng'd you
Before you[a] went, and the fellow you fell out with?
Tho. Oh, good sir,
Remember not those follies! Where I have wrong'd, sir,
(So much I have now learn'd to discern myself,)
My means and my repentance shall make even;
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the law persuade me.
Seb. Any woman;
I care not of what colour or complexion;
Any that can bear children [*Aside*].—Rest you merry! [*Exit.*
Laun. You have utterly undone, clean discharg'd me;
I am for the ragged regiment.
Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words?
Laun. Oh, pardon me!
I know him but too well. Eightscore, I take it,
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I 'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.
You might have sav'd all this, and sworn a little;
What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
Though 't had been mine, to have satisfied the old man?
Tho. I 'll break it yet.
Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.
Will you be drunk to-night, (a less entreaty
Has serv'd your turn,) and save all yet? not mad-drunk,
For then you are the devil; yet the drunker,
The better for your father still: your state is desperate,
And with a desperate cure you must recover it:
Do something, do, sir; do some drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or some any thing to help us.
Tho. Go for a fiddler, then; the poor old fiddler
That says his songs. But first, where lies my mistress?
Did you inquire out that?
Laun. I' the lodge, alone, sir,
None but her own attendants.

[a] *you*] Both the 4to and the folio "he" (a misprint for "*ye*"); and so Seward.

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Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away, then, find this fiddler, and do not miss me
By nine o'clock.
Laun. *Via*[b]! [*Exit.*
Tho. My father 's mad now,
And ten to one will disinherit me:
I 'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

What, Ribabalde[c]!
Hylas. Don Thomasio!
Le bien-venu[d].
Tho. I do embrace your body.—
How dost thou, Sam?
Sam. The same Sam still; your friend, sir.
Tho. And how is 't, bouncing boys?
Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;
They said thou wert all monsieur.
Tho. Oh, believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way!
The civil'st[e] gentleman in all your country:
Do not ye see me alter'd? "Yea and nay," gentlemen;
A much-converted man. Where's the best wine, boys?
Hylas. A sound convertite!
Tho. What, hast thou made up twenty yet?
Hylas. By'r lady,
I have given a shrewd push at it, for, as I take it,
The last I fell in love with scor'd sixteen.
Tho. Look to your skin; Rambaldo[f] the sleeping giant
Will rouse, and rent thee piece-meal.

[b] *Via*] "i. e. Away!" REED.—This exclamation is very common in old plays: according to Nares (*Gloss.* in v.), "it was doubtless designed originally as a quibble, between *via* a way, and the interjection *Away*."

[c] *Ribabalde*] "This I take to be an intentional corruption of *ribald*, a lewd fellow." WEBER,—who should have said—a name formed, for the occasion, from *ribald*.

[d] *Le bien-venu*] Both the 4to and the folio "De bene venew".

[e] *civil'st*] See note, p. 321.

[f] *Rambaldo*] "Evidently a well-known personage in some popular romance; but where, is not clear." Nares's *Gloss.* in v.

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Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.
Tho. Thou never mean'st, then,
To marry any that thou lov'st?
Hylas. No, surely;
Nor any wise man, I think. Marriage!
Would you have me now begin to be 'prentice[f],
And learn to cobble other men's old boots?
Sam. Why, you may take a maid.
Hylas. Where? can you tell me?
Or, if 'twere possible I might get a maid,
To what use should I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her sugar-sops?
All the new gowns i' the parish will not please her,
If she be high-bred, (for there 's the sport she aims at,)
Nor all the feathers in the Friars[g].
Tho. Then take a widow,
A good staunch wench that 's tith[h].
Hylas. And begin a new order?
Live in a dead man's monument? not I, sir.
I 'll keep mine old[i] road, a true mendicant;
What pleasure this day yields me, I never covet
To lay up for the morrow: and methinks ever
Another man's cook dresses my diet neatest.
Tho. Thou wast wont to love old women, fat and flat-nos'd,
And thou wouldst say they kiss'd like flounders, flat
All the face over.
Hylas. I have had such damsels,
I must confess.
Tho. Thou hast been a precious rogue.
Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conscience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

Enter, and pass over the stage, Physicians *and others.*

Tho. What 's the matter?

[f] *be 'prentice*] Seward silently printed "*be* a *prentice*".

[g] *the Friars*] i. e. Black-friars, which formerly abounded with Puritans, many of whom followed there the business of dealers in feathers: to this our early dramatists very frequently allude.

[h] *tith*] i. e. tight (as several times before; see p. 170).

[i] *old*] So the 4to.—The folio "own"; and so Seward.

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Whither go all these men-menders, these physicians?
Whose dog lies sick o' the mulligrubs?
Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young smug signior, Master Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is faln sick o' the sudden, desperate sick;
And likely they go thither.
Tho. Who, young Frank?
The only temper'd spirit, scholar, soldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not possible.

Enter ALICE.

Sam. There 's one can better satisfy you.
Tho. Mistress Alice,
I joy to see you, lady.
Alice. Good Monsieur Thomas,
You 're welcome from your travel. I am hasty;
A gentleman lies sick, sir.
Tho. And how dost thou?
I must know, and I will know.
Alice. Excellent well;
As well as may be, thank you.
Tho. I am glad on 't;
And, prithee, hark.
Alice. I cannot stay.
Tho. A while, Alice.
Sam. Never look so narrowly; the mark 's in her mouth still.
Hylas. I am looking at her legs; prithee, be quiet.
Alice. I cannot stay.
Tho. Oh, sweet Alice—
Hylas. A clean instep,
And that I love a'-life[1]: I did not mark
This woman half so well before: how quick
And nimble, like a shadow, there her leg shew'd!

[1] *a'-life*] i. e. as my life, excessively (Tyrwhitt supposed that it was an abbreviation of "*at life*": but Todd, rightly I think, explains it "a vulgarism for *on my life*, or *of my life*; meaning, I love as I love my life." *Johnson's* Dict. in v.). —Altered by Seward to "as *life*"; and so the Editors of 1778.

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By the mass, a neat one! the colour of her stocking,
A much-inviting colour. [*Aside.*
Alice. My good Monsieur,
I have no time to talk now.
Hylas. Pretty breeches,
Finely becoming too. [*Aside.*
Tho. By Heaven——
Alice. She will not,
I can assure you that, and so——
Tho. But this word!
Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord! [*Exit.*
Hylas. Well,
You shall hear more from me. [*Aside.*
Tho. We 'll go visit [Frank];
'Tis charity; besides, I know she is there,
And under visitation I shall see her.—
Will you along?
Hylas. By any means.
Tho. Be sure, then,
I be a civil [k] man. I have sport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage-day.
Hylas. Away, then! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A room in the house of Valentine.*

Enter three Physicians, *with an urinal.*

First Phys. A pleurisy, I see it.
Sec. Phys. I rather hold it
For *tremor cordis.*
Third Phys. Do you mark the fæces?
'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.
First Phys. By no means.
Third Phys. I say, bleed.
First Phys. I say, 'tis dangerous,
The person being spent so much beforehand,
And nature drawn so low: clysters, cool clysters.

[k] *civil*] See note, p. 321.

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Sec. Phys. Now, with your favours, I should think a vomit;
For, take away the cause, the effect must follow:
The stomach 's foul and furr'd, the pot 's unphlegm'd [1] yet.

Third Phys. No, no, we 'll rectify that part by mild means;
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will 't please ye draw near? the weak gentleman
Grows worse and worse still.

First Phys. Come, we will attend him.

Sec. Phys. He shall do well, my friend.

Serv. My master's love, sir.

First Phys. Excellent well, I warrant thee; right and straight, friend.

Third Phys. There 's no doubt in him, none at all; ne'er fear him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another room in the same.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* MICHAEL.

Mich. That he is desperate sick, I do believe well,
And that without a speedy cure it kills him;
But that it lies within the help of physic
Now to restore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd, clean beside it.
I would tell you the true cause too, but 'twould vex you,
Nay, run you mad.

Val. May all I have restore him,—
So dearly and so tenderly I love him
(I do not know the cause why),—yea, my life too?——

Mich. Now I perceive you so well set, I 'll tell you:
Hei mihi [m], *quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis!*

Val. 'Twas that I only fear 'd: good friend, go from me;

[1] *unphlegm'd*] Spelt both in the 4to and folio "unflam'd".—Seward printed "unclean'd" (informing us that "*the pot*" means here the stomach), and proposed in a note another alteration, "enflam'd", which was adopted by the Editors of 1778. "Suffice it to say, that the Second Doctor means that the *phlegm* is not discharged into the vessel, and must therefore still be in the stomach of the patient." WEBER.

[m] *Hei mihi*, &c.] Ovid, *Met.* i. 523.

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I find my heart too full for further conference.
You are assur'd of this?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain:
But bear it nobly, sir; youth hath his errors.

Val. I shall do, and I thank you; pray you, no words on 't.

Mich. I do not use to talk, sir.

Val. You are welcome. [*Exit* MICHAEL.

Is there no constancy in earthly things,
No happiness in us but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miseries we are, and to ourselves!
Even then when full content seems to sit by us,
What daily sores and sorrows!

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Oh, dear brother!
The gentleman, if ever you will see him
Alive, as I think——

Enter CELLIDÈ.

Cel. Oh, he faints! for Heaven-sake,
For Heaven-sake, sir——

Val. Go comfort him, dear sister:— [*Exit* ALICE.

And one word, sweet, with you; then we 'll go to him.
What think you of this gentleman?

Cel. My pity thinks, sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he should thus perish.

Val. It is, indeed; but, Cellidè, he must die.

Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him.
Why do you weep so, sir? he may recover.

Val. He may; but with much danger. My sweet Cellidè,
You have a powerful tongue.

Cel. To do you service.

Val. I will betray his grief: he loves a gentlewoman,
A friend of yours, whose heart another holds;
He knows it too: yet such a sway blind fancy [n],
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they must undo him:

[n] *fancy*] i. e. love.

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Never so hopeful and so sweet a spirit
Misfortune fell so foul on.
Cel. Sure, she 's hard-hearted
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At such a misery. She is not married?
Val. Not yet.
Cel. Nor near it?
Val. When she please.
Cel. And, pray, sir,
Does he deserve her truly, that she loves so?
Val. His love may merit much, his person little,
For there the match lies mangled.
Cel. Is he your friend?
Val. He should be, for he is near me.
Cel. Will not he die, then,
When th' other shall recover?
Val. You have pos'd me.
Cel. Methinks he should go near it, if he love her,
If she love him.
Val. She does, and would do equal.
Cel. 'Tis a hard task you put me[o]; yet, for your sake,
I will speak to her: all the art I have;
My best endeavours; all his youth and person,
His mind more full of beauties[p]; all his hopes;
The memory of such a sad example,
Ill-spoken of and never old; the curses
Of loving maids, and what may be alleg'd,
I 'll lay before her. What 's her name? I am ready.
Val. But will you deal effectually?
Cel. Most truly;
Nay, were it myself[q], at your entreaty.
Val. And could you be so pitiful?
Cel. So dutiful,
Because you urge it, sir.
Val. It may be, then,
It is yourself.

[o] *you put me*] Weber chose to print "*you put* upon *me*"!

[p] *beauties*] The 4to has "beautis".—The folio reads "beauty"; and so Seward.

[q] *it myself*] Seward silently printed "*it* I *myself*".

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Cel. It is indeed; I know it;
And now know how you love me.
Val. Oh, my dearest,
Let but your goodness judge, your own heart pity[r]!
Set but your eyes on his afflictions;
He is mine, and so becomes your charge: but think
What ruin Nature suffers in this young man,
What loss humanity, and noble manhood;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,
My body budding now no more,—sear winter
Hath seal'd that sap up; at the best and happiest
I can but be your infant, you my nurse,
And how unequal, dearest! where[s] his years,
His sweetness, and his ever-spring of goodness,
My fortunes growing in him, and myself too,
Which makes him all your old love—Misconceive not;
I say not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith; bear witness,
Those eyes that I adore still, those lamps that light me
To all the joy I have!
Cel. You have said enough, sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could utter;
But you are a man, a false man too!—
Val. Dear Cellidè——
Cel. And now, to shew you that I am a woman
Robb'd of her rest, and fool'd out of her fondness,
The gentleman shall live, and, if he love mé,
Ye shall be both my triumphs. I will to him;
And, as you carelessly fling off your fortune,
And now grow weary of my easy winning,
So will I lose the name of Valentine,
From henceforth all his flatteries; and, believe it,
Since you have so slightly parted with affection,

[r] *Let but your goodness judge, your own heart pity*] The 4to has, "*Let but your goodnesse judge: your owne* part: pitiy". The folio reads,

"*Let but your goodness judge; your own* part's *pity*";

and so the modern editors.

[s] *where*] "i. e. whereas." WEBER.

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And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
Shall pluck me back again: what I shall do,
(Yet I will undertake his cure,) expect it,
Shall minister no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations.
Val. Why, let him die, then.
Cel. No; so much I have lov'd
To be commanded by you, that even now,
Even in my hate, I will obey your wishes.
Val. What shall I do?
Cel. Die like a fool unsorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treasure!
I must begin my cure.
Val. And I my crosses. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of Valentine.*

FRANCISCO *discovered in bed; three* Physicians *and an* Apothecary.

First Phys. Clap on the cataplasm.
Fran. Good gentlemen,
Good learnèd gentlemen——
Sec. Phys. And see those broths there,
Ready within this hour.—Pray, keep your arms in;
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.
Fran. Pray, leave me; I beseech ye, leave me, gentlemen;
I have no other sickness but your presence:
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clysters.
Third Phys. Pray, be rul'd, sir.
First Phys. Bring in the lettice-cap[t].—You must be shav'd, sir,
And then how suddenly we 'll make you sleep!

[t] *the lettice-cap*] See notes, vol. i. 187, and p. 265 of the present vol.

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Fran. Till dooms-day.—What unnecessary nothings
Are these about a wounded mind! [*Aside.*

Sec. Phys. How do you?

Fran. What questions they propound too! [*Aside.*]—How do you, sir?
I am glad to see you well.

Third Phys. A great distemper; it grows hotter still.

First Phys. Open your mouth, I pray, sir.

Fran. And can you tell me
How old I am then? There's my hand; pray, shew me
How many broken shins within this two year.—
Who would be thus in fetters? [*Aside.*]—Good master doctor,
And you, dear doctor, and the third sweet doctor,
And precious master apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer:
Ye stand before me like my blacks[u].

Sec. Phys. 'Tis dangerous;
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter CELLIDÈ.

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen;
And, pray you, your leave a while too; I have something
Of secret to impart unto the patient.

First Phys. With all our hearts.

Third Phys. Ay, marry, such a physic
May chance to find the humour. Be not long, lady,
For we must minister within this half-hour.

Cel. You shall not stay for me.

[*Exeunt* Physicians *and* Apothecary.

Fran. Would you were all rotten, [*Rises.*
That ye might only intend[v] one another's itches!
Or would the gentlemen, with one consent,
Would drink small beer but seven year, and abolish
That wild-fire of the blood, unsatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, springs and falls, might fail ye!
What torments these intruders into bodies!

Cel. How do you, worthy sir?

Fran. Bless me, what beams

[u] *blacks*] "i. e. mourning weeds." WEBER.
[v] *intend*] i. e. attend to.

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Flew from these[w] angel eyes! Oh, what a misery,
What a most studied torment 'tis to me now
To be an honest man! [*Aside.*]—Dare you sit by me?
Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, comfort you;
I see you have need.
Fran. You are a fair physician:
You bring no bitterness gilt o'er to gull us,
No danger in your looks—yet there my death lies.
Cel. I would be sorry, sir, my charity,
And my good wishes for your health, should merit
So stubborn a construction. Will it please you
To taste a little of this cordial?

Enter VALENTINE, *behind.*

For this I think must cure you.
Fran. Of which, lady?—
Sure, she has found my grief [*Aside*].—Why do you blush so?
Cel. Do you not understand? of this, this cordial.
[*Kisses him.*
Val. Oh, my afflicted heart! she is gone for ever. [*Aside.*
Fran. What heaven you have brought me, lady!
Cel. Do not wonder;
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to save your life, sir,
(Your life too excellent to lose in wishes,)
Love, virtuous love.
Fran. A virtuous blessing crown you!
Oh, goodly sweet, can there be so much charity,
So noble a compassion in that heart,
That 's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from those eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have, and perfect object,
Lies in another's light[x], and his deserves it?

[w] *these*] The Editors of 1778 silently printed "those"; and so Weber.

[x] *When all the power you have, and perfect object,*
Lies in another's light, &c.] "i. e. 'When all the power you have, and the perfect object of that power, lies in the light of another, who deserves the exercise of that power.' Seward reads—'*this* perfect object'." WEBER. Heath (*MS. Notes*) proposes to read "*another's* right".

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Cel. Do not despair; nor do not think so[x] boldly
I dare abuse my promise: 't was your friend's,
And so fast tied I thought no time could ruin:
But so much has your danger, and that spell
The powerful name of friend, prevail'd above him[y]
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure you,
Nay, more, for ever, by his full resignment;
And willingly I ratify it.

Fran. Hold, for Heaven-sake!
Must my friend's misery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodness, keep thyself untainted!
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am resolv'd to die first;—

Val. Ha! say'st thou so? nay, then, thou shalt not perish. [*Aside.*

Fran. And though I love you above the light shines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content[z];
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradise,
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it,)
Yet is a gratitude to be preserv'd,
A worthy gratitude, to one most worthy
The name and nobleness of friend[a].

[x] *so*] The 4to has "to." The folio "too"; and so the modern editors.

[y] *above him*] "Seems to signify *on him*, or *over him*." *Ed.* 1778. "Rather, above the strength of his affections." WEBER.

[z] *free content*] Seward gave the passage thus;

"*Beyond the wealth of kingdoms*; free, content,
Sooner would snatch at such a blessing," &c.

"I am inclined to read '*free* to consent'. Francisco means to say, that if he were at liberty to accept of her love, he should prefer it to kingdoms, or even to life; but, for the reasons he afterwards assigns, he was not free to embrace that happiness." MASON. I agree with the Editors of 1778 and Weber in thinking that the old text is the right one. In defence of it, the following lines from Ford's *Broken Heart*, act iv. sc. 1, are adduced by Weber;

"Some such there are whose *liberal contents*
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty."

[a] *friend*] Mason's correction, and obviously necessary.—Both the 4to and the folio "friends"; and so the modern editors.

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Cel. Pray, tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer ?
Fran. Do you make a doubt ?
Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent ? his aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good ? not constrain'd,
But out of cure and counsel ? Alas, consider,
Play but the woman with me[b], and consider,
As he himself does, and I now dare see it,
Truly consider, sir, what misery——
Fran. For virtue's sake, take heed !
Cel. What loss of youth,
What everlasting banishment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections, [born][c] and shot together !
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What act[d] of memory, but fruitless doting ?
Fran. This cannot be.
Cel. To you, unless you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and so digest it ;
I speak but of things possible, not done,
Nor like to be : a posset cures your sickness,
And yet I know you grieve this ; and howsoever
The worthiness of friend may make you stagger,
(Which is a fair thing in you,) yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain say more,
If you would understand.
Val. Oh, cruel woman ! [*Aside.*

[b] *Play but the woman with me*] "i. e. suppose yourself, as I am, a woman." *Ed.* 1778.

[c] [*born*] Inserted by the Editors of 1778.—Both in the 4to and in the folio the line stands thus;

"*Equall affections and shot together.*"

Seward printed,

"*Equal affections, and shot* up *together.*"

[d] *act*] So the Editors of 1778 from Theobald's conjecture.—Both the 4to and the folio "art" ; and so Seward and Weber,—Mason defending that reading by a reference to passages in *The Custom of the Country* and *The Beggars' Bush :* see note, vol. iv. 493.

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Cel. Yet, sure, your sickness is not so forgetful,
Nor you so willing to be lost.
Fran. Pray, stay there:
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modest virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like shadow to me, thin and fading.
Val. Excellent friend! [*Aside.*
Fran. You have no share in goodness;
You are belied; you are not Cellidè,
The modest, [the] immaculate. Who are you?
For I will know; what devil, to do mischief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath shifted shapes
With that unblemish'd beauty?
Cel. Do not rave, sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts distract you:
You shall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By those fair eyes, I do.
Fran. Oh, double-hearted!
Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented! Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodness,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one so cherish'd,
So sainted in the soul of him whose service
Is almost turn'd to superstition,
Whose every-day endeavours and desires
Offer themselves like incense on your altar,
Whose heart holds no intelligence but holy
And most religious with his love, whose life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady,)
Is drawn out only for your ends——
Val. Oh, miracle! [*Aside.*
Fran. Whose all, and every part of man (pray, mark[e] me)
Like ready pages wait upon your pleasures,
Whose breath is but your bubble—Can you, dare you,
Must you cast off this man, (though he were willing,
Though, in a nobleness to[f] cross my danger,

[e] *mark*] Both the 4to and the folio "make".
[f] *to*] Both the 4to and the folio "so".

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His friendship durst confirm it,) without baseness,
Without the stain of honour? shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, "There's the lady
That lost her father, friend, herself, her faith too,
To fawn upon a stranger",—for aught you know,
As faithless as yourself, in love as fruitless?

Val. Take her, with all my heart! thou art so honest
That 'tis most necessary I be undone:
With all my soul possess her[g]! [*Aside, and then exit.*

Cel. Till this minute
I scorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd those things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad;—

Fran. Good Heaven, what is this woman? [*Aside.*

Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honesty,
The only friend; and I am glad your sickness
Fell so most happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.

Fran. Whither do you drive me?

Cel. Back to your honesty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a strong-built castle, seated high,
That draws on all ambitions; still repair it,
Still fortify it: there are thousand foes,
Besides the tyrant Beauty, will assail it:
Look to your sentinels that watch it hourly,—
Your eyes,—let them not wander.

Fran. Is this serious,
Or does she play still with me[h]? [*Aside.*

Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, strongly

[g] *With all my soul possess her*] Both in the 4to and the folio these words are by mistake made the commencement of the next speech.

[h] *Or does she play still with me*] In the 4to these words are by mistake given as the commencement of the next speech.

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From light belief first, then from flattery,
Especially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your strength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to dishonest ends,
Ridg'd round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No subtle mines may meet you.

Fran. How like the sun
Labouring in his eclipse, dark and prodigious[i],
She shew'd till now! when having won his[j] way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And sheds his virtuous beams! [*Aside.*]—Excellent angel,
For no less can that heavenly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy sex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wishes,)
To kiss that virgin hand!

Cel. Take your desire, sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare trust you;
No other fruit my love must ever yield you,
I fear, no more: yet your most constant memory
(So much I am wedded to that worthiness)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, husband.
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not.—Oh, noble young man,
I love thee with my soul, but dare not say it!— [*Aside.*
Once more, farewell, and prosper!

Fran. Goodness guide thee! [*Exit* CELLIDÈ.
My wonder, like to fearful shapes in dreams,
Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,
But not to shake it off: a spell dwells in me,
A hidden charm, shot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'er avoid, nor physic find;
And, by her counsel strengthen'd, only this
Is all the help I have, I love fair Virtue.
Well, something I must do, to be a friend;
Yet I am poor and tardy; something for her too,

[i] *prodigious*] i. e. portentous.
[j] *his*] Both the 4to and the folio "her".

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Though I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatness.

Re-enter VALENTINE, *with* THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleasure.

Tho. Do you think I am mad? you 'll give me leave
To try her fairly?

Val. Do your best.

Tho. Why, there, boy!—
But where 's the sick man?

Hylas. Where are the gentlewomen
That should attend him? there 's the patient:
Methinks these women——

Tho. Thou think'st nothing else.

Val. Go to him, friend, and comfort him; I 'll lead you.—
Oh, my best joy, my worthiest friend! pray, pardon me;
I am so overjoy'd I want expression:
I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome. [*Exit.*

Tho. How dost thou, Frank? how dost thou, boy? bear up, man:
What, shrink i' the sinews for a little sickness!
Diavolo, morte!

Fran. I am o' the mending hand.

Tho. How like a flute thou speak'st! "o' the mending hand," man!
"Gogs bores[k], I am well!" speak like a man of worship.

Fran. Thou art a mad companion[l]; never staid, Tom.

Tho. Let rogues be staid that have no habitation;
A gentleman may wander[m]. Sit thee down, Frank,
And see what I have brought thee: come, discover;

[k] *Gogs bores*] "Possibly a corruption of the ancient oath—*God's bones*". WEBER. No: "*Gogs bores*" is "*God's bores*"—"bores" meaning—wounds (those of our Saviour on the cross).

[l] *companion*] "i. e. fellow". WEBER.

[m] *never staid, Tom.*
Tho. *Let rogues be staid that have no habitation;*
A gentleman may wander] "Thomas here quibbles on the word *staid*, and uses it in the sense of stopped or arrested; alluding to the power vested in magistrates of stopping vagabonds". MASON.—Seward deliberately printed "*that have* an *habitation*"!

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Open the scene, and let the work appear : [*Draws out a bottle.*
A friend at need, you rogue, is worth a million.
Fran. What hast thou there? a julep?
Hylas. He must not touch it;
'Tis present death.
Tho. You are an ass, a twire-pipe[n],
A Jeffery John Bo-peep: thou minister[o]!
Thou mend a left-handed pack-saddle: out, puppy!—
My friend, Frank, but a very foolish fellow.
Dost thou see that bottle? view it well.
Fran. I do, Tom.
Tho. There be as many lives in't as a cat carries;
'Tis everlasting liquor.
Fran. What?
Tho. Old sack, boy,
Old reverend sack, which, for aught that I can read yet,
Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolomeus
Did all his wonders by.
Fran. I see no harm, Tom,
Drink[p] with a moderation.
Tho. Drink with sugar[q],
Which I have ready here, and here a glass, boy:
Take me without my tools! [*Draws out sugar and a glass.*
Sam. Pray, sir, be temperate;
You know your own state best.
Fran. Sir, I much thank you,
And shall be careful: yet a glass or two,
So fit I find my body, and that so needful——
Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou say'st true, Frank——

[n] *twire-pipe*] At p. 58 of the present vol. we have the verb *twire* in the sense of leer: but, as Nares observes, "in older authors to *twire* sometimes means to sing [according to Richardson (*Dict.* in v.)—to chirp]; and to this *twire-pipe* seems to allude." *Gloss.* in v. I suspect that *twire-pipe* means properly—some sort of pipe for alluring birds (as *quail-pipe*, &c.)

[o] *minister*] "Means—administer [as a physician]." MASON.—Both the 4to and the folio "mimister"; and so Seward!

[p] *Drink*] Here, and in the next speech, Mason says we should read "Drunk," —an unnecessary alteration.

[q] *with sugar*] "The fondness of the English for sweetening wine with sugar is often alluded to in old books, and was noticed by several travellers." &c, &c. WEBER.

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Hylas. Where are these women, I say?
Tho. 'Tis most necessary:
Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal possets,
Your barley-broths, and sorrel-sops! they are mangy,
And breed the scratches only: give me sack!—
I wonder where this wench is though.—Have at thee!
Hylas. So long, and yet no bolting?
Fran. Do; I 'll pledge thee.
Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry "heigh!" like a huntsman,
With a clear heart; and no more fits, I warrant thee:
The only cordial, Frank.
First Phys. [*within*] Are the things ready?
And is the barber come!
Serv. [*within*] An hour ago, sir.
First Phys. [*within*] Bring out the oils, then.
Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,
Do me a kindness, and deliver me.
Tho. From whom, boy?
Fran. From these things that talk within there;
Physicians, Tom, physicians, scouring-sticks:
They mean to read upon me.
Hylas. Let 'em enter.
Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver thee.—

Re-enter Physicians *and* Apothecary, *with* Barber.

For, look you, doctor; say the devil were sick now,
His horns saw'd off, and his head bound with a biggin[r],
Sick of a calenture, taken by a surfeit
Of stinking souls at his nephew's, at[s] St. Dunstan's,
What would you minister upon the sudden?
Your judgment, short and sound.
First Phys. A fool's head.
Tho. No, sir,
It must be a physician's, for three causes;
The first, because it is a bald head likely,
Which will down easily without apple-pap;—
Third Phys. A main cause!

[r] *a biggin*] Or *biggen*—a kind of cap fitting closely round the forehead.
[s] *at*] Seward's correction.—Both the 4to and the folio "and."

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Tho. So it is, and well consider'd :—
The second, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, sir,
Which will so tumble in his stomach, doctor,
And work upon the crudities, (conceive me,)
The fevers[t] and the fiddle-strings within it,
That those damn'd souls must disembogue again.
Hylas. Or, meeting with the Stygian humour—
Tho. Right, sir.
Hylas. Forc'd with a cataplasm of crackers—
Tho. Ever.
Hylas. Scour all before him, like a scavenger.
Tho. *Satisfecisti, domine.*—My last cause,
My last is, and not least, most learnèd doctors,
Because in most physicians' heads—I mean those
That are most excellent, and old withal,
And angry, though a patient say his prayers,
And Paracelsians that do trade with poisons,
We have it by tradition of great writers—
There is a kind of toad-stone[u] bred, whose virtue,
The doctor being dried——
First Phys. We are abus'd, sirs.
Hylas. I take it so, or shall be [*Aside*] :—for, say the belly ache[v],
Caus'd by an inundation of pease-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port-vein,
Or the port Esquiline?
Sam. A learned question!
Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The sign being then in the head of Capricorn—
Tho. Meet with the passion Hyperchondriaca,
And so cause a carnosity in the kidneys,
Must not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Answer me that.
Sam. Most excellently argu'd!
Sec. Phys. The next fit you will have, my most fine scholar,

[t] *fevers*] The 4to "feares," the folio "fears"; and so the modern editors.
[u] *toad-stone*] See note, p. 199.
[v] *the belly ache*] Both the 4to and the folio "*the* belly-ake"; and so the modern editors.

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Bedlam shall find a salve for.—Fare you well, sir:
We came to do you good; but these young doctors,
It seems, have bor'd our noses.

Third Phys. Drink hard, gentlemen,
And get unwholesome drabs: 'tis ten to one, then,
We shall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.

[*Exeunt* Phys., Apoth., *and* Barber.

Thomas.

And wilt thou be gone, says one? [*They sing.*

Hylas.

And wilt thou be gone, says t' other?

Thomas.

Then take the odd crown,
To mend thy old gown,

Sam.

And we 'll be gone all together.

Fran. My learnèd Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen
Sent me to see what company you had with you;
They much desire to visit you.

Fran. Pray you, thank 'em,
And tell 'em my most sickness is their absence:
You see my company.

Tho. Come hither, Crab:
What gentlewomen are these? my mistress?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Hylas. And who else?

Serv. Mistress Alice.

Hylas. Oh!

Tho. Hark you, sirrah,
No word of my being here, unless she know it.

Serv. I do not think she does.

Tho. Take that, and mum, then. [*Gives money.*

Serv. You have tied my tongue up. [*Exit.*

Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,
And not a word of me till you hear from me;
And, as you find my humour, follow it.—

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You two come hither, and stand close, unseen, boys,
And do as I shall tutor ye.
Fran. What new work?
Tho. Prithee, no more, but help me now.
Hylas. I would fain
Talk with the gentlewomen.
Tho. Talk with the gentlewomen!
Of what, forsooth? whose maidenhead the last masque
Suffer'd impression? or whose clyster wrought best?
Take me as I shall tell thee.
Hylas. To what end,
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be rul'd though.
Tho. Your weasel-face must needs be ferreting
About the farthingale: do as I bid you,
Or, by this light——
Hylas. Come, then.
Tho. Stand close, and mark me.
[*Exit, with* HYLAS *and* SAM, *behind the arras.*
Fran. All this forc'd foolery will never do it.

Enter ALICE *and* MARY.

Alice. I hope we bring you health, sir: how is 't with you?
Mary. You look far better, trust me.—The fresh colour
Creeps now again into his cheeks.
Alice. Your enemy,
I see, has done his worst. Come, we must have you
Lusty again, and frolic, man; leave thinking.
Mary. Indeed it does you harm, sir.
Fran. My best visitants,
I shall be govern'd by ye.
Alice. You shall be well, then,
And suddenly, and soundly well.
Mary. This air, sir,
Having now season'd you, will keep you ever.
Tho. [*within*] No, no, I have no hope: nor is it fit, friends,
(My life has been so lewd, my loose condition,
Which I repent too late, so lamentable,)
That any thing but curses light upon me;
Exorbitant in all my ways—

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Alice. Who 's that, sir?
Another sick man?
Mary. Sure, I know that voice well.
Tho. [*within*] In all my courses cureless[w] disobedience—
Fran. What a strange fellow 's this! [*Aside.*
Tho. [*within*] No counsel, friends,
No look before I leapt.
Alice. Do you know the voice, sir?
Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that 's much afflicted
In 's mind: great pity, ladies.
Alice. Now, Heaven help him!
Fran. He came to me, to ask free pardon of me
For some things done long since, which his distemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not so.
Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!
Hylas. [*within*] Persuade yourself.
Tho. [*within*] To what end, gentlemen? when all is perish'd
Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The sea, that ne'er knew sorrow, may be pitiful?
My credit's split and sunk, nor is it possible,
Were my life lengthen'd out as long as——
Mary. I like this well.
Sam. [*within*] Your mind is too mistrustful.
Tho. [*within*] I have a virtuous sister, but I scorn'd her;
A mistress too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodness all out-going——
Alice. Now I know him.
Tho. [*within*] Which[x] these eyes, friends, my eyes, must never see more.
Alice. This is for your sake, Mary: take heed, cousin;
A man is not so soon made.
Tho. [*within*] Oh, my fortune!
But it is just, I be despis'd and hated.
Hylas. [*within*] Despair not, 'tis not manly: one hour's goodness
Strikes off an infinite of ills.

[w] *cureless*] So the 4to.—The folio "careless"; and so Seward.

[x] *Which*] Both the 4to and the folio "With".—"I take '*With*,' here, to have been put for *Whom* or *Which*. The former is more correct English, the latter nearer the trace of the letters; and the old English writers as often apply *which* to men and women as to inanimate things." SEWARD.

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Alice. Weep truly,
And with compassion, cousin.
Fran. How exactly
This cunning young thief plays his part! [*Aside.*
Mary. Well, Tom,
My Tom again, if this be truth.
Hylas. [*within*] She weeps, boy.
Tho. [*within*] Oh, I shall die!
Mary. Now, Heaven defend[y]!
Sam. [*within*] Thou hast her.
Tho. [*within*] Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell;
And then what fortune shall befall me, welcome!—
How does it shew? [*Aside to* HYLAS.
Hylas. [*within*] Oh, rarely well!
Mary. Say you so, sir?
Fran. Oh, you grand ass! [*Aside.*
Mary. And are you there, my juggler?
Away! we are abus'd, Alice.
Alice. Fool be with thee! [*Exeunt* MARY *and* ALICE.

Re-enter THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Tho. Where is she?
Fran. Gone: she found you out, and finely;
In your own noose she halter'd you: you must be whispering,
To know how things shew'd; not content to fare well,
But you must roar out roast meat. Till that suspicion,
You carried it most neatly; she believ'd too,
And wept most tenderly: had you continu'd,
Without doubt you had brought her off.
Tho. This was thy roguing,
For thou wert ever whispering: fie upon thee!
Now could I break thy head.
Hylas. You spoke to me first.
Tho. Do not anger me,
For, by this hand, I 'll beat thee buzzard-blind, then[z]!
She shall not scape me thus. Farewell for this time.

[y] *defend*] i. e. forbid.

[z] *thee buzzard-blind, then*] So the Editors of 1778.—Both the 4to and the folio "the buzard biind *then*"; and so Seward.

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Fran. Good-night: 'tis almost bed-time; yet no sleep
Must enter these eyes, till I work a wonder. [*Exit.*

Tho. Thou shalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this night's sins; I will ne'er leave walking of thee
Till I have worn thee out.

Hylas. Your will be done, sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, Sam?

Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away, then!
I 'll be your guide.—Now, if my man be trusty,
My spiteful dame, I 'll pipe you such a hunt's-up [a]
Shall make you dance a tipvaes [b].—Keep close to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* SEBASTIAN.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* DOROTHEA.

Seb. Never persuade me; I will marry again.
What should I leave my state [c] to pins and poking-sticks [d],
To farthingales and frounces [e]? to fore-horses [f],
And an old leather [g] bawdy-house behind 'em?
To thee?

Dor. You have a son, sir.

Seb. Where? what is he?
Who is he like?

Dor. Yourself.

Seb. Thou liest; thou hast marr'd him,

[a] *hunt's-up*] See note, vol. v. 45.

[b] *tipvaes*] "Perhaps we should read '*tiptoes*;' unless there be some dance called '*tipvaes*'; which, however, we never heard of." *Ed.* 1778. Is not "*tipvaes*" a word akin to *tivy*?

[c] *What should I leave my state*] i. e. For what, why (as before, see notes, vol. v. 384, vol. vi. 453) should I leave my estate.—The Editors of 1778 and Weber print "*What, should I*," &c.

[d] *poking-sticks*] i. e. sticks or irons for setting the plaits of ruffs. Those of wood or bone were originally employed; but, as Stow informs us, "about the sixteenth year of the queen [Elizabeth] began the making of steel poking-sticks," which, of course, were used hot.

[e] *frounces*] Mean plaits, fringes, and other ornaments of dress,—flounces.—Seward silently printed "flounces"; and so his successors.

[f] *fore-horses*] Altered by Seward to "four *horses*."

[g] *leather*] Weber chose to print "leathern."

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Thou, and thy prayer-books: I do disclaim him.
Did not I take him singing yesternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechism in 's pocket, damsel?
One of your[f] dear disciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad since he came over?
What tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That shew[g] a man and mettle? When was my house
At such a shame before, to creep to bed
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company?
No singing, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'st not of these scandals. When, and where,
Has he but shew'd his sword of late?

Dor. Despair not,
I do beseech you, sir, nor tempt your weakness;
For, if you like it so, I can assure you,
He is the same man still.

Seb. Would thou wert ashes
On that condition! but, believe it, gossip,
You shall know you have wrong'd——

Dor. You never, sir;
So well I know my duty: and, for Heaven-sake,
Take but this counsel with you ere you marry
(You were wont to hear me); take him, and confess him,
Search him to the quick, and, if you find him false,
Do as you please; a mother's name I honour.

Seb. He is lost and spoil'd; I am resolv'd my roof
Shall never harbour him: and for you, minion,
I 'll keep you close enough, lest you break loose,
And do more mischief: get you in! [*Exit* DOROTHEA.
Who waits?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, sir?

Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleasure in the morning: mark what house
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.

Serv. I will not fail, sir.

Seb. If you do, I 'll hang you. [*Exeunt severally.*

[f] *your*] Weber printed "*our*"!
[g] *shew*] The old eds. "shewes" and "shews."

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SCENE III.—*Before the Lodge*[g] *belonging to* VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter THOMAS, HYLAS, *and* SAM.

Tho. Keep you the back-door there, and be sure
None of her[h] servants enter, or go out:
If any woman pass, she is lawful prize, boys:
Cut off all convoys.

Hylas. Who shall answer this?

Tho. Why, I shall answer it, you fearful widgeon;
I shall appear to the action.

Hylas. May we discourse, too,
On honourable terms?

Tho. With any gentlewoman
That shall appear at window: you may rehearse too,
By your commission safely, some sweet parcels
Of poetry to a chambermaid.

Hylas. May we sing too?
For there 's my master-piece.

Tho. By no means; no, boys;
I am the man reserv'd for air; 'tis my part;
And, if she be not rock, my voice shall reach her.
Ye may record[i] a little, or ye may whistle,
As time shall minister; but, for main singing,
Pray ye, satisfy yourselves. Away! be careful.

Hylas. But hark you, one word, Tom; we may be beaten.

Tho. That 's as ye think good yourselves: if you deserve it,
Why, 'tis the easiest thing to compass. Beaten!
What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who should beat thee?

Hylas. She has men enough.

Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou hast flesh enough about thee: if all that mass

[g] *Before the Lodge*, &c.] In act ii. sc. 3, Thomas asks, "where lies my mistress [Mary]?" and Launcelot answers,

"*I' the lodge*, alone, sir,
None but her own attendants."

That this lodge belonged to Valentine's house, appears from act iv. sc. 2.,—

"*Seb. At Valentine's house* so merry?
Serv. As a pie, sir," &c.

[h] *her*] Weber chose to print "the".

[i] *record*] See note, vol. v. 231. Here it would seem from the context to mean—hum a tune.

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Will not maintain a little spirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs' meat. Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind. That door,
Keep it as thou wouldst keep thy wife from a serving-man.
No more, I say.—Away, Sam!

Sam. At your will, sir. [*Exeunt* HYLAS *and* SAM.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* Fiddler.

Laun. I have him here; a rare rogue. Good sweet master,
Do something of some savour suddenly,
That we may eat, and live: I am almost starv'd;
No point manger, no point de vin, no, seigneur[j],
Not by the virtue of my languages;
Nothing at my old master's to be hop'd for;
Oh, Seigneur Dieu! nothing to line my life with,
But cold pies with a cudgel[k], till you help us.

Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee.—Come hither, fiddler:
What ballads are you seen in best? be short, sir.

Fid. Under your mastership's correction, I can sing
The Duke of Norfolk[l]; or *The merry ballad*
Of Diverus and Lazarus[m]; *The Rose of England*[n];
In Crete when Dedimus first began;
Jonas his Crying-out against Coventry——

Tho. Excellent!
Rare matters all.

[j] *No point manger, no point de vin, no, seigneur*] Both the 4to and the folio, "No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur"; and so the modern editors. As to the expression "*No point,*" see Malone's notes on *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1, act v. sc. 2,—*Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. iv. 316, 419.

[k] *cold pies with a cudgel*] That these words can only signify—strokes with a cudgel, is surely plain enough: yet Weber here explains "*cold pies*"—swords!

[l] *The Duke of Norfolk*] "Was probably a ballad relating to the misfortunes of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, executed in 1572." WEBER.

[m] *Diverus and Lazarus*] "Probably [certainly] an intentional corruption of *Dives and Lazarus*." WEBER.

[n] *The Rose of England*] "Is undoubtedly either Thomas Deloney's *Fair Rosamond* (printed by Percy, *Rel.* ii. 143, ed. 1794), or *The Unfortunate Concubine, or Rosamond's Overthrow* (Evans's *Ballads*, ii. 68, ed. 1810)." WEBER. The former, I think. It was probably written by Deloney, as it is found in more than one of his publications.

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Fid. *Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter*[n]*;*
The Devil, and *Ye dainty dames*[o]——
Tho. Rare still!
Fid. *The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,*
With the Bloody Battle at Mile-End[p].
Tho. All excellent!
No tuning, as you love me; let thy fiddle
Speak Welch, or any thing that 's out of all tune;
The vilder[q] still the better; like thyself,
For I presume thy voice will make no trees dance.
Fid. Nay, truly, you shall have it even as homely—

[n] *Maudlin the Merchant's Daughter*] The earliest impression of this long ballad which I have seen is one (printed perhaps about 1600) in the Roxburgh collection, vol. i. 232, entitled *The Merchants Daughter of Bristow. To the Tune of The Maidens Joy.* Another impression, much later and somewhat altered, occurs in the same vol. p. 278, called "*Maudlin The Merchant's Daughter of Bristol*," &c. A copy of it, abounding in errors and a good deal modernised, may be found in vol. iii. 201 (sec. ed. of that vol., 1738) of *A Collection of old Ballads*, &c. in three volumes, supposed to have been edited by Ambrose Phillips.

[o] *The Devil, and Ye dainty dames*] Though the devil figures in several old ditties, I recollect no ballad to which he gives the title. "*Ye dainty dames*" are the initial words of *A Warning for Maidens. To the Tune of The Ladies Fall,*—

"*You daintie Dames* so finelie fram'd
In beauties chiefest mold,
And you that trip it up and down
Like lambs in Cupids fold," &c.

I quote from an early edition in the Roxburgh collection, vol. i. 501. A copy of this ballad, somewhat different, is printed in vol. i. 261, ed. 1723, of the *Collection of Old Ballads*, &c. in three volumes, above mentioned; where it is entitled *A Godly Warning to all Maidens, by the Example of God's Judgements shew'd on Jerman's Wife of Clifton in the County of Nottingham, who lying in Child-Bed, was borne away, and never heard of afterwards.* There is a play on the same subject by William Sampson, called *The Vow-Breaker, or The Faire Maide of Clifton*, &c. 1636.

[p] *The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,*
With the Bloody Battle at Mile-End] Some absurd ditty, so entitled, was perhaps extant in our author's time. Weber compares the following passage of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. 2; "I can assure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: there has been a pitchfield, my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Englishmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Englishmen followed" (vol. ii. 156, where see note); and he observes that "another allusion to this action at Mile-End occurs in the Epilogue to *A Wife for a Month.*"

[q] *vilder*] i. e. viler: see note, vol. i. 331.—Altered to "viler" by the Editors of 1778; and so Weber.

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Tho. Keep you to that key.——Are they all a-bed, trow?
Laun. I hear no stirring any where, no light
In any window; 'tis a night for the nonce[r], sir.
Tho. Come, strike up, then, and say *The Merchant's Daughter;*
We 'll bear the burden: proceed to incision, fiddler. [*Song.*

Servant *appears at the window.*

Serv. Who 's there? what noise is this? what rogue at these hours?

Thomas [*sings*].

Oh, what is that to you, my fool?
Oh, what is that to you?
Pluck in your face, you bawling ass,
Or I will break your brow.
Hey, down, down, a-down.

A new ballad, a new, a new!

Fiddler [*sings*].

The twelfth of April, on May-day,
My house and goods were burnt away, &c.

Maid *appears at the window.*

Maid. Why, who is this?

Launcelot [*sings*].

Oh, damsel dear,
Open the door, and it shall appear;
Open the door!

Maid [*sings*].

Oh, gentle squire,[s]
I 'll see thee hang[t] first; farewell, my dear!—

MARY *appears at the window.*

'Tis Master Thomas; there he stands.
Mary. 'Tis strange
That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,
Or sing him out in 's own way; any thing
To be deliver'd of him.
Maid. Then have at him! [*Sings.*

[r] *for the nonce*] i. e. for the occasion.

[s] *Oh, gentle squire*] Was first assigned to the *Maid* by the Editors of 1778.—Both in the 4to and in the folio these words are sung by Launcelot; and so in Seward's ed. Mason says that here the old copies are "clearly right": I think nothing can be clearer than that they are wrong.

[t] *hang*] So the 4to.—The folio "hang'd"; and so Seward.

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My man Thomas
Did me promise,
He would visit me this night.

Thomas.

I am here, love;
Tell me, dear love,
How I may obtain thy sight.

Maid.

Come up to my window, love[u],
Come, come, come;
Come to my window, my dear:
The wind nor the rain
Shall trouble thee again,
But thou shalt be lodged here.

Tho. And art thou strong enough?

Laun. Up, up! I warrant you.

Mary. What dost thou mean to do?

Maid. Good mistress, peace;
I 'll warrant you we 'll cool him.—Madge!

Madge. [*within*] I am ready.

Thomas [*sings*].

The love of Greece, and it tickled him so,
That he devisèd a way to go.

Now sing *The Duke of Northumberland*[v].

Fiddler [*sings*].

And climbing to promotion,
He fell down suddenly.

[*As* THOMAS *is attempting to scale the window*[w], MADGE *appears at it, with a devil's vizard, roaring: she offers to kiss him, and he falls down.*

Maid. Farewell, sir!

Mary. What hast thou done? thou hast broke his neck.

[u] *Come up to my window, love*, &c.] "These lines are also quoted [with variations] from some old ballad or song in *The Woman's Prize* [act i. sc. 3] and in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* [act iii. sc. 5]." WEBER. See p. 115 of the present vol., and vol. ii. 194.

[v] *The Duke of Northumberland*] "Probably this was some ballad on the Earl (not Duke) of Northumberland, beheaded in 1572." WEBER.

[w] *As Thomas is attempting to scale the window*, &c.] Here the stage-direction both in the 4to and the folio is merely, "*Madge with a divels vizard roring, offers to kisse him, and he fals down*"; to which Seward and the Editors of 1778 made no additions. Weber, however, altered it thus,—"Enter, below, *Madge, with a devil's vizard*," &c. shewing that he altogether misunderstood the business of the scene.

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Maid. Not hurt him;
He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.
Tho. Oh, woman!
Oh, miserable woman! I am spoil'd!
My leg, my leg, my leg! oh, both my legs!
Mary. I told thee what thou hadst done; mischief go with thee! [*All above withdraw.*
Tho. Oh, I am lam'd for ever! oh, my leg,
Broken in twenty places!—Oh, take heed,
Take heed of women, fiddler!—Oh, a surgeon,
A surgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!
No charitable people? all despiteful?
Oh, what a misery am I in! oh, my leg!
Laun. Be patient, sir, be patient: let me bind it.
Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue!

Re-enter SAM, *and* HYLAS *with his head broken.*

Hylas. My head, my head!
Oh, my head 's kill'd!
Sam. You must be courting wenches
Through key-holes, Captain Hylas! Come, and be comforted;
The skin is scarce broke.
Tho. Oh, my leg!
Sam. How do you, sir?
Tho. Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall! He 's spoil'd too;
I see his brains.
Hylas. Away with me, for God's sake!
A surgeon!
Sam. Here 's a night, indeed.
Hylas. A surgeon!
[*Exeunt all except* THOMAS *and* Fiddler.

Enter, below, MARY *and* Servant [*].

Mary. Go, run for help.
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Run all, and all too little.—
Oh, cursèd beast that hurt him!—Run, run, fly!
He will be dead else. [*Exit* Servant.
Tho. Oh!

[*] *Servant*] See first entrance, p. 366.

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Mary. Good friend, go you too.
Fid. Who pays me for my music?
Mary. Pox o' your music!
There 's twelvepence for you. [*Gives money.*
Fid. There 's two groats again, forsooth;
I never take above: and rest you merry!
Mary. A grease-pot gild your fiddle-strings! [*Exit* Fiddler.
How do you?
How is my dear?
Tho. [*rising*] Why, well, I thank you, sweetheart.
Shall we walk in? for now there 's none to trouble us.
Mary. Are you so crafty, sir? I shall meet with you.—
[*Aside, and drops her scarf.*
I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,
Mine own Tom, now to satisfy thee. Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my best friend, to me, all my dearest!
Tho. Now you are my noble mistress. We lose time, sweet.
Mary. I think they are all gone.
Tho. All; you did wisely.
Mary. And you as craftily.
Tho. We are well met, mistress.
Mary. Come, let 's go in, then, lovingly.—Oh, my scarf, Tom!
I lost it thereabout; find it, and wear it
As your poor mistress' favour. [*Exit into the house.*
Tho. I am made now;
I see no venture is in no hand[x].—I have it.— [*Finds the scarf.*
How now! the door lock'd, and she in before!
Am I so trimm'd?

MARY *re-appears at the window.*

Mary. One parting word, sweet Thomas:
Though, to save your credit, I discharg'd your fiddler,
I must not satisfy your folly too, sir.
You 're subtle; but, believe it, fox, I 'll find you.
The surgeons will be here straight; roar again, boy,

[x] *I see no venture is in no hand*] Seward, "though not without apprehensions of being thought to have taken unwarrantable liberties", printed "*I see no venture*, nothing have". The Editors of 1778 put a break after "*hand*", supposing the sentence to be "incomplete, and so intended by the writer". No alteration is required: the old reading, as Mason observes, is equivalent to the more modern form of the proverb, *Nothing venture, nothing have.*

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And break thy legs for shame; thou wilt be sport else.
Good night. [*Withdraws from the window.*

Tho. She says most true; I must not stay: she has bobb'd[y] me;
Which, if I live, I 'll recompense, and shortly.
Now for a ballad to bring me off again: [*Sings.*

All young men, be warn'd by me,
How you do go a-wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,
Thereby comes your undoing, &c. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in the house of* VALENTINE.

Enter VALENTINE, ALICE, *and* Servant.

Val. He cannot go, and take no farewell of me:
Can he be so unkind? he 's but retir'd
Into the garden or the orchard. See, sirs.

Alice. He would not ride there, certain; those were planted
Only for walks, I take it.

Val. Ride! nay, then——
Had he a horse out?

Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.

Val. He 's gone, [*Exit Servant.*
My best friend's gone, Alice! I have lost the noblest,
The truest, and the most man, I e'er found yet.

Alice. Indeed, sir, he deserves all praise.

Val. All, sister;
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honesty,
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever,
That perfect goodness!

Alice. Sure, he will return, sir;
He cannot be so harsh.

Val. Oh, never, never,
Never return! thou know'st not where the cause lies.

[y] *bobb'd*] i. e. fooled, tricked.

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Alice. He was the worthiest welcome——
Val. He deserv'd it.
Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge——
Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that shall startle thee.
He never must return.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Good morrow, signior.
Val. Good morrow, Master Michael.
Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you are stirring early; since your travel,
You have learn'd the rule of health, sir. Where 's your mistress?
She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.
Val. I think she does.
Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.
Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?
Alice. Not to-night, sir,
Nor any night this week else.
Mich. When last saw you her?
Alice. Late yesternight.
Mich. Was she a-bed then?
Alice. No, sir;
I left her at her prayers. Why do you ask me?
Mich. I have been strangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The same dream still: methought I met young Cellidè
Just at St. Katherine's gate, the nunnery——
Val. Ha!
Mich. Her face slubber'd o'er with tears and troubles;
Methought she cried unto the lady abbess,
"For charity receive me, holy woman,
A maid that has forgot the world's affections,
Into thy virgin order": methought she took her,
Put on a stole and sacred robe upon her;
And there I left her.
Val. Dream!
Mich. Good mistress Alice,

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Do me the favour (yet to satisfy me)
To step but up, and see.
Alice. I know she 's there, sir,
And all this but a dream.
Mich. You know not my dreams;
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:
But this, I hope yet——
Alice. I will satisfy you. [*Exit.*
Mich. Neighbour[a], how does the gentleman?
Val. I know not.—
Dream of a nunnery!
Mich. How found you my words
About the nature of his sickness, Valentine?
Val. Did she not cry out 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did she not curse me?
For God-sake speak! did you not dream of me too?
How basely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joys——
Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!— [*Aside.*
You promis'd me, sir, to bear all these crosses.
Val. I bear 'em till I break again.
Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh——
Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;
You do but fling flax on my fire.

Re-enter ALICE.

Where is she?
Alice. Not yonder, sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed.
Mich. It must be truth she tells you;
And now I 'll shew you why I came. This morning
A man of mine, being employ'd about business,
Came early home, who, at St. Katharine's nunnery,
About day-peep, told me he met your mistress;
And, as I spoke it in a dream, so troubled,
And so receiv'd by the abbess, did he see her:

[a] *Neighbour*] Both the 4to and the folio, here and in Valentine's next speech but two, "Neighbours."

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The wonder made me rise, and haste unto you
To know the cause.

Val. Farewell: I cannot speak it. [*Exit* VALENTINE.

Alice. For Heaven-sake, leave him not!

Mich. I will not, lady.

Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted!

Mich. We shall know shortly more. Apply your own care
At home, good Alice, and trust him to my counsel:
Nay, do not weep; all shall be well, despair not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of* SEBASTIAN.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and a* Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's house so merry?

Serv. As a pie, sir.

Seb. So gamesome, dost thou say?

Serv. I am sure I heard it.

Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too?

Serv. No, but one fiddle;
But twenty noises.

Seb. Did he do devices?

Serv. The best devices, sir. Here's my fellow Launcelot,

Enter LAUNCELOT.

He can inform you all; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too; I stood but in a corner.

Seb. Come, sir; what can you say? is there any hope yet
Your master may return?

Laun. He went far else:
I will assure your worship, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller and a gentleman,
Your son is found again, the son, the Tom.

Seb. Is he the old Tom?

Laun. The old Tom.

Seb. Go forward.

Laun. Next, to consider how he is the old Tom.

Seb. Handle me that.

Laun. I would you had seen it handled

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Last night, sir, as we handled it! cap-a-pè!
Foutra for leers and leerings[a]! oh, the noise,
The noise we made!——

Seb. Good, good!

Laun. The windows clattering,
And all the chambermaids in such a whobub[b],
One with her smock half-off, another in haste
With a serving-man's hose[c] upon her head——

Seb. Good still!

Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth stopt with dirt——

Seb. I' faith, a fine boy!

Laun. Here one of our heads broke——

Seb. Excellent good still!

Laun. The gentleman himself, young Master Thomas,
Environ'd with his furious myrmidons
(The fiery fiddler and myself), now singing,
Now beating at the door, there parleying,
Courting at that window, at the other scaling,
And all these several noises to two trenchers,
Strung with a bottom[d] of brown thread, which shew'd admirable.

Seb. There; eat, and grow again: I am pleas'd.
[*Gives him money.*

Laun. Nor here, sir,
Gave we the frolic over, though at length
We quit the lady's sconce[e] on composition;
But to the silent streets we turn'd our furies:
A sleeping watchman here we stole the shoes from,
There made a noise, at which he wakes, and follows;

[a] *leers and leerings*] Here Reed cites, from Jonson's *New Inn*, act iv. sc. 3, a passage which contains the expression "*leer* drunkards", but which certainly affords no illustration to our text. "I take '*leers and leerings*' to mean ogling at a distance, an effect of bashfulness. The servant would insinuate that his master addressed his mistress in a more manly manner." HEATH (*MS. Notes*): and so Nares explains the words in the present passage—"sly looks, oglings of quiet courtship." *Gloss.* in v.

[b] *whobub*] See note, p. 60.

[c] *hose*] i. e. breeches.

[d] *a bottom*] i. e. an end (properly, a ball).

[e] *sconce*] i. e. fortification.

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The streets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold [f],
Hard cheese, and that, chokes him o' Monday next:
Windows and signs we sent to Erebus:
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd last,
When having let the pigs loose in out-parishes,
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate!
Down comes a constable, and the sow his sister
Most traitorously tramples upon authority:
There a whole stand of rug gowns routed mainly [g],
And the king's peace put to flight; a purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn [h];
Out goes the light, and all turns to confusion:
A potter rises to inquire this passion;
A boar imbost [i] takes sanctuary in his shop,
When twenty dogs rush after, we still cheering;
Down go the pots and pipkins, down the pudding-pans,
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the candlesticks!

Seb. [*sings.*]

If this be true [j], thou little tiny page,
This tale that thou tell'st me,
Then on thy back will I presently hang
A handsome new livery;

[f] *Queenhithe cold*] "The inhabitants near Queenhithe, which is situated at the bottom of Queen-street, Cheapside, and where a square piece of ground is still left muddy and damp at the ebbing of the tide, were not unlikely to be peculiarly subject to agues and severe catarrhs." WEBER.

[g] *mainly*] Mason's correction; and so Gifford with a pencil in a copy of ed. 1778.—Both the 4to and the folio "manly"; and so the modern editors.

[h] *admiral's lanthorn*] Seward's correction.—Both the 4to and the folio "Admirable *Lanthorne*".—There can be no doubt that Seward was right in making this alteration. The allusion is to the lantern carried by the admiral (i. e. capital ship): so Falstaff says to Bardolph, "Thou art our *admiral*, thou bearest *the lantern in the poop*", &c. Shakespeare's *Henry IV. Part First*, act iii. sc. 3.

[i] *imbost*] A hunting term. "When he [the hart] is foamy at the mouth, we say that he is *embost*." Turbervile's *Noble Art of Venerie*, p. 244. ed. 1611, —and see Richardson's *Dict.* in v.

[j] *If this be true*, &c.] "In Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 67, is an old ballad, entitled *Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*, from which we shall extract two stanzas, which Sebastian seems to have intended to imitate:

'If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
Then all my lands in Bucklesford-Bury
I freelye will give to thee.

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But if this be false, thou little tiny page,
As false it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I 'll beat thee from head to toe [k].

Enter Second Servant.

Will the boy come?

Sec. Serv. He will, sir.

Seb. Times tries all, then.

Laun. Here he comes now himself, sir.

Enter THOMAS.

Seb. To be short, Thomas,
Because I feel a scruple in my conscience
Concerning thy demeanour, and a main one,
And therefore, like a father, would be satisfied,
Get up to that window there, and presently,
Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoly [l].

Tho. Good Lord, sir, how are you misled! what fancies—
Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me speak 't,

'But if [*read* And if] it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page,
This tale thou hast told to mee,
On the highest tree in Bucklesford-Bury
All hanged shalt thou bee.'" REED.

In the later eds. of Percy's *Rel.*, we find "*tiney*" altered to "little" in both the stanzas just cited.

[k] *I'll beat thee from head to toe*] Qy. "*From head to toe I'll beat thee*"?

[l] *come from Tripoly*] "In Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, act v. scene i., La-Foole says, 'I protest, Sir John, you come as high from *Tripoly* as I do, every whit,' &c. Upon which passage Mr. Whalley observes, that, *To come as high from Tripoly*, was a phrase then in use, to signify doing feats of activity and strength, and that *Tripoly* was famous for the justs and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry; and from those feats the phrase was perhaps derived." REED. "I think not: 'justs and tournaments', wherever held, were grave and serious amusements, and could scarcely give name to such apish tricks as leaping over sticks, &c. It seems far more probable that the phrase grew out of one of those *jests nominal*, (as Owen Feltham calls them,) of which our ancestors were so fond; and that the sole claim which Tripoly has to the honour conferred upon it, lies in the first part of its name." Gifford's note on B. Jonson's *Works*, iii. 472. Nares in his *Gloss.* gives, "*Tripoly, to come from.* To vault and tumble with activity. It was, I believe, first applied to the tricks of an ape or monkey, which might be supposed to come from that part of the world."

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And with a little wonder, I beseech you—
Choke up your noble judgment!
Seb. You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying rascal!
Laun. Will you spoil all again, sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?
Tho. Away, knave!—
You keep a company of saucy fellows,
Debosh'd[k], and daily drunkards, to devour you,
Things whose dull souls tend to the cellar only:
You are ill advis'd, sir, to commit your credit—
Seb. Sirrah, sirrah!
Laun. Let me never eat again, sir,
Nor feel the blessing of another blue coat[l],
If this young gentleman, sweet Master Thomas,
Be not as mad as heart can wish, your heart, sir;
If yesternight's discourse—Speak, fellow Robin;
And, if thou speak'st less than truth——
Tho. 'Tis strange these varlets——
Serv. By these ten bones[m], sir, if these eyes and ears
Can hear and see——
Tho. Extreme strange—should thus boldly,
And in your sight, unto your son—[n]

[k] *Debosh'd*] i. e. debauched.

[l] *blue coat*] "Blue was the usual colour in which servants were dressed at the time." WEBER.

[m] *ten bones*] "i. e. the fingers." WEBER.

[n] *should thus boldly,*
And in your sight, unto your son—] Both the 4to and the folio thus;
" should thus boldly
Bud *in your sight, unto your sonne."*
And so the modern editors. Seward and the Editors of 1778 have no note on the passage. Weber says, that "the sense of 'Bud' is sufficiently obvious, meaning to upbraid or calumniate" !!! Mason observes; "'*Bud* unto your son' is an expression I cannot understand. *Bouder* in French is to pout or look gruffly: perhaps our authors formed an English verb from it, and we ought to read 'Boude' instead of '*Bud*'. We find the same expression, according to my idea of the passage, in *The Humorous Lieutenant* [see note, vol. vi. 455]." Nares (*Gloss.* in v.) remarks that here "'*Bud*' seems to be put for to lie, if the passage be not corrupt, which I should think it is." That "Bud" is an error of the transcriber or original compositor, is evident; and that the poet wrote "*And*" (the speech being interrupted by Launcelot), I have little doubt.

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Laun. Oh, *Deu guin* [o] *!*
Can you deny you beat a constable
Last night ?
Tho. I touch authority, you rascal !
I violate the law !
Laun. Good Master Thomas—
Serv. Did you not take two wenches from the watch too,
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane ?
Laun. We mean not
Those civil things you did at Master Valentine's,
The fiddle and the fa-las.
Tho. Oh, strange impudence !—
I do beseech you, sir, give no such licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuse your son thus :
Be wise in time, and turn 'em off. We live, sir,
In a state govern'd civilly and soberly,
Where each man's actions should confirm the law,
Not crack and cancel it.
Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures ! cast your coat,
And make your exit.
Laun. *Pour l'amour de Dieu !*
Seb. Pur me no *purs ;* but *pur* at that door : out, sirrah !
I 'll beat you purblind else ; out, you eight languages !
Laun. [*To Thomas*] My blood upon your head ! [*Exit.*
Tho. Purge me 'em all, sir.
Seb. And you, too, presently.
Tho. Even as you please, sir.
Seb. Bid my maid-servant[s] come, and bring my daughter :
I will have one shall please me. [*Exeunt* Servants.
Tho. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Seb. Bring me the money there !—Here, Master Thomas ;

Enter two Servants, *with two bags.*

I pray, sit down ; you are no more my son now ;
Good gentleman, be cover'd [p]. [*Exeunt Servants.*

[o] *Deu guin*] "*Duw guin* is the Welch ejaculation here designed, meaning literally *white God.*" *Ed.* 1778. Seward silently printed "*Dieu guarde*" !

[p] *be cover'd*] i. e. put on your hat.

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Tho. At your pleasure.

Seb. This money I do give you, because of whilom [p]
You have been thought my son, and by myself too,
And some things done like me: you are now another:
There is two hundred pound, a civil sum
For a young civil [q] man: much land and lordship
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread [r] you from your settled and sweet carriage.

Tho. You say right, sir.

Seb. Nay, I beseech you cover.

Tho. At your dispose. And I beseech you too, sir,
For the word civil, and more settled course,
It may be put to use [s], that on the interest,
Like a poor gentleman——

Seb. It shall, to my use,
To mine again; do you see, sir? good fine gentleman,
I give no brooding-money for a scrivener;
Mine is for present traffic, and so I 'll use it.

Tho. So much for that, then.

Enter DOROTHEA *and four* Maids.

Seb. For the main cause, Monsieur,
I sent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of story-work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me,
Not my estate alone, but my conditions [t],
From which you are revolted, therefore dead;
And I will break my back, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you choose there, sir?

Seb. There, among those damsels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,
Which cannot fail to please me: for their beauties,
A matter of a three-farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer and beef-broth: they are sound too.——

[p] *whilom*] i. e. formerly.

[q] *civil*] See note, p. 321.

[r] *dread*] i. e. fright, scare—if the text be right. Seward conjectures "draw", "drive", or "drag".

[s] *use*] i. e. usury.

[t] *conditions*] See note, p. 119.

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Stand all a-breast.——Now, gentle Master Thomas,
Before I choose, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily sometimes with some of these too
(Which fault I never frown'd upon), pray, shew me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard; speak your mind freely.
Have you had copulation with that damsel?

Tho. I have.

Seb. Stand you aside, then.—How with her, sir?

Tho. How, is not seemly here to say.

Dor. Here's fine sport! [*Aside.*

Seb. Retire you too.—Speak forward, Master Thomas.

Tho. I will, and to the purpose; even with all, sir.

Seb. With all! that's somewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.
Was ever sin so glorious[u]? [*Aside.*

Seb. With all, Thomas!

Tho. All surely, sir.

Seb. A sign thou art mine own yet.—
In again all, and to your several functions! [*Exeunt* Maids.
What say you to young Luce, my neighbour's daughter?
She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve year old.

Tho. Her will was fifteen, sir.

Seb. A pretty answer! To cut off long discourse,
For I have many yet to ask you of,
Where I can choose and nobly, hold up your finger
When you are right. What say you to Valeria,
Whose husband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?

Tho. Her husband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty moral! Have at you once more, Thomas!
The sisters of St. Albans?—All five! dat, boy,
Dat's mine own boy!

Dor. Now, out upon thee, monster! [*Aside.*

Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.

Seb. There needs none, man;

[u] *glorious*] "i. e. proud, boastful." WEBER.

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A straw on pardon! prithee, need no pardon.
I 'll ask no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For, o' my conscience, I shall be thy cuckold.—
There's some good yet left in him [*Aside*].—Bear yourself well;
You may recover me: there 's twenty pound, sir.—
I see some sparkles which may flame again.— [*Aside.*
You may eat with me when you please: you know me. [*Exit.*

Dor. Why do you lie so damnably, so foolishly?

Tho. Dost thou long to have thy head broke? hold thy peace,
And do as I would have thee, or, by this hand,
I 'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy small hound[v],
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.

Dor. Was ever such a wild ass?

Tho. Prithee, be quiet.

Dor. And dost thou think men will not beat thee monstrously
For abusing their wives and children?

Tho. And dost thou think
Men's wives and children can be abus'd too much?

Dor. I wonder at thee.

Tho. Nay, thou shalt adjure me
Before I have done.

Dor. How stand you with your mistress?

Tho. I shall stand nearer
Ere I be twelve hours older. There 's my business:
She is monstrous subtle, Doll.

Dor. The devil, I think,
Cannot out-subtle thee.

Tho. If he play fair play.
Come, you must help me presently.

Dor. I discard you.

Tho. Thou shalt not sleep nor eat.

Dor. I 'll no hand with you,
No bawd to your abuses.

Tho. By this light, Doll,
Nothing but in the way of honesty.

[v] *hound*] Seward's correction, and an obvious one.—Both the 4to and the folio "hand".

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Dor. Thou never knew'st that road: I hear your vigils.
Tho. Sweet honey Doll—if I do not marry her,
Honestly marry her; if I mean not honourably—
Come, thou shalt help me—take heed how you vex me!
I 'll help thee to a husband too, a fine gentleman,
(I know thou art mad,) a tall young man, a brown man;
I swear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——
Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I 'll answer you.
Tho. Nay, I 'll go with thee, Doll. Four hundred a-year, wench! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A street.*

Enter MICHAEL *and* VALENTINE.

Mich. Good sir, go back again, and take my counsel:
Sores are not cur'd by sorrows, nor time broke from us
Pull'd back again by sighs.
Val. What should I do, friend?
Mich. Do that that may redeem you, go back quickly:
Sebastian's daughter can prevail much with her;
The abbess is her aunt too.
Val. But my friend, then,
Whose love and loss is equal tied?
Mich. Content you;
That shall be my task: if he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I 'll bring him back again.
Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my mistress
Be vow'd for ever a recluse?
Mich. So suddenly
She cannot; haste you therefore instantly away, sir,
To put that danger[x] by. First, as to a father,
Then as a friend, she was committed to you,
And all the care she now has: by which privilege
She cannot do herself[y] this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows you.

[x] *danger*] Both the 4to and the folio "daughter".
[y] *herself*] Both the 4to and the folio "her".

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Val. Oh, but I forc'd her to it!
Mich. Leave disputing
Against yourself: if you will needs be miserable,
Spite of her goodness, and your friend's persuasions,
Think on, and thrive thereafter.
Val. I will home, then,
And follow your advice; and, good, good Michael—
Mich. No more; I know your soul 's divided, Valentine:
Cure but that part at home with speedy marriage,
Ere my return; for then those thoughts that vex'd her,
While there ran any stream for loose affections,
Will be stopt up, and chaste-ey'd honour guide her.
Away! and hope the best still. I 'll work for you,
And pray, too, heartily: away! no more words.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Another street.*

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head:
But that it should be his plot, and a wench too,
A lousy lazy wench prepar'd to do it!
Sam. Thou hadst as good be quiet; for, o' my conscience,
He 'll put another on thee else.
Hylas. I am resolv'd
To call him to account. Was it not manifest
He meant a mischief to me, and laugh'd at me,
When he lay roaring out his leg was broken,
And no such matter? Had he broke his neck,
Indeed 't would ne'er ha' griev'd me. Gallows gall him!
Why should he choose out me?
Sam. Thou art ever ready
To thrust thyself into these she-occasions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.
Hylas. Well, if I live, I 'll have a new trick for him.
Sam. That will not be amiss; but to fight with him
Is to no purpose: besides, he's truly valiant,
And a most deadly hand; thou never fought'st yet,
Nor, o' my conscience, hast no faith in fighting.
Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.

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Sam. Besides the quarrel,
Which has a woman in 't, to make it scurvy,
Who would lie stinking in a surgeon's hands
A month or two this weather? for, believe it,
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.
Hylas. No; upon better thought, I will not fight, Sam,
But watch my time.
Sam. To pay him with a project;
Watch him too, I would wish you. Prithee, tell me,
Dost thou affect these women still?
Hylas. Yes, faith, Sam,
I love 'em even as well as e'er I did;
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I must to 'em.
Sam. Dost thou love any woman?
Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any age too?
Hylas. Of any age, from fourscore to fourteen, boy;
Of any fashion.
Sam. And defect too?
Hylas. Right;
For those I love, to lead me to repentance:
A woman with no nose, after my surquedry[z],
Shews like King Philip's moral, *Memento mori;*
And she that has a wooden leg demonstrates,
"Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows";
An old one, with one tooth, seems to say to us,
"Sweet meats have sour sauce"; she that 's full of aches,
"Crumb not your bread before you taste your porridge":
And many morals we may find.
Sam. 'Tis well, sir,
You make so worthy uses. But, *quid igitur?*
What shall we now determine?
Hylas. Let 's consider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.
Sam. Let 's find him first; he 'll quickly give occasion:
But take heed to yourself, and say I warn'd you;
He has a plaguy pate.
Hylas. That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*

[z] *surquedry*] i. e. pride, presumption, overweening conceit.

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SCENE V.—*A harbour.*

Enter, on one side, Sailors *singing; on the other,* MICHAEL.

Sailors. Aboard, aboard! the wind stands fair.

Mich. These call for passengers; I 'll stay and see
What men they take aboard. [*Aside.*

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat!

First Sail. Away, then!

Fran. Whither are ye bound, friends?

First Sail. Down to the Straits.

Mich. Ha! 'tis not much unlike him. [*Aside.*

Fran. May I have passage for my money?

First Sail. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now. [*Aside.*

Fran. Then, merrily aboard!—and, noble friend,
Heaven's goodness keep thee ever! and all virtue
Dwell in thy bosom, Cellidè! my last tears
I leave behind me thus, a sacrifice,
For I dare stay no longer to betray ye. [*Aside.*

Mich. Be not so quick, sir.—Sailors, I here charge ye,
By virtue of this warrant, as you will answer it
(For both your ship and merchant I know perfectly),
Lay hold upon this fellow.

Fran. Fellow!

Mich. Ay, sir.

First Sail. No hand to sword, sir; we shall master you.—
Fetch out the manacles!

Fran. I do obey ye.—
But, I beseech you, sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.

Mich. You have robb'd a gentleman,
One that you are bound to for your life and being;
Money and horse unjustly you took from him,
And something of more note: but, for you 're a gentleman——

Fran. It shall be so; and here I 'll end all miseries,
Since friendship is so cruel [*Aside*].—I confess it,
And, which is more, a hundred of these robberies;
This ring I stole too from him, and this jewel,

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The first and last of all my wealth.—Forgive me,
My innocence and truth, for saying I stole 'em!
And may they prove of value but to recompense
The thousandth part of his love, and bread I have eaten!—
[*Aside.*
Pray, see 'em render'd, noble sir; and so [*Gives ring and jewel.*
I yield me to your power.

Mich. Guard him to the water,
I charge you, sailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a justice.

First Sail. Come, sir;
Look to your neck; you are like to sail i' th' air now.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A room in the house of Sebastian.*

THOMAS *discovered in woman's clothes;* DOROTHEA *and* Maid.

Tho. Come, quickly, quickly [a]! paint me handsomely:
Take heed my nose be not in grain [b] too:
Come, Doll, Doll, dizen me.

Dor. If you should play now
Your devil's parts again——

Tho. "Yea and nay," Dorothy [c].

Dor. If you do any thing, but that you have sworn to,
Which only is access——

Tho. As I am a gentleman!
Out with this hair, Doll, handsomely.

Dor. You have your breeches?

Tho. I prithee, away; thou know'st I am monstrous ticklish:
What, dost thou think I love to blast my buttocks?

[a] *quickly, quickly*] So the folio.—The 4to "*quickly, quickly,* quickly"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[b] *in grain*] "i. e. dyed in grain." WEBER.

[c] "*Yea and nay,*" *Dorothy*] These words were wrongly pointed and misunderstood by Seward.—"Tom, by a droll imitation of the fanatics of our authors' time, intimates that his designs are as chaste as those of the religionists whose conversation was *Yea, yea,* and *nay, nay.* He makes use of the same expression at his first meeting with Hylas and Sam:

'*Do not ye see me alter'd?* 'Yea and nay,' *gentlemen;*
A much-converted man.'" *Ed.* 1778.

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Dor. I 'll plague you for this roguery; for I know well
What you intend, sir. [*Aside.*

Tho. On with my muffler[d].

Dor. You are a sweet lady! Come, let 's see you curtsey:
What, broke i' the bum? hold up your head.

Tho. Plague on 't,
I shall bepiss my breeches, if I cower thus!
Come, am I ready?

Maid. At all points as like, sir,
As if you were my mistress.

Dor. Who goes with you?

Tho. None but my fortune and myself.

Dor. Bless you!— [*Exit* THOMAS.
Now run thou for thy life, and get before him
(Take the by-way), and tell my cousin Mary
In what shape he intends to come to cozen her;
I 'll follow at thy heels myself: fly, wench!

Maid. I 'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *with* THOMAS.

Dor. My father has met him; this goes excellent;
And I 'll away in time. Look to your skin, Thomas!
[*Aside, and then exit.*

Seb. What, are you grown so corn-fed, goody Gillian,
You will not know your father? what vagaries
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, Dirty-heels,
That at these hours of night you must be gadding,
And through the orchard take your private passage?
What, is the breese[e] in your breech? or has your brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himself? Get you to bed, drab,
Or I 'll so crab your shoulders[f]! you demure slut,
You civil dish of slic'd beef, get you in!

[d] *muffler*] i. e. a sort of wrapper, generally concealing only the lower part of the face, sometimes covering all except the eyes: see the woodcuts in Douce's *Illust. of Shakespeare*, i. 76.

[e] *breese*] Or *brize*,—i. e. gad-fly.

[f] *crab your shoulders*] "i. e. beat them with a crab-stick." MASON.

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Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is 't even so, dame?
Have at you with a night-spell, then!

Tho. Pray, hold, sir.

Seb. *St. George, St. George*[g], *our Lady's knight,*
He walks by day, so does he by night;
And when he had her found,
He her beat and her bound,
Until to him her troth she plight,
She would not stir from him that night.

Tho. Nay, then, have at you with a counter-spell!

From elves, hobs[h], *and fairies,*
That trouble our dairies,
From fire-drakes and fiends,
And such as the devil sends,
Defend us, good[i] *Heaven!*
[*Knocks down* SEBASTIAN, *and exit.*

[g] *St. George, St. George,* &c.] "This was a celebrated spell against the night-mare, and is introduced, with little variation, by Reginald Scot:—'If any hear the groaning of the party, speak unto him; so as he wake him, he is presently relieved. Howbeit, there are magical cures for it; as, for example—

S. George, S. George, our Ladies knight,
He walkt by day, so did he by night,
Until such time as he her found:
He her beat and he her bound,
Until her troth she to him plight,
He [She] would not come to her [him] that night.

Whereas S. George, our Ladies knight, was named three times S. George.'—*Discovery of Witchcraft*, Lond. 1665, fol. p. 48. Shakespeare has the same spell with some variations, [very great variations,] in *King Lear* [act iii. sc. 4];

'St. Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!'

The spell against elves and goblins, which follows in the text, has the appearance of being Fletcher's own composition." WEBER.

[h] *hobs*] "i. e. hobgoblins." WEBER.

[i] *good*] So the folio.—Omitted in the 4to.

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Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Bless me, master[i]! look up, sir, I beseech you!
Up with your eyes to Heaven!
Seb. [*rising*] Up with your nose, sir!
I do not bleed. 'Twas a sound knock she gave me;
A plaguy mankind[j] girl! how my brains totter[k]!
Well, go thy ways! thou hast got one thousand pound more
With this dog-trick. Mine own true spirit in her too.
Laun. In her! alas, sir,
Alas, poor gentlewoman, she a hand so heavy
To knock you like a calf down, or so brave a courage
To beat her father! If you could believe, sir——
Seb. Who wouldst thou make me believe it was? the devil?
Laun. One that spits fire as fast as he sometimes, sir,
And changes shapes as often; your son Thomas.
Never wonder; if it be not he, straight hang me.
Seb. He! if it be so,
I 'll put thee in my will; and there 's an end on 't.
Laun. I saw his legs; h'as boots on, like a player,
Under his wench's clothes; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,
In his own sister's clothes, sir, and I can warrant him[l].
Seb. No more words, then; we 'll watch him. Thou 'lt not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am.
Laun. May you be gladder!
But not this way, sir.
Seb. No more words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

[i] *Bless me, master*] So the folio.—The 4to has "*Blesse* my *master*"; and so Weber.—I suspect that the author wrote "*Bless me*, my *master!*"

[j] *mankind*] i. e. masculine, man-like.

[k] *totter*] Both the 4to and the folio "totters."

[l] *can warrant him*] Both the 4to and the folio "*can* wast *him*" (the original compositor, I suppose, having mistaken "war[t]" of the MS. for "wast")—Seward gave in the text "*can* watch *him*", and conjectured in a note "canvast *him*": the Editors of 1778 adopted the former, Weber the latter alteration.—Mason thought that "the true reading is '*can* vouch *him*'."

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SCENE VII.—*A room in the Lodge* [m] *belonging to Valentine's house.*

Enter MARY, DOROTHEA, *and* Maid.

Mary. When comes he?
Dor. Presently.
Mary. Then get you up, Doll;
Away! I'll straight come to you [*Exit* DOROTHEA]. Is all ready?
Maid. All.
Mary. Let the light stand far enough.
Maid. 'Tis plac'd so.
Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber:
But keep close, wench; he flies at all.
Maid. I warrant you.
Mary. You need no more instruction?
Maid. I am perfect. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before the same Lodge.*

Enter, severally, VALENTINE, *and* THOMAS *disguised as before.*

Tho. More stops yet? sure the fiend 's my ghostly father.
Old Valentine! what wind 's in his poop? [*Aside.*
Val. Lady,
You are met most happily: oh, gentle Doll,
You must now do me an especial favour!
Tho. What is it, Master Valentine? I am sorely troubled
With a salt rheum faln i' my gums.
Val. I 'll tell you,
And let it move you equally. My blest mistress,
Upon a slight occasion taking anger,
Took also (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
From whence by my persuasion to redeem her
Will be impossible; nor have I liberty
To come and visit her. My good, good Dorothy,
You are most powerful with her, and your aunt too,
And have access at all hours liberally;
Speak now or never for me.

[m] *A room in the Lodge*, &c.] See note, p. 363.

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Tho. In a nunnery!
That course must not be suffer'd, Master Valentine;
Her mother never knew it.—Rare sport for me!
Sport upon sport! [*Aside.*]—By the break of day I'll meet you;
And fear not, man; we'll have her out, I warrant you:
I cannot stay now.

Val. You will not break?

Tho. By no means:
Good night.

Val. Good night, kind Mistress Doll. [*Exit.*

Tho. This thrives well;
Every one takes me for my sister; excellent!
This nunnery 's faln so pat, too, to my figure,
Where there be handsome wenches, and they shall know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.
Stay, here 's the house, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid *from the Lodge.*

Maid. Who 's there?
Oh, Mistress Dorothy! you are a stranger.

Tho. Still Mistress Dorothy! this gear will cotton[m]. [*Aside.*

Maid. Will you walk in, forsooth?

Tho. Where is your mistress?

Maid. Not very well; she 's gone to bed: I am glad
You are come so fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. Pray, make not much noise, for she is sure asleep:
You know your side; creep softly in; your company
Will warm her well.

Tho. I warrant thee, I'll warm her.

Maid. Your brother has been here; the strangest fellow!

Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue.

Maid. I'll conduct you
Even to her chamber-door, and there commit you.
[*Exeunt into the house.*

[m] *this gear will cotton*] i. e. this matter, business, will succeed, go on prosperously.

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SCENE IX.—*Before the house of Michael.*

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, *and* Officers.

Mich. Come, sir, for this night I shall entertain you,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath cast you on the worst part.

Fran. How you please, sir:
I am resolv'd; nor can a joy or misery
Much move me now.

Mich. I am angry with myself now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience;
Yet any other course had been too slender.
Yet what to think I know not; for most liberally
He hath confess'd strange wrongs, which, if they prove so,
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas most fit he should come back, and this way.—
[*Aside.*
Drink that; and now to my care leave your prisoner;
[*Gives money to* Officers.
I'll be his guard for this night.

First Offi. Good night to your worship.

Mich. Good night, my honest friends. [*Exeunt* Officers.
Come, sir, I hope
There shall be no such [n] cause of such a sadness
As you put on.

Fran. Faith, sir, my rest is up,
And what I now pull [o] shall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at span-counter; nor is my face
The map of any thing I seem to suffer;
Lighter affections seldom dwell in me, sir.

Mich. A constant gentleman.—Would I had taken
A fever, when I took this harsh way to disturb him!—
[*Aside.*
Come, walk with me, sir: ere to-morrow night
I doubt not but to see all this blown over. [*Exeunt into the house.*

[n] *such*] Mason proposes to read "just."

[o] *my rest is up,*
And what I now pull, &c.] See note, p. 112.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Lodge belonging to* VALENTINE'S *house.*

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. I have dogg'd his sister, (sure, 'twas she,)
And I hope she will come back again this night too:
Sam I have lost of purpose: now, if I can,
With all the art I have, as she comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta!*
They stir about the house; I'll stand at distance. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A bed-chamber in the same.* KATE, *a blackamoor, discovered in bed.*

Enter MARY *and* DOROTHEA.

Dor. Is he come in?
Mary. Speak softly;
He is, and there he goes. [*They retire.*

Enter THOMAS *disguised as before, and* Maid *who remains at the door.*

Tho. Good night,[p] good night, wench.
Maid. As softly as you can.

[p] Tho. *Good night,* &c.] Both the 4to and the folio thus;
" *Tho.* Good night, good night, wench.
[*A bed discovered with a black More in it.*
Maid. As softly as you can. *Exit.*"
There being no moveable painted scenery when this play was originally produced, the audience were to suppose that the stage represented the outside of Mary's bed-chamber till the exit of the Maid (see before, p. 391—
" *Maid.* I'll conduct you
Even to her chamber-door, and there commit you.");
after which, a bed being "discovered" (i. e. either by drawing back a curtain which concealed it, or by thrusting it on, see note, vol. i. 406), they were to imagine that they beheld the interior of the bed-chamber.

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Tho. I 'll play the mouse, Nan.— [*Exit* Maid.
How close the little thief lies!
Mary. How he itches!
Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, Mall?
Mary. Peace, for shame!
Tho. In what a figure
The little fool has pull'd itself together!
Anon you will lie straighter. Ha! there 's rare circumstance
Belongs to such a treatise. Do you tumble?
I 'll tumble with you straight, wench. She sleeps soundly.
Full little think'st thou of the[o] joy that 's coming,
The sweet, sweet joy! full little of the kisses;
But those unthought-of things come ever happiest.
How soft the rogue feels! Oh, you little villain,
You delicate coy thief, how I shall thrum you!
Your "Fie! away, good servant! as you are a gentleman!"——
Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.
Tho. "Out upon you, Thomas!
What do you mean to do? I 'll call the house up!
Oh, God, I am sure you will not!" shall not serve you,
For up you go now, an you were my father.
Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.
Tho. If I do hang for 't[p],
Yet I 'll be quarter'd here first.
Dor. Oh, fierce villain!
Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll?
Dor. You had best try him.
Tho. I 'll kiss thee, ere I come to bed, sweet Mary—
Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.
Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas[q]!

[o] *the*] Both 4to and the folio "thy"; and so the modern editors.

[p] *If I do hang for 't*] The 4to has "*If* it *do hang* for '" (the *t*, which should have followed "*for* '", having been jumbled out of its place, and joined to the second word of the sentence—the pronoun "*I*").—The folio has "*If* it *do* I 'll *hang for 't.*"

[q] *Oh, for gentle Nicholas*] Qy. is this an allusion to Chaucer's *Milleres Tale*? see what befalls Nicholas in the concluding portion of it.

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Tho. And view that stormy face that has so thunder'd me.—
A coldness crept over 't now?—By your leave, candle,
And next, door, by yours too: so.—Ah[r], pretty, pretty,
Shall I now look upon you?—By this light, it moves me!
Mary. Much good may it do you, sir!
Tho. Holy saints defend me!
The devil, devil, devil[s]! oh, the devil!
Mary. Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha! the devil! oh, the devil!
Tho. I am abus'd most damnedly, most beastly!
Yet, if it be a she-devil—but the house is up,
And here's no staying longer in this cassock.—
Woman, I here disclaim thee! and, in vengeance,
I 'll marry with that devil, but I 'll vex thee!
Mary. By 'r lady, but you shall not, sir; I 'll watch you.
Tho. Plague o' your Spanish leather hide! I 'll waken you.
Devil, good night! good night, good devil! [*Beats* KATE.
Kate. Oh!
Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again.
Kate. Oh, oh, sir! [*Exit* THOMAS.
Mary. Open the doors before him; let him vanish!—
[*To those within.*
Now, let him come again, I 'll use him kinder.—
How now, wench?
Kate. Pray, lie here yourself next, mistress,
And entertain your sweetheart.
Mary. What said he to thee?
Kate. I had a soft bed, and I slept out all
But his kind farewell: you may bake me now,
For, o' my conscience, he has made me venison.
Mary. Alas, poor Kate! I 'll give thee a new petticoat.
Dor. And I a waistcoat, wench.
Mary. Draw in the bed, maids, [*To those within.*
And see it made again; put fresh sheets on, too,
For Doll and I.—Come, wench, let's laugh an hour now.
To-morrow, early, will we see young Cellidè;

[r] *Ah*] Both the 4to and the folio "a"; and so the modern editors.

[s] *The devil, devil, devil*] So the folio.—The 4to "*The devill, devill, devill, devill*"; and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

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They say she has taken sanctuary: love and hay [t]
Are thick sown, but come up so full of thistles!

Dor. They must needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking age grown.
Prithee, to bed, for I am monstrous sleepy.

Mary. A match; but art not thou thy brother?

Dor. Would I were, wench!
You should hear further.

Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the same Lodge.*

Enter HYLAS.

Hylas. I heard the doors clap; now, an't be thy will, wench——
By the mass, she comes.

Enter, from the house, THOMAS *disguised as before.*

You are fairly met [u], fair gentlewoman:
I take it Mistress Doll, Sebastian's daughter.

Tho. You take it right [v], sir.—Hylas, are you ferreting?
I 'll fit you with a penny-worth presently. [*Aside.*

Hylas. How dare you walk so late, sweet, so weak-guarded?

Tho. Faith, sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for;
Yet I am glad I have met so good a gentleman,
Against all chances; for though I never knew you,
Yet I have heard much good spoke of you.

Hylas. Hark you;
What, if a man should kiss you?

Tho. That 's no harm, sir.—
Pray God he scapes my beard! there lies the mischief.
[*Aside.*—HYLAS *kisses him.*

Hylas. Her lips are monstrous rugged; but that surely

[t] *love and hay*] Seward's correction.—Both the 4to and the folio have "*love and* they."

[u] *fairly met*] So the Editors of 1778 and Weber.—The 4to has "surely melt." The folio reads "surely *met*"; and so Seward.

[v] *You take it right*] Seward's correction.—Both the 4to and the folio "I *take right*." Perhaps the author wrote "*Ay*, you *take right*."

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Is but the sharpness of the weather [*Aside*].—Hark you, once more,
And in your ear, sweet mistress; for you are so,
And ever shall be from this hour,—I have vow'd it. [*Whispers.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, rogue; dost thou not see her
Kissing that fellow there, there in that corner?
Laun. Kissing!
Seb. Now, now; now they agree o' the match too.
Tho. Nay, then, you love me not.
Hylas. By this white hand, Doll!
Tho. I must confess, I have long desir'd your sight, sir.
Laun. Why, there's the boots still, sir.
Seb. Hang boots, sir!
Why, they'll wear breeches too.
Tho. Dishonest me!
Not for the world.
Seb. Why, now they kiss again; there!
I knew 'twas she, and that her crafty stealing
Out the back way must needs have such a meaning.
Laun. I am at my small wits' end.
Tho. If you mean honourably——
Laun. Did she ne'er beat you before, sir?
Seb. Why dost thou follow me?
Thou rascal slave, hast thou not twice abus'd me?
Hast thou not spoil'd the boy? By thine own covenant,
Wouldst thou not now be hang'd?
Laun. I think I would, sir;
But you are so impatient! Does not this shew, sir,—
I do beseech you speak, and speak with judgment,
And let the case be equally consider'd,—
Far braver in your daughter? In a son, now,
'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;
But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,
That reaches at these high exploits, is admirable;
Nay, she goes far beyond him; for when durst he,

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But when he was drunk, do any thing to speak of?
This is Sebastian truly.
Seb. Thou say'st right, Launce;
And there's my hand once more.
Tho. Not without marriage.
Seb. Didst thou hear that?
Laun. I think she spoke of marriage.
Seb. And he shall marry her (for it seems she likes him),
And their first boy shall be my heir.
Laun. Ay, marry,
Now you go right to work.
Tho. Fie, fie, sir!
Now I have promis'd you this night to marry,
Would you be so intemperate? are you a gentleman?
Hylas. I have no maw to marriage, yet this rascal
Tempts me extremely [*Aside*].—Will you marry presently?
Tho. Get you afore, and stay me at the chapel,
Close by the nunnery; there you shall find a night-priest,
Little Sir[w] Hugh, and he can say the matrimony
Over without book; for we must have no company,
Nor light, for fear my father know, which must not yet be:
And then to-morrow night——
Hylas. Nothing to-night, sweet?
Tho. No, not a bit. I am sent of business,
About my dowry, sweet; do not you spoil all now;
'Tis of much haste; I can scarce stay the marriage:
Now, if you love me, get you gone.
Hylas. You 'll follow?
Tho. Within this hour, my sweet chick.
Hylas. Kiss[x].
Tho. A rope kiss you!— [*Aside.*
Come, come; I stand o' thorns.
Hylas. Methinks her mouth still
Is monstrous rough; but they have ways to mend it.—
[*Aside.*
Farewell.

[w] *Sir*] A title formerly given to clergymen. See before, vol. iii. 17.
[x] Hylas. *Kiss*] I suspect that this is a stage-direction, which has crept into the text by mistake.

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Tho. Farewell [*Exit* Hylas].—I 'll fit you with a wife, sir.
[*Exit.*

Seb. Come, follow close; I 'll see the end she aims at,
And, if he be a handsome fellow, Launcelot,
Fiat, 'tis done! and all my state[y] is settled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A hall in the Nunnery of St. Katherine's.*

Enter Abbess, Cellidè, *and* Nuns.

Abbess. Come; to your matins, maids.—These early hours,
My gentle daughter, will disturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in ease.

Cel. No, virtuous mother,
'Tis for my holy health; to purchase which
They shall forget the child of ease, soft slumbers.—
Oh, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'st in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one instant!
Why came I hither, that desire to have
Only all liberty to make me happy?
Why didst thou bring that young man home, oh, Valentine,
That virtuous youth? why didst thou speak his goodness
In such a phrase as if all tongues, all praises,
Were made for him? Oh, fond[z] and ignorant,
Why didst thou foster my affection
Till it grew up to know no other father,
And then betray it? [*Aside.*

Abbess. Can you sing?

Cel. Yes, mother,——
My sorrows only. [*Aside.*

Abbess. Be gone, and to the quire, then.
[*Exeunt. Music and singing within.*

[y] *state*] i. e. estate.
[z] *fond*] i. e. foolish.

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SCENE V.—*A room in the house of Michael.*

Enter MICHAEL, FRANCISCO, *and Servant.*

Mich. Hast thou inquir'd him out?
Serv. He 's not at home, sir;
His sister thinks he 's gone to the nunnery.
Mich. Most likely; I 'll away. An hour hence, sirrah,
Come you along with this young gentleman;
Do him all service and fair office.
Serv. Yes, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A street.*

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Sam. Where hast thou been, man?
Hylas. Is there ne'er a shop open?
I 'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.
Sam. What 's the matter?
Hylas. What dost thou think?
Sam. Thou art not married?
Hylas. By the mass, but I am, all-to-be-married [a];
I am i' th' order now, Sam.
Sam. To whom, prithee?
I thought there was some such [b] trick in 't, you stole from me:
But who, for Heaven-sake?
Hylas. Even the sweetest woman,
The rarest woman, Samuel, and the lustiest;
But wondrous honest, honest as the ice, boy,
(Not a bit beforehand, for my life, sirrah,)
And of a lusty kindred.
Sam. But who, Hylas?
Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like to be friends again;

[a] *all-to-be-married*] Equivalent to—thoroughly married. Both the 4to and the folio "*all to be married*"; and so Seward and Weber. The Editors of 1778 printed "*all to* being *married*"; Mason proposed reading "altogether *married*"; and Weber conjectured that the poet might have written "*all* now are *to be married*" !!!

[b] *some such*] Weber chose to print "so much"!

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The Fates will have it so.

Sam. Who, Monsieur Thomas?

Hylas. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. Oh, now I smell you, Hylas!
Does he know of it?

Hylas. No, there 's the trick I owe him:
'Tis done, boy; we are fast, faith: my youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in 't?

Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy:
I have made her no jointure neither; there I have paid him.

Sam. She 's a brave wench.

Hylas. She shall be, as I 'll use her;
And, if she anger me, all his abuses
I 'll clap upon her cassock.

Sam. Take heed, Hylas.

Hylas. 'Tis past that, Sam. Come; I must meet her presently;
And now shalt [c] see me a most glorious husband. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before the Nunnery of St. Katherine's.*

Enter DOROTHEA, MARY, *and* VALENTINE.

Dor. In troth, sir, you never spoke to me.

Val. Can you forget me?
Did not you promise all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to see her?
Did you not swear it? By this hand, no strictness
Nor rule this house holds shall by me be broken.

Dor. I saw you not these two days.

Val. Do not wrong me:
I met you, by my life, just as you enter'd
This gentle lady's lodge, last night, thus suited,
About eleven o'clock.

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;
But that I saw or spoke to you——

[c] *now shalt*] i. e. now thou shalt.—Altered by Seward to "thou *shalt*"; and so his successors.

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Mary. I have found it; [*Aside to* DOROTHEA.
Your brother Thomas, Doll.
Dor. Pray, sir, be satisfied,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.—
What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, sir,
Whilst we walk in, and make your peace.
Val. I thank you.
[DOR. *and* MARY *enter the Nunnery: exit* VAL.

SCENE VIII.—*A hall in the same.*

Enter Abbess. *Squeak within.*

Abbess. Why, what's the matter there among these maids?—
Now, *benedicite!*—Have ye got the breese[d] there?
Give me my holy sprinkle!

Enter two Nuns.

First Nun. Oh, madam, there 's a strange thing like a gentlewoman,
Like Mistress Dorothy, (I think the fiend,)
Crept into the nunnery we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout[e] among us.
Abbess. Give me my holy water-pot!
First Nun. Here, madam.
Abbess. [*sprinkling water*] Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee,
Of water, or of fire—— [*Squeak within.*
First Nun. Hark, madam, hark!
Abbess. Be thou ghost that cannot rest,
Or a shadow of the blest,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be seen——
Sec. Nun. It comes, it comes!

Enter THOMAS *disguised as before, and* CELLIDÈ.

Cel. What are you? speak, speak gently;

[d] *breese*] See note, p. 387.

[e] *revel-rout*] Equivalent here to—wild and noisy tricks: from *revel* and *rout* (to roar). The word is common in writers anterior to Fletcher's time, and may be found in some of a comparatively recent date.

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And next, what would you with me?
Tho. Any thing you 'll let me.
Cel. You are no woman, certain.
Tho. Nor you no nun, nor shall not be.
Cel. What make you here?
Tho. I am a holy friar.
Abbess. Is this the spirit?
Tho. Nothing but spirit, aunt.
Abbess. Now, out upon thee!
Tho. Peace, or I 'll conjure too, aunt.
Abbess. Why come you thus?
Tho. That 's all one; here's my purpose.
Out with this nun! she is too handsome for you:
I 'll tell thee, aunt, and I speak it with tears to thee,
If thou keep'st her here, as yet I hope thou art wiser,
Mark but the mischief follows!
Abbess. She is a votress [f].
Tho. Let her be what she will, she will undo thee.
Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,
Or have among your nuns again!
Abbess. You have no project
But fair and honest?
Tho. As thine eyes, sweet abbess.
Abbess. I will be rul'd, then.
Tho. Thus, then, and persuade her— [*Whispers.*
But do not juggle with me; if you do, aunt——
Abbess. I must be there myself.
Tho. Away, and fit her.
Abbess. Come, daughter, you must now be rul'd, or never.
Cel. I must obey your will.
Abbess. That 's my good daughter. [*Exeunt.*

[f] *She is a votress*] Weber printed "*She 's* but *a votress*"!

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SCENE IX.—*A street.*

Enter DOROTHEA *and* MARY.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow kept i' the nunnery!
Sure, he has run the abbess out of her wits.
Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can neither see her
Nor the young Cellidè.
Mary. Pray Heavens he be not teasing!
Dor. Nay, you may thank yourself; 'twas your own structures[g].

Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Sam. Why, there 's the gentlewoman.
Hylas. Mass, 'tis she indeed:
How smart the pretty thief looks!—'Morrow, mistress.
Dor. Good morrow to you, sir.
Sam. How strange[h] she bears it!
Hylas. Maids must do so at first.
Dor. Would ye aught with us, gentlemen?
Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,
A little with your ladyship.
Dor. Your will, sir?
Hylas. Doll, I would have you presently prepare
Yourself and those things you would have with you;
For my house is ready.
Dor. How, sir!
Hylas. And this night not to fail, you must come to me;
My friends will all be there too. For trunks, and those things,
And household-stuff, and clothes, you would have carried,
To-morrow or the next day I 'll take order;
Only what money you have, bring away with you,
And jewels.
Dor. Jewels, sir!
Hylas. Ay, for adornment.

[g] *structures*] "We should read 'structure', i. e. contrivance." MASON,—who is right in his explanation of the word, but certainly wrong in altering it to the singular.

[h] *strange*] i. e. coy, reserved, distant.

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There 's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy:
And now, come kiss me heartily.
Dor. Who are you?
Hylas. This lady shall be welcome too.
Mary. To what, sir?
Hylas. Your neighbour can resolve[1] you.
Dor. The man 's foolish.—
Sir, you look soberly: who is this fellow,
And where 's his business?
Sam. By Heaven, thou art abus'd still.
Hylas. It may be so.—Come, you may speak now boldly;
There 's none but friends, wench.
Dor. Came you out of Bedlam?—
Alas, 'tis ill, sir, that you suffer him
To walk in th' open air thus! 'twill undo him.
A pretty handsome gentleman: great pity!
Sam. Let me not live more, if thou be'st not cozen'd.
Hylas. Are not you my wife? did not I marry you last night
At St. Michael's Chapel?
Dor. Did not I say he was mad?
Hylas. Are not you Mistress Dorothy, Thomas' sister?
Mary. There he speaks sense:—but I 'll assure you, gentleman,
I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it?
Hylas. 'Sprecious, you'll make me mad! Did not the priest,
Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock
Tie our hands fast? did not you swear you lov'd me?
Did not I court you, coming from this gentlewoman's?
Mary. Good sir, go sleep; for, if I credit have,
She was in my arms then a-bed.
Sam. I told you.
Hylas. Be not so confident.
Dor. By the mass, she must, sir;
For I 'll no husband here, before I know him:
And so, good morrow to you.—Come, let 's go seek 'em.
[*Exit with* MARY.
Sam. I told you what you had done.
Hylas. Is the devil stirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.

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SCENE X.—*A room in the house of* VALENTINE.

Enter MICHAEL, VALENTINE, *and* ALICE.

Mich. I have brought him back again.
Val. You have done a friendship
Worthy the love you bear me.
Mich. Would he had so too!
Val. Oh, he 's a worthy young man!
Mich. When all 's tried,
I fear you 'll change your faith.—Bring in the gentleman!

Enter, on one side, FRANCISCO *and* Servant; *on the other,* Abbess *and* CELLIDÈ.

Val. My happy mistress too! Now, Fortune, help me!
And all you stars that govern chaste desires,
Shine fair and lovely! [*Aside.*
Abbess. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence and his; and then your pleasure.
Cel. Though much unwilling, you have made me yield,—
More for his sake I see[j]: how full of sorrow,
Sweet catching sorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'st to heal, as well as hurt us! [*Aside.*
Mich. Be rul'd by me: I see her eye fast on him:
And what you heard believe; for 'tis so certain
He neither dare[k] nor must oppose my evidence:—
And be you wise, young lady, and believe too.—
This man you love, sir?
Val. As I love my soul, sir.
Mich. This man you put into a free possession
Of what his wants could ask, or yourself render?
Val. And shall do still.
Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: that friendship first was broken,
And you and she abus'd; next, (to my sorrow

[j] *More for his sake I see*] "i. e. for the sake of Francisco, whom she then perceives." WEBER (after Mason).

[k] *dare*] Both the 4to and the folio "dar'd"; and so the modern editors.

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So fair a form should hide so dark intentions,)
He hath himself confess'd (my purpose being
Only to stop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the sailors)
Divers abuses done, thefts often practis'd,
Moneys and jewels too, and those no trifles.
Cel. Oh, where have I bestow'd[l] my faith? in neither—
Let 's in for ever now [*To the Abbess*]—there is virtue[m].
Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it; he shall say it.—
Are you not guilty thus?
Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune! [*Aside.*
Mich. To give a proof I speak not enviously[n],
Look here: do you know these jewels?
Cel. In, good mother!
Val. These jewels I have known.

Enter THOMAS *disguised as before*, DOROTHEA, *and* MARY; *then* SEBASTIAN *and* LAUNCELOT.

Dor. You have made brave sport!
Tho. I 'll make more, if I live, wench.—
Nay, do not look on me; I care not for you. [*To* MARY.
Laun. Do you see now plain? that 's Mistress Dorothy,
And that 's his mistress.
Seb. Peace; let my joy work easily.—
Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom, boy!—
Home, Launce, and strike[o] a fresh piece of wine; the town 's ours! [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Val. Sure, I have known these jewels.
Alice. They are they, certain.
Val. Good Heaven, that they were!
Alice. I 'll pawn my life on 't;
And this is he.—Come hither, Mistress Dorothy,
And Mistress Mary: who does that face look like?
And view my brother well.
Dor. In truth, like him.

[l] *bestow'd*] Both the 4to and the folio "bestrew'd".
[m] *there is virtue*] Seward printed "*there is* no *virtue*".
[n] *enviously*] i. e. maliciously.
[o] *strike*] "i. e. tap." WEBER.

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Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.
Mich. Beshrew me,
But much and main resemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: now, Heaven grant it!
Alice. My brother 's full of passion.[p] I 'll speak to him.—
Now, as you are a gentleman, resolve[q] me,
Where did you get these jewels?
Fran. Now I 'll tell you,
Because blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.
Alice. 'Tis Francisco, brother;
By Heaven, I tied 'em on!—A little more, sir,
A little, little more; what parents have you?
Fran. None
That I know yet, the more my stubborn fortune;
But, as I heard a merchant say that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years——
Alice. What said that merchant?
Fran. He said, an infant in the Genoa galleys,
(But from what place he never could direct me,)
I was taken in a sea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me:
He told me of a nurse that waited on me,
But she, poor soul, he said, was kill'd.
A letter, too, I had inclos'd within me,
To one Castruccio, a Venetian merchant,
To bring me up: the man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I sought, but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which Heaven recompense[r] him! Now ye have all.

[p] *passion*] "i. e. sorrow; a very usual acceptation of the word in old writers." WEBER. I doubt if here it means more than—violent agitation of mind.
[q] *resolve*] i. e. satisfy, inform.
[r] *recompense*] Both the 4to and the folio "recompenc'd".

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Val. And all the worldly bliss that Heaven can send me,
And all my prayers and thanks!
Alice. Down o' your knees, sir;
For now you have found a father, and that father
That will not venture you again in galleys.
Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, sir; and we all joy with you.
Val. My best friend still, my dearest! now, Heaven bless thee,
And make me worthy of this benefit!—
Now, my best mistress——
Cel. Now, sir, I come to you——
Abbess. No, no; let 's in, wench.
Cel. Not for the world, now, mother:—
And thus, sir, all my service I pay to you,
And all my love to him.
Val. And may it prosper!—
Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon[s],
And love her dearly; for thy father does so.
Fran. May all hate seek me else! and thus I seal it.
[*Kisses her.*
Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

[s] *Take her, Francisco, now no more young Callidon*] "There is an inaccuracy in this play; *Frank* had been never called *Callidon* before, but by his own name. Thus, in the second act, Thomas says—

'*Who, young* Frank?
The only temper'd spirit,' &c.

But it is very probable that this was the actor's or printer's mistake, who seeing him called *Frank* in the *Persons of the Drama*, might call him so here without attending to the sequel; without which, the name *Callidon* in that place would not have been intelligible." SEWARD. "We see no way of clearing the author of this inaccuracy, probably the effect of hasty composition." *Ed.* 1778. "Both Seward and the last editors accuse the poet of inadvertency in this passage, and with much appearance of justness; for the young man is always called Frank, throughout the play, and never by the name of Callidon. It also appears from what Alice says in the preceding page—

——— 'Tis Francisco, brother;
By Heaven, I tied 'em on!'

that Francisco was the name of the son Valentine had lost, and, of course, the name that he is still to retain. The only way of solving the difficulty is by supposing that Francisco had assumed, in his travels, the surname of Callidon, though he is not called by it in the play, and that Valentine now tells him he is to keep that name no longer. His travelling name was Francisco Callidon." MASON.

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Enter HYLAS *and* SAM.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.
Sam. What do all these here?
Tho. You are a trusty husband,
And a hot lover too.
Hylas. Nay, then, good morrow:
Now I perceive the knavery. [*Going.*
Sam. I still told you.
Tho. Stay, or I 'll make you stay.—Come hither, sister.
Val. Why, how now, Mistress Thomas?
Tho. Peace a little.—
Thou wouldst fain have a wife?
Hylas. Not I; by no means.
Tho. Thou shalt have a wife,
And a fruitful wife; for I find, Hylas,
That I shall never be able to bring thee children.
Seb. A notable brave boy! 'nown son again[t]!
Hylas. I am very well, sir.
Tho. Thou shalt be better:
Hylas, thou hast seven hundred pound a-year,
And thou shalt make her three hundred jointure.
Hylas. No.
Tho. Thou shalt, boy, and shalt bestow
Two hundred pound in clothes. Look on her;
A delicate lusty wench; she has fifteen hundred,
And feasible: strike hands, or I 'll strike first.
Dor. You 'll let me like?
Mary. He 's a good handsome fellow;
Play not the fool.
Tho. Strike, brother Hylas, quickly.
Hylas. If you can love me, well.
Dor. If you can please me.
Tho. Try that out soon: I say, my brother Hylas.
Sam. Take her, and use her well; she 's a brave gentlewoman.

[t] *'nown son again*] The 4to has "known *son agen*" (separated from the rest of the speech, and printed in Italics). The folio omits these words; and so Seward.

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Hylas. You must allow me another mistress.
Dor. Then you must allow me another servant.
Hylas. Well, let 's together, then : a lusty kindred !
Seb. I 'll give thee five hundred pound more for that word.
Mary. Now, sir, for you and I to make the feast full.
Tho. No, not a bit ; you are a virtuous lady,
And love to live in contemplation.
Mary. Come, fool ; I am friends now.
Tho. The fool shall not ride you.—
There lie my woman ! [*Throws off his female attire.*] Now my man again !
And now for travel once more !
Seb. I 'll bar that first.
Mary. And I next.
Tho. Hold yourself contented ; for I say I will travel ;
And so long I will travel, till I find a father
That I never knew, and a wife that I never look'd for,
And a state[n] without expectation :
So, rest you merry, gentlemen !
Mary. You shall not :
Upon my faith, I love you now extremely,
And now I 'll kiss you.
Tho. This will not do it, mistress.
Mary. Why, when we are married, we 'll do more.
Seb. There 's all, boy,
The keys of all I have. Come, let 's be merry ;
For now I see thou art right.
Tho. Shall we to church straight ?
Val. Now presently ; and there with nuptial
The holy priest shall make ye happy all.
Tho. Away, then, fair afore ! [*Exeunt.*

[n] *state*] i. e. estate.

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THE

ISLAND PRINCESS.

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The Island Princesse.

In the folios, 1647, 1679.

The second folio adds, "*A Tragi-Comedy.*"

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"It appears," says Malone, "from Sir Henry Herbert's Manuscript, that the new plays which Fletcher had brought out in the course of the year, were generally presented at court at Christmas. As therefore *The Island Princess*, *The Pilgrim*, and *The Wild Goose Chase* are found among the court exhibitions of the year 1621, we need not hesitate to ascribe these pieces also to the same poet." *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 225.

In a note on his *Introduction* to *The Works of B. and F.*, p. li., Weber observes; "There is a Spanish play upon the same subject by Melchior Fernandez de Leon, entitled *La Conquista de las Maluccas*. Some part of the plot, which is taken from history, is similar to that of *The Island Princess*, but there the resemblance ceases."

Subsequent to the Restoration, we find the following alterations of this drama. *The Island Princess: or The Generous Portugal. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal by His Majesties Servants. With the Alterations and New Additional Scenes. Licensed May* 31, 1669, and printed in 4to during the same year: it is not mentioned in the *Biographia Dramatica.—The Island Princess: As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal, Reviv'd with Alterations. By N. Tate*, 1687, 4to.—*The Island Princess, or The Generous Portuguese. Made into an Opera. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal. All the Musical Entertainments, and the greatest Part of the Play new, and written by Mr. Motteux*, 1699, 4to: the music was composed by Daniel Purcell, Clarke, and Leveridge.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of Tidore.		Keeper.
King of Bakam.		Moors.
Prince of Syana.		Captain.
Governor of Ternata.		Citizens of Ternata.
Armusia,		Townsmen of Tidore.
Ruy Dias,		Soldiers, Guards, &c.
Piniero, his nephew,		
Soza,	Portuguese.	Quisara, sister to the King of Tidore.
Emanuel,		Quisana, her aunt.
Christophero,		Panura, waiting-woman to Quisara.
Pedro,		Citizens' Wives.

Scene—*Tidore, except during the greater part of act ii, when it is Ternata.*

The principal actors were—

John Lowin.	Joseph Taylor.
John Underwood.	Robert Benfield.
William Egglestone.	George Birch.
Rich. Sharpe.	Tho. Pollard.

Fol. 1679.

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THE

ISLAND PRINCESS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Tidore. The ramparts of the Portuguese Fort. A bell rings within.*

Enter PINIERO, CHRISTOPHERO, *and* PEDRO.

Pin. Open the ports, and see the watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their business,
Their vigilant eyes fix'd on these islanders:
They are false and desperate people; when they find
The least occasion open to encouragement,
Cruel and crafty souls. Believe me, gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which, against all arms and honesty,
The Governor of Ternata made surprise
Of our confederate the King of Tidore[a],
As for his recreation he was rowing
Between both lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Christ. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done: that governor's a fierce knave,
Unfaithful as he is fierce too, there 's no trusting.
But I wonder much, how such poor and base pleasures
As tugging at an oar, or skill in steerage,
Should become princes.

[a] *The Governor of Ternata made surprise Of our confederate the King of Tidore*] "*Ternata* (or *Ternate*, as Milton calls it,) *Tidore*, and *Bakan* or *Bacham*, are three of the Molucca Islands." SYMPSON.

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Pin. Base breedings love base pleasures[b]:
They take as much delight in a baratto[c],
(A little scurvy boat,) to row her tithly[d],
And have the art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, (though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines[e] a gentleman,)
As we Portugals, or the Spaniards, do in riding,
In managing a great-horse[f], (which is princely,)
The French in courtship[g], or the dancing English
In carrying a fair presence.

Pedro. He was strangely taken;
But where no faith is, there 's no trust; he has paid for 't.
His sister yet, the fair and great Quisara,
Has shew'd a noble mind, and much love in 't
To her afflicted brother; and the nobler
Still it appears, and seasons of more tenderness,
Because his ruin styles her absolute,
And his imprisonment adds to her profit.
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
The warm beams of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble treaties,
And propositions for her brother's freedom,
If wealth or honour——

Pin. Peace, peace; you are fool'd, sir:
Things of these natures have strange outsides, Pedro,
And cunning shadows, set 'em far from us;
Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse us.
They that observe her close shall find her nature,
Which, I doubt mainly, will not prove so excellent:
She is a princess, and she must be fair,
That 's the prerogative of being royal;

[b] *pleasures*] Both the folios "pleasure"; and so the modern editors: but compare what immediately precedes.

[c] *baratto*] "An Indian boat." WEBER.

[d] *tithly*] i. e. tightly, dextrously (see before, p. 75). So the first folio.—The second folio "tightly"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.

[e] *declines*] "i. e. debases or degrades." MASON, who compares a passage in *The False One*, vol. vi. 246, where, however, the word has a different meaning.

[f] *a great-horse*] See note, p. 159.

[g] *courtship*] i. e. courtesy, courtly behaviour.

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Let her want eyes and nose, she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And people must believe it,—they are damn'd else:
Why, all the neighbour princes[h] are mad for her.

Christ. Is she not fair, then?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer:
And there's a haughty master, the King of Bakam[i],
That lofty sir that speaks far more and louder
In his own commendations than a cannon,
He is strucken dumb with her.

Pedro. Beshrew me, she is a sweet one!

Pin. And there's that hopeful man of Syana,
That sprightly fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a lover too.

Christ. Would I were worth her looking!
For, by my life, I hold her a complete one:
The very sun, I think, affects[j] her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tawny livery.

Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps herself at distance from his kisses,
And wears[k] her complexion in a case: let him but lick[l] it
A week, or two, or three, she would look like a lion.

[h] *the neighbour princes*] So the first folio.—The second folio has "our *neighbor princes*"; and so Sympson. Weber chose to print "*the* neighbouring *princes*"!

[i] *Bakam*] See note, p. 417. Here, but only here, both the folios have "Bakan".

[j] *affects*] "To *affect* and to love were frequently used in the same sense." WEBER.

[k] *wears*] So the first folio.—Omitted in the second folio; and by the Editors of 1778.

[l] *lick*] The conjecture of Seward, given in a note by Sympson, who cites from Shakespeare's *Ant. and Cleop.*, act i. sc. 5, an equally violent metaphor,—

"Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous *pinches* black".

Both the folios "like"; and so the modern editors. "I have no doubt," says Mason, "but the true reading is '*lick*', as suggested by Seward. The passage is nonsense as it stands." Weber, who calls Seward's conjecture "ludicrous", explains "like"—"enjoy his love": but it could signify only—have a liking to; which has been said already in the preceding speech,—"*affects* her sweetness": besides, "like" is proved to be wrong by the repetition of the word in the next line—"*like* a lion".

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But the main sport on 't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of Ternata, her mortal enemy,
He that has catch'd her brother-king, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under safe conduct also,
And hostages of worth deliver'd for him;
And he brought a letter from his prisoner,
Whether compell'd, or willingly deliver'd,
From the poor king, or what else dare be in 't—
Christ. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one;
For I dare think she 'll do the best.
Pin. 'Tis certain
He has admittance, and solicits hourly:
Now, if he have the trick——
Pedro. What trick?
Pin. The true one,
To take her too; if he be but skill'd in bat-fowling,
And lime his bush right——
Christ. I 'll be hang'd when that hits;
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd affection
That must take her: I guess her stout and virtuous.
But where 's your uncle, sir, our valiant captain,
The brave Ruy Dias, all this while?
Pin. Ay, marry,
He is amongst 'em too.
Pedro. A lover?
Pin. Nay,
I know not that; but, sure, he stands in favour,
Or would stand stifly; he is no Portugal else.
Christ. The voice says, in good favour; in the list too
Of the privy wooers. How cunningly of late,
(I have observ'd him,) and how privately
He has stoln at all hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a business to bid the fort farewell
For five or six days, or a month together!
Sure, there is something——
Pin. Yes, yes, there is a thing in 't,
A thing would make the best on 's all dance after it,
A dainty thing. Lord, how this uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,

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And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my bones!
Pedro. You car'd not for it.
Pin. I' faith, not much; I ventur'd on still easily,
And took my chance; danger is a soldier's honour.
But that this man, this herb of grace, Ruy Dias,
This father of our faculties, should slip thus
(For, sure, he is a-ferreting); that he
That would drink nothing, to depress the spirit,
But milk and water, eat nothing but thin air,
To make his blood obedient; that this [m] youth,
In spite of all his temperance, should tickle,
And have a love-mange on him!
Christ. 'Tis in him, sir,
But honourable courtship, and becomes his rank too.
Pin. In me 'twere abominable lechery, or would be;
For when our thoughts are on't, and miss their level,
We must hit something.
Pedro. Well, he's a noble gentleman;
And, if he be a suitor, may he speed in't!
Pin. Let him alone; our family ne'er fail'd yet.
Christ. Our mad lieutenant still, merry Piniero!
Thus would he do, if the surgeon were searching of him.
Pedro. Especially, if a warm wench had shot him.
Pin. But hark, Christophero; come hither, Pedro;
When saw you our brave countryman Armusia,
He that 's arriv'd here lately, and his gallants?
A goodly fellow and a brave companion
Methinks he is; and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares comes hither dares fight anywhere.
Christ. I saw him not of late. A sober gentleman
I am sure he is; and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much nobleness.
Pin. I love him,
And, by my troth, would fain be inward [n] with him:
Pray, let 's go seek him.

[m] *this*] Both the folios "his"; and so the modern editors. Compare what precedes,—"*this* man, *this* herb of grace," "*this* father of our faculties."
[n] *inward*] "i. e. intimate, familiar." MASON.

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Pedro. We 'll attend you, sir.

Pin. By that time, we shall hear the burst of the business[o].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. An apartment in the house of* QUISANA.

Enter QUISARA, QUISANA, RUY DIAS, *and* PANURA.

Quisara. Aunt, I much thank you for your courtesy,
And the fair liberty you still allow me,
Both of your house and service. Though I be
A princess, and by that prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my actions,
Because no power above me can examine me,
Yet, my dear brother being still a prisoner,
And many wandering eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a little caution, and be circumspect.

Quisana. You 're wise and noble, lady.

Quisara. Often, aunt,
I resort hither, and privately, to see you,
It may be, to converse with some I favour:
I would not have it known as oft, nor constru'd;
It stands not with my care.

Quisana. You speak most fairly;
For even our pure devotions are examin'd.

Quisara. So mad are men's minds now.

Ruy. Or rather, monstrous;
They are thick dreams bred in fogs, that know no fairness.

Quisana. Madam, the house is yours, I am yours, (pray, use me,)
And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield you honour,
And, when your fame falls here, 'tis my fault, lady.
A poor and simple banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your presence—

[o] *burst of the business*] Heath's correction (*MS. Notes*), and obviously necessary.—Both the folios "*burst of businesse*"; and so the modern editors.

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Quisara. I thank you, aunt; I shall be with you instantly:
A few words with this gentleman.

Quisana. I'll leave you;
And, when you please retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exit with* PANURA.

Quisara. Why, how now, captain? what, afraid to speak to me?
A man of arms, and daunted with a lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with princes.

Ruy. Madam, the favours you have still shower'd on me,
(Which are so high above my means of merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own goodness, no eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal light and lustre,)
Strike me thus mute. You are my royal mistress,
And all my services, that aim at honour,
Take life from you, the saint of my devotions.
Pardon my wish; it is a fair ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you;—
I would I were of worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal piece [p]! a king I would be,
A mighty king that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you [q],
And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.

Quisara. Now you talk, sir!
You Portugals, though you be rugged soldiers,
Yet, when you list to flatter, you are plain courtiers.
And could you wish me Christian, brave Ruy Dias?

Ruy. At all the danger of my life, great lady,
At all my hopes, at all ——

Quisara. Pray you, stay a little:
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. Oh, glorious lady,
That I might—but I dare not speak.

[p] *such a royal piece*] "i. e. such a piece of royalty." MASON. Seward proposed to read "*of such a royal* price".

[q] *And bring a youth upon me might bewitch you*] Sympson proposed, most unnecessarily, to read, "A spring *of youth upon me*", &c. Nothing can be plainer than the meaning of the old text.

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Quisara. I dare, then;
That you might hope to marry me: nay, blush not;
An honourable end needs no excuse.
And would you love me, then?

Ruy. My soul not dearer.

Quisara. Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,
Something of such a meritorious goodness,
Of such an unmatch'd nobleness, that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preserves you.
'Tis not the person, nor the royal title,
Nor wealth, nor glory, that I look upon:
That inward man I love that 's lin'd with virtue,
That well-deserving soul works out a favour.
I have many princes suitors, many great ones;
Yet above these I love you; you are valiant,
An active man, able to build a fortune:
I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry;
Only the hope is, something may be done
That may compel my faith, and ask my freedom,
And leave opinion fair.

Ruy. Command, dear lady;
And, let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direful to attempt——

Quisara. You are too sudden:
I must be rul'd by you. Find out a fortune
Wisely and handsomely; examine Time,
And court Occasion that she may be ready;
A thousand uses for your forward spirit
You may find daily; be sure you take a good one,
A brave and worthy one, that may advance you:
Forc'd smiles reward poor dangers. You are a soldier
(I would not talk so else), and I love a soldier,
And that that speaks him true and great, his valour:
Yet, for all these, which are but women's follies,
You may do what you please; I shall still know you,
And though you wear no sword——

Ruy. Excellent lady,
When I grow so cold, and disgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurses suck adventures,

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'Twere fit I wore a tombstone. You have read to me
The story of your favour: if I mistake it,
Or grow a truant [r] in the study of it,
A great correction, lady——

Quisara. Let's to the banquet,
And have some merrier talk, and then to court,
Where I give audience to my general suitors:
Pray Heaven my woman's wit hold! There, brave captain,
You may perchance meet something that may startle you:
I'll say no more: come, be not sad; I love you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A hall in the Palace.*

Enter PINIERO, ARMUSIA, SOZA, CHRISTOPHERO, *and* EMANUEL.

Pin. You are welcome, gentlemen, most worthy welcome;
And know, there's nothing in our power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir, we thank you,
And rest your servants too.

Pin. Ye are worthy Portugals;
You shew the bravery of your minds and spirits,
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring unwearied souls to seek adventures,
Minds never satisfied with search of honour:
Where time is, and the sun gives light, brave countrymen,
Our names are known; new worlds disclose their riches,
Their beauties and their prides, to our embraces,
And we the first of nations find these wonders.

Arm. These noble thoughts, sir, have entic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for ease, to see these miracles,
In which we find report a poor relater:
We are arriv'd among the blessèd islands,
Where every wind that rises blows perfumes,
And every breath of air is like an incense;
The treasure of the sun dwells here; each tree,
As if it envied [s] the old Paradise,

[r] *truant*] So the second folio.—The first folio "tenant".
[s] *envied*] i. e. vied with, emulated: as before, vol. v. 31.

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Strives to bring forth immortal fruit; the spices
Renewing nature, though not deifying;
And when that falls by time, scorning the earth,
The sullen earth, should taint or suck their beauties,
But as we dream'd [r], for ever so preserve[s] us:
Nothing we see but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their pearls, and curl their heads to court us;
The bowels of the earth swell with the births
Of thousand unknown gems and thousand riches;
Nothing that bears a life but brings a treasure:
The people they shew brave too, civil-manner'd,
Proportion'd like the masters of great minds;
The women, which I wonder at——

Pin. You speak well.

Arm. Of delicate aspècts, fair, clearly beauteous,
And, to that admiration, sweet and courteous.

Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave Armusia,
You never saw the court before?

Arm. No, certain;
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The government exact.

Christ. You shall see anon
That that will make you start indeed; such beauties,
Such riches, and such form!

Soza. We are fire already:
The wealthy magazine of Nature, sure,
Inhabits here.

Enter the KING OF BAKAM, *the* PRINCE OF SYANA, *and the* GOVERNOR OF TERNATA.

Arm. These, sure, are all islanders.

Pin. Yes, and great princes too, and lusty lovers.

Arm. They are goodly persons. What might he be, signior,
That bears so proud a state?

Pin. King[t] of Bakam,
A fellow that farts terror.

[r] *as we dream'd*] i. e. as if we were dreaming (as if we lay asleep, not dead).
[s] *preserve*] i. e. embalm. [t] *King*] Sympson silently printed "The *King*".

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Eman. He looks highly;
Sure, he was begot o' the top of a steeple.
Christ. It may well be;
For you shall hear him ring anon.
Pin. That is Syana,
And a brave-temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soza. What rugged face is that?
Pin. That 's the great governor,
The man surpris'd our friend; I told you of him.
Arm. H'as dangerous eyes.
Pin. A perilous thief, and subtle.
Christ. And, to that subtilty, a heart of iron.
Pin. Yet the young lady makes it melt.
Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the eyes.
K. of Bak. Away, ye poor ones!
Am I in competition with such bubbles?
My virtue and my name rank'd with such trifles?
P. of Sy. You speak loud.
K. of Bak. Young man, I will speak louder:
Can any man but I deserve her favour,
You petty princes?
Pin. He will put 'em all in 's pocket[u].
P. of Sy. Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of glory,
So full of vanity!
K. of Bak. How! I contemn thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow!
Pin. How the dog looks,
The bandog governor!
G. of Tern. Ha! why—
K. of Bak. Away, thing,
And keep your rank with those that fit your royalty!—
Call out the princess[v]!

[u] *He will put 'em all in 's pocket*] Opposite this speech, the first folio has a stage-direction "*Princes flie at one another*"; but it is evident that these dignified personages confine their violence to words, till just before the entrance of Quisara, &c.

[v] *Call out the princess*] Sympson proposed to read "'Cull *out the princess?*' i. e. Do you pick out the princess to disgrace her with the love of a person so every way unworthy of her as you are?"

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G. of Tern. Dost thou know me, bladder,
Thou insolent imposthume?
K. of Bak. I despise thee.
G. of Tern. Art thou acquainted with my nature, baby?
With my revenge for injuries? dar'st thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canst thou merit?
K. of Bak. Merit! I am above it;
I am equal with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best doer
I keep at my command; Fortune's my servant:
'Tis in my power now to despise such wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye;
And, but she deigns at some hours to remember ye,
And people have bestow'd some titles on ye,
I should forget your names.
P. of Sy. Mercy of me!
What a blown fool has self-affection
Made of this fellow!—Did not the queen your mother
Long for bellows and bagpipes when she was great with you,
She brought forth such a windy birth?
G. of Tern. 'Tis ten to one
She eat a drum, and was deliver'd of a 'larum;
Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was young[w].
P. of Sy. He swells, too, mainly with his meditations[x].—
Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly,
That we may be able to hold way with you: we are princes;
But those are but poor things to you: talk wiser,—
'Twill well become your mightiness; talk less,
That men may think you can do more.
G. of Tern. Talk truth,
That men may think you are honest, and believe you;
Or talk yourself asleep, for I am weary of you.
K. of Bak. Why, I can talk and do——
G. of Tern. That would do excellent.

[w] *Or else he was swaddled in an old sail when he was young*] Seward thought that this line should be given to the Prince of Syana.

[x] *He swells, too, mainly with his meditations*] Mason would make this line a portion of the preceding speech, altering (as Seward had already proposed) "*too, mainly*" to "*so mainly*".

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K. of Bak. And tell you, only I deserve the princess,
And make good *only I*, if you dare, you, sir,
Or you, Syana's prince!
Pin. Here's a storm toward;
Methinks it sings already. To him, governor!
G. of Tern. Here lies my proof.
P. of Sy. And mine. [*They draw their swords.*
G. of Tern. I'll be short with you;
For these long arguments I was never good at.
Pin. How white the boaster looks!
Arm. I see he lacks faith.

Enter QUISARA, QUISANA, RUY DIAS, *and* PANURA.

Ruy. For shame, forbear, great princes! rule your angers:
You violate the freedom of this place,
The state and royalty——
G. of Tern. He's well contented,
It seems; and so I have done.
Arm. Is this she, signior?
Pin. This is the princess, sir.
Arm. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable form; they have cause to justle.
Quisara. Ye wrong me and my court, ye froward[y] princes!
Comes your love wrapt in violence to seek us?
Is 't fit, though you be great, my presence should be
Stain'd and polluted with your bloody rages?
My privacies affrighted with your swords?
He that loves me, loves my command: be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my servants!
K. of Bak.
P. of Sy. } We are calm as peace.
G. of Tern.
Arm. What command[z] she carries!
And what a sparkling majesty flies from her!
Quisara. Is it ye love to do? ye shall find danger,

[y] *froward*] Both the folios "forward."

[z] *What command*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*What* a *command*": perhaps rightly; compare the next line.

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And danger that shall start your resolutions:
But not this way. 'Tis not contention
Who loves me to my face best, or who can flatter most,
Can carry me: he that deserves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and majesty,
Must win me with his worth, must travail for me,
Must put his hasty rage off, and put on
A well-confirmèd, temperate, and true valour.

K. of Bak.
P. of Sy.
G. of Tern.
} But shew the way.

Quisara. And will; and then shew you
A will to tread the way, I 'll say ye are worthy.

Pin. What task now will she turn 'em to? these hot youths
I fear will find a cooling-card[z]; I read in her eyes,
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst 'em:
By this hand, I love her a little now!

Quisara. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal brother, now miserable[a],
And prisoner to that man: if I were ambitious,
Gap'd for that glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie, his miseries upon him[b];
If I were covetous, and my heart set
On riches, and those base effects that follow
On pleasures uncontroll'd, or safe revenges,
There he should die, his death would give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all:
Yet all these flattering shows of dignity,
These golden dreams of greatness, cannot force [me]
To forget nature and my fair affection:
Therefore that man that would be known my lover
Must be known his redeemer, and must bring him,
Either alive or dead, to my embraces,
(For even his bones I scorn shall feel such slavery,)

[z] *a cooling-card*] See note, vol. iv. 232.

[a] *now miserable*] Sympson silently printed "tho' *now miserable*".

[b] *There he should lie, his miseries upon him*] So the second folio.—The firs folio has, "*There* they *should lye* as *miseries upon him*"

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Or seek another mistress. 'Twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a spirit of an equal greatness;
But, being done, the reward is worthy of it.
Christ. How they stand gaping all!
Quisara. Ruy Dias cold?
Not fly like fire into it? [*Aside to* RUY DIAS.]—May be, you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my husband, princes[c]:
By the bright Heavens, he is! by whose justice
I openly proclaim it: if I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falsehood!—
No stirring yet? no start into a bravery? [*Aside to* RUY DIAS.
Ruy. Madam, it may be; but being a main danger,
Your grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time: the cause will ask it;
Great acts require great counsels.
Quisara. Take your pleasure.—
I fear the Portugal. [*Aside.*
K. of Bak. I 'll raise an army
That shall bring back his island, fort and all,
And fix it here.
G. of Tern. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your grandfather's days.
P. of Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promise, noblest lady—
My will, I am sure, stands fair.
Quisara. Fair be your fortune!
Few promises are best, and fair performance.
G. of Tern. These cannot do; their power and arts are weak ones.

[c] *May be, you doubt me,*
He that shall do this is my husband, princes] Both the folios "prince"; and so Sympson (Seward in a note proposing to read "princes"); so too the Editors of 1778, supposing that Ruy Dias is meant. Mason defended "princes", and Weber adopted it.—In all the modern editions this passage is wrongly pointed: the construction is—May be, princes, you doubt me *when I say that* he that shall do this is my husband.

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'Tis in my will; I have this king your brother,
He is my prisoner; I accept your proffer,
And bless the fair occasion that atchiev'd him:
I love you, and I honour you. But speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be render'd,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your wishes, lady——

Quisara. No; I scorn you,
You and your courtesy; I hate your love, sir;
And, ere I would so basely win his liberty,
I would study to forget he was my brother.
By force he was taken; he, that shall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Pin. As I live, a rare wench!

Arm. She has a noble spirit.

G. of Tern. By force!

Quisara. Yes, sir, by force, and make you glad, too,
To let him go.

G. of Tern. How! You may look nobler on me,
And think me no such boy: by force he must not:
For your love much may be.

Quisara. Put up your passion,
And pack you home! I say, by force, and suddenly;
He lies there till he rots else. Although I love him
Most tenderly and dearly as a brother,
And out of these respects would joy to see him,
Yet, to receive him as thy courtesy,
With all the honour thou couldst add unto him,
From his hands that most hates [d] him, I had rather
(Though no condition were propounded for him)
See him far sunk i' th' earth, and there forget him.

Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good governor.

Arm. A rare woman!

G. of Tern. Lady,
I 'll pull this pride, I 'll quench this bravery,
And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
I will, proud princess! This neglect of me

[d] *hates*] Both the folios "hate".

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Shall make thy brother-king most miserable,
Shall turn him into curses 'gainst thy cruelty;
For where[e] before I us'd him like a king,
And did those royal offices unto him,
Now he shall lie a sad lump in a dungeon,
Loaden with chains and fetters; cold[f] and hunger,
Darkness and lingering death, for his companions:
And let me see who dare attempt his rescue,
What desperate fool look toward it! Farewell;
And, when thou know'st him thus, lament thy follies!
Nay, I will make thee kneel to take my offer:
Once more farewell, and put thy trust in puppets! [*Exit.*

Quisara. If none dare undertake it, I 'll live a mourner.

K. of Bak. You cannot want.

P. of Sy. You must not.

Ruy. 'Tis most dangerous,
And wise men would proceed with care and counsel:
Yet some way would I knew!—Walk with me, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all except* ARMUSIA, SOZA, *and* EMANUEL.

Arm. How do you like her spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,
Clod[g] with no dirty stuff; she is all pure honour.

Eman. The bravest wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts: she is most fair;
Yet her mind such a mirror——

Arm. What an action
Would this be to put forward on[h], what a glory,
And what an everlasting wealth to end it!
Methinks my soul is strangely rais'd.

Soza. To step into it,
Just while they think, and, ere they have determin'd,
To bring the king off!

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Eman. And prosper'd best, when they were least consider'd.

[e] *where*] i. e. whereas. [f] *cold*] Both the folios "colds."

[g] *Clod*] or *clodded*,—the same as *clot* or *clotted*: see Richardson's *Diet.* in v. v. So the first folio.—The second folio "Clog'd"; and so the modern editors.

[h] *on*] So the second folio.—The first folio "one"; and so Sympson.

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Arm. Bless me, my hopes! and you, my friends, assist me:
None but our companions——
Soza. You deal wisely;
And, if we shrink, the name of slaves die with us!
Eman. Stay not for second thoughts.
Arm. I am determin'd;
And, though I lose, it shall be sung I was valiant,
And my brave offer shall be turn'd to story
Worthy the princess' tongue. A boat,—that 's all
That 's unprovided,—and habits like to merchants:
The rest we 'll counsel as we go.
Soza. Away, then!
Fortune looks fair on those make haste to win her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Ternata. A prison*[g] *attached to the Castle of the Governor: a door opening to a dungeon beneath, in the back-ground.*

Enter Keeper *and two or three* Moors.

Keeper. I have kept many a man, and many a great one;
Yet, I confess, I never saw before
A man of such a sufferance: he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog (for, sure, 'twould kill him),
Where neither light or comfort can come near him,
Nor air nor earth that 's wholesome: it grieves me
To see a mighty king, with all his glory,
Sunk o' the sudden to the bottom of a dungeon.
Whither should we descend, that are poor rascals,
If we had our deserts?
First Moor. 'Tis a strange wonder:
Load him with irons, oppress him with contempts,
(Which are the governor's commands,) give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain life, 'tis next nothing,
They stir not him; he smiles upon his miseries,

[g] *Ternata. A prison*, &c.] Weber, misunderstanding a subsequent stage-direction of the folios (see note, next page), gave here, "*Ternata. The Castle of the Governor. A Dungeon*, with a Gallery *in the Back-ground*".

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And bears 'em with such strength as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up and foster'd with calamities.
Sec. Moor. He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And, in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.
Keeper. I'll be sworn
He fears not; for even when I shake for him [h]
(As many times my pity will compel me),
When other souls, that bear not half his burden,
Shrink in their powers, and burst with their oppressions,
Then will he sing, woo his afflictions,
And court 'em in sad airs, as if he would wed 'em.
First Moor. That's more than we have heard yet; we are only
Appointed for his guard, but not so near him:
If we could hear that wonder——
Keeper. Many times
I fear the governor should come to know it;
For his voice so affects me, so delights me,
That, when I find his hour, I have music ready,
And it stirs me infinitely. Be but still and private,
And you may chance to hear.
Sec. Moor. We will not stir, sir.
This is a sudden change; but who dares blame it?
Keeper. Now hark and melt; for I am sure I shall:
Stand silent.

[*Keeper opens the door of the dungeon. The King of Tidore, loaden with chains* [i], *raises himself from it, his head and arms only visible.*]

What stubborn [j] weight of chains!

[h] *I'll be sworn*
He fears not; for even when I shake for him] So these words are arranged in both the folios; but perhaps the author intended them to form only a single line.

[i] *The King of Tidore, loaden with chains, &c.*] The first folio, "*King appeares loden with chaines, his head, arms only above;*" and so the second folio, except that it has "*his head*, and *armes*". Weber (who, with the other modern editors, retained the old stage-direction) put a comma between "*only*" and "*above,*" evidently supposing that the latter word meant—in a gallery: see note, preceding page.

[j] *What stubborn*] Sympson silently printed "*What* a *stubborn*"; and so perhaps the author wrote.

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First Moor. Yet he looks temperately.

Sec. Moor. His eyes not sunk, and his complexion firm still,
No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him:
How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted!
With what a majesty he heaves his head up! [*Music.*

Keeper. Now mark; I know he will sing: do not disturb him[k].—— [*Gives him his allowance.*
Your allowance from the governor: would it were more, sir,
Or in my power to make it handsomer!

K. of Ti. Do not transgress thy charge; I take his bounty:—
And, Fortune, whilst I bear a mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the glory I am faln from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me,
Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.

Enter the Governor of Ternata.

Keeper. The governor himself[l].

G. of Tern. What, at your banquet?
And in such state, and with such change of service?

K. of Ti. Nature 's no glutton, sir; a little serves her.

G. of Tern. This diet 's wholesome, then?

K. of Ti. I beg no better.

G. of Tern. A calm contented mind!—Give him less next;
These full meals will oppress his health; his grace
Is of a tender and pure constitution;
And such repletions——

K. of Ti. Mock, mock; it moves not me, sir;
Thy mirths, as do thy mischiefs, fly behind me.

[k] *I know he will sing: do not disturb him*] Here, doubtless, a song was sung by the captive king, though neither of the folios has even a stage-direction concerning it.

[l] *Nor hang upon vain hopes that may corrupt me,*
Thou art my slave, and I appear above thee.
Enter the Governor of Ternata.

Keeper. *The governor himself*] So the Editors of 1778, at the suggestion of J. N[ichols]; and, no doubt, rightly.—Both the folios thus;

"Nor hang upon vaine hopes, that may corrupt me.
Enter Governor.
Gov. Thou art my slave, and I appeare above thee.
Kee. The Governor himselfe."

and so Sympson, whose conjectures on the passage, as well as those of Seward, it would be useless to detail.

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G. of Tern. You carry it handsomely: but tell me, Patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royal lady,
Your gracious sister? do not you damn her pity,
Damn twenty times a-day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very soul sweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy fortune,
Thy fair and happy fortune? couldst not thou wish her
A bastard or a whore, Fame might proclaim her,
Black ugly Fame, or that thou hadst had no sister?
Spitting the general name out, and the nature,
Blaspheming Heaven for making such a mischief,
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?

K. of Ti. No, tyrant, no; I bless and love her for it:
And, though her scorn of thee had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted air breeds,
As many mischiefs as the hours have minutes,
As many forms of death as doubt can figure;
Yet I should love her more still, and more honour her:
All thou canst lay upon me cannot bend me;
No, not the stroke of death,—that I despise too;
For, if fear could possess me, thou hadst won me:
As little from this hour I prize thy flatteries,
And, less than those, thy prayers, though thou wouldst kneel to me:
And if she be not mistress of this nature,
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemn her.

G. of Tern. Are you so valiant, sir?

K. of Ti. Yes, and so fortunate;
For he, that holds his[m] constancy, still conquers.
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble enemy,
And, as at first, made my restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, still lov'd thee,
And still preferr'd thy fair love to my sister:

[m] *his*] So the second folio.—The first folio "my"; and so Weber.

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But to compel this from me with a misery,
A most inhuman and unhandsome slavery——
G. of Tern. You will relent, for all this talk, I fear not,
And put your wits a-work again.
K. of Ti. You are cozen'd:
Or, if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much poverty,
How I should curse her heart, if she consented!
G. of Tern. You shall write, and entreat, or——
K. of Ti. Do thy utmost,
And, e'en in all thy tortures, I 'll laugh at thee:
I 'll think thee no more valiant, but a villain;
Nothing thou hast done brave, but, like a thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve,—thou art unhonest;
Nor no way live to build a name,—thou art barbarous.
G. of Tern. Down with him low enough! there let him murmur;
And see his diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high-hearted on 't.—I will cool you,
And make you cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my ends, and willingly: and your sister taken down,
Your scornful cruel sister, shall repent too,
And sue to me for grace.—Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his ease lessen'd,
Nothing his heart desires, but vex and torture him;
Let him not sleep; nothing that 's dear to nature
Let him enjoy: yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it. I will humble him,
And her stout heart that stands on such defiance:
And let me see her champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers! Keep your guards close,
And, as you love your lives, be diligent,
And what I charge observe!
Keeper and Moors. We shall be dutiful.
G. of Tern. I 'll pull your courage, king, and all your bravery. [*Exit. The King of Tidore disappears.*
First Moor. Most certain he is resolv'd, nothing can stir him;

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For, if he had but any part about him
Gave way to fear or hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too: as willingly,
And quietly he sunk down to his sorrows,
As some men to their sleeps.

Keeper. Yes, and sleeps with 'em,
(So little he regards them, there 's the wonder,)
And often soundly sleeps. Would I durst pity him,
Or would it were in my will! but we are servants,
And tied unto command.

Sec. Moor. I wish him better;
But much I fear h'as found his tomb already.
We must observe our guards.

First Moor. He cannot last long;
And when he is dead he is free.

Keeper. That 's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living.

Sec. Moor. That 's as he please;
For that man that resolves needs no physician. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A street in the chief town.*

Enter ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL, *disguised as* Merchants, *armed underneath*[n], *and a* Soldier[o].

Arm. Our prosperous passage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a[p] fair omen.

Eman. and Soza. We believe it.

Arm. The sea and wind strove who should most befriend us,
And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So led us forth. Where lies the boat that brought us[q]?

[n] *armed underneath*] So both the folios,—a direction for the actors rather than the readers.

[o] *a Soldier*] The entrance of this person (whom Armusia mentions at p. 441, "Here 's one has found the way, and dares direct us") is not marked in the folios. I have designated him as "*a Soldier*" on account of what takes place in the fifth scene of this act: Weber terms him "a Guide."

[p] *a*] Silently omitted by Sympson and Weber.

[q] *So led us forth. Where lies the boat that brought us?*] Stands thus in both the folios;

"*So* lead *us forth—Where lies the boat that brought us?*"

and so the modern editors.

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Soza. Safe lodg'd within the reeds, close by the castle,
That no eye can suspect, nor thought come near it.
Eman. But where have you been, brave sir?
Arm. I have broke the ice, boys;
I have begun the game; fair Fortune guide it!
Suspectless have I travell'd all the town through,
And in this merchant's shape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the prison is, and what power guards it.
Soza. These will be strong attempts.
Arm. Courage is strong:
What we began with policy, my dear friends,
Let 's end with manly force: there 's no retiring,
Unless it be with shame.
Eman. Shame his that hopes it!
Arm. Better a few, and clearer fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our memories,
Than if we led out[q] armies: things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will style us worthies.
Soza. Direct, and we have done; bring us to execute,
And, if we flinch, or fail——
Arm. I am sure ye dare not.
Then further know, and let no ear be near us
That may be false——
Eman. Speak boldly on; we are honest,
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Arm. Hard by the place, then,
Where all his treasure lies, his arms, his women,
Close by the prison too where he keeps the king,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant;
A cellar to that too, to stow my wares in,
The very wall of which joins to his storehouse.
Soza. What of all this?
Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not.
Into that cellar, elected friends, I have convey'd,
And unsuspected too, that that will do it,

[q] *out*] The correction of the Editors of 1778.—Both the folios "our"; and so Sympson (Seward proposing to read "o'er").

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That that will make all shake, and smoke too.

Eman. Ha!

Arm. My thoughts have not been idle, nor my practice[r]:
The fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material flames, and bright ones,
That all the island shall stand wondering at it,
As if they had been stricken with a comet:
Powder is ready, and enough, to work it;
The match is left a-fire, all hush'd[s], and look'd close,
No man suspecting what[t] I am but merchant.
An hour hence, my brave friends, look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpose;
For by that time 'twill take.

Soza. What are our duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and[u] fright, the governor
Out of his wits to see the flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to ashes all he worships,
And all the people there to stop these ruins,
No man regarding any private office,
Then fly we to the prison suddenly:
Here 's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Eman. Then to our swords and good hearts! I long for it.

Arm. Certain we shall not find much opposition;
But what is, must be forc'd.

Soza. 'Tis bravely cast[v], sir;
And surely too, I hope.

Arm. If the fire fail not,
And powder hold his nature. Some must presently,
Upon the first cry of th' amazèd people,
(For nothing will be mark'd then but the misery,)
Be ready with the boat upon an instant;
And then all 's right and fair.

Eman. Bless us, dear Fortune!

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our courage,
And Fortune must befriend us. Come, all sever;

[r] *practice*] See note, p. 28.

[s] *all hush'd*] Both the folios "*all*, all *husht*." (a manifest mistake); and so the Editors of 1778 and Weber.

[t] *what*] Qy. "that"?

[u] *and*] Weber printed "or."

[v] *cast*] See note, p. 89.

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But keep still within sight: when the flame rises,
Let 's meet, and either do or die!

Soza. So be it! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another street.*

Enter the Governor of Ternata *and* Captain.

G. of Tern. No, captain, for those troops, we need 'em not;
The town is strong enough to stand their furies.
I would see 'em come, and offer to do something:
They are high in words.

Capt. 'Tis safer, sir, than doing.

G. of Tern. Dost think they dare attempt?

Capt. May be, by treaty;
But, sure, by force they will not prove so forward.

G. of Tern. No, faith, I warrant thee; they know me well enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with:
They know my nature too; I have bit some of 'em,
And to the bones; they have reason to remember me.
It makes me laugh to think how glorious[t]
The fools are in their promises, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to pass.
Am I not grown lean with loss of sleep, and care
To prevent these threatenings, captain?

Capt. You look well, sir:
Upon my conscience, you are not like to sicken
Upon any such conceit.

G. of Tern. I hope I shall not.
Well, would I had this wench! for I must have her,
She must be mine: and there 's another charge, captain;—
What betwixt love and brawling, I get[u] nothing;
All goes in maintenance—

[*The train takes; an explosion within.*

Hark! what was that,
That noise there? it went with a violence.

[t] *glorious*] i. e. vain-glorious, boastful.

[u] *get*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "got".

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Capt. Some old wall belike, sir,
That had no neighbour-help to hold it up,
Is faln suddenly.

G. of Tern. I must discard these rascals,
That are not able to maintain their buildings;
They blur the beauty of the town.

[*Within.*] Fire, fire!

G. of Tern. I hear another tune, good captain:
It comes on fresher still; 'tis loud and fearful:
Look up into the town; how bright the air shews!
Upon my life, some sudden fire!

[*Exit* Captain. *Bell rings within.*
The bell too?
I hear the noise more clear.

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire!

G. of Tern. Where? where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a merchant's house, sir:
Fearful and high it blazes.—Help, good people! [*Exit.*

G. of Tern. Pox o' their paper-houses! how they smother!
They light like candles: how the roar still rises!

Re-enter Captain.

Capt. Your magazine 's a-fire, sir; help, help suddenly!
The castle too is in danger, in much danger:
All will be lost: get the people presently,
And all that are your guard, and all help, all hands, sir;
Your wealth, your strength, is burnt else, the town perish'd:
The castle now begins to flame.

G. of Tern. My soul shakes!

Capt. A merchant's house next joining—shame light on him!
That ever such a neighbour, such a villain——

G. of Tern. Raise all the garrison, and bring 'em up,
And beat the people forward!—Oh, I have lost all
In one house, all my hopes!

Enter other Citizens.

Good worthy citizens,
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me!

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I will reward you all.—Oh, cursèd fortune!——
The flames more violent arise still.—Help, help, citizens[v]!
Freedom and wealth to him that helps! follow, oh, follow!
Fling wine, or any thing; I 'll see it recompens'd:
Buckets, more buckets! Fire, fire, fire! [*Exeunt.*

Enter ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL, *disguised as before, and* Soldier.

Arm. Let it flame on! a comely light it gives up
To our discovery. [*Cries within.*
Soza. Hark,
What a merry cry these hounds make! Forward fairly!
We are not seen in the mist, we are not noted:
Away, away! Now, if we lose our fortune—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another street.*

Enter Captain *and* Citizens.

Capt. Up, soldiers, up, and deal like men!
Cit. More water,
More water! all is consum'd else.
Capt. All is gone[w],
Unless you undertake it straight; your wealth too,
That must preserve and pay your labour bravely.
Up, up, away! [*Exeunt.*

[v] *The flames more violent arise still.—Help, help, citizens*] Both the folios have;

"*The* flame 's *more violent: arise still, help, helpe, citizens;*"

and so Sympson, though in a note he proposes what is manifestly the true reading. The Editors of 1778 printed,

"*The* flame 's *more violent!—Arise!—Still help, help, citizens*"!

and Weber gave,

"*The* flame 's *more violent!—Arise still! help, help, citizens!*"

Such absurdity is intolerable.

[w] *All is gone*, &c.] Sympson regulated the passage thus:

"All 's gone, unless you undertake it straight;
Your wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your labour
Bravely. Up, up, away!"

and proposed to read,

"*Your wealth too*, that preserv'd *must pay your* labours."

Mason says that no amendment is necessary, "*preserve*" meaning—support. Weber gave another arrangement. I have tried a third: but none is satisfactory. The passage seems to be corrupted.

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SCENE V.—*The same. The prison as before.*

Enter ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL, *disguised as before, and* Soldier, *breaking open a door.*

Arm. So, thou art open.—Keep the way clear behind still.
Now for the place.
Sold. 'Tis here, sir.
Arm. Sure, this is it:
Force ope the door. [*The* King of Tidore *discovered.*
A miserable creature!
Yet, by his manly face——
K. of Ti. Why stare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to affright me;
In death I am a king still, and contemn ye.
Where is that governor? methinks his manhood
Should be well pleas'd to see my tragedy,
And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows:
I dare him to the fight; bring his scorns with him,
And all his rugged threats. Here 's a throat, soldiers:
Come, see who can strike deepest!
Eman. Break the chain there.
K. of Ti. What does this mean?
Arm. Come, talk of no more governors;
He has other business, sir. Put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage, like a man;
We 'll carry off your head else. We are friends,
And come to give your sorrows ease.
Soza. On bravely!
Delays may lose again.

Enter Guard.

Arm. The guard.
Soza. Upon 'em!
Arm. Make speedy and sure work. [*Fight. The* Guard *fly.*
Eman. They fly.
Arm. Up with him,
And to the boat!—Stand fast.—Now be speedy!
When this heat 's past, we 'll sing our history:

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Away, like thoughts! sudden as desires, friends!——
Now, sacred Chance, be ours!

Soza. Pray when we have done, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A street.*

Enter three or four Citizens *severally.*

First Cit. What, is the fire allay'd?

Sec. Cit. 'Tis out, 'tis out,
Or past the worst. I never did so stoutly,
I 'll assure you, neighbours, since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both ends like a squib;
I liv'd two hours in the fire: 'twas a hideous matter;
But when men of understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things—My wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times; I bore up still,
And toss'd the buckets, boys.

Third Cit. We are all mere martins[x].

First Cit. I heard a voice at latter end o' th' hurry,—
Or else I dreamt I heard it,—that said "treason."

Sec. Cit. 'Tis like enough it might cry "murder" too;
For there was many without a joint: but what 's that to us?
Let 's home and fright our wives; for we look like devils.

Third Cit. Here come some of 'em to fright us.

Enter three Citizens'-Wives.

First Cit. Wife. Mine 's alive, neighbour.—Oh, sweet honey husband!

First Cit. Thou liest; I stink[y] abominably: an thou hadst
Been in my place, thou wouldst have stunk at both ends.
Get me some drink, give me whole tuns of drink,
Whole cisterns; for I have four dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly; I have more smoke in my mouth than would blote
A hundred herrings.

Sec. Cit. Wife. Art thou come safe again?

[x] *We are all mere martins*] "The only resemblance between them and martins must have been in the colour." MASON. Does not the Citizen mean that they had been busy about the tops of the houses?

[y] *stink*] Sympson's correction.—The folios "thinke", and "think",—prefixing to this speech, by mistake, "2 [Cit.]"

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Third Cit. Wife. I pray you[z], what became of my man? is he well[a]?

Sec. Cit. At heart's ease in a well; is very well, neighbour;
We left him drinking of[b] a new dozen of buckets:
Thy husband 's happy, he was th[o]rough roasted,
And now he 's basting of himself at all points;
The clerk and he are cooling their pericraniums.—
Body o' me, neighbours, there 's fire in my cod-piece!

Sec. Cit. Wife[c]. Bless my husband!

Sec. Cit. Blow it out, wife! blow, blow! the gable end o' the store-house!

Cit. Wives. Some water, water, water!

Third Cit. Peace; 'tis but a sparkle;
Raise not the town again; 'twill be a great hinderance.
I 'm glad 'tis out; an 't had ta'en in my hay-loft—
What frights are these? marry, Heaven bless thy modicum[d]!

Third Cit. Wife. But is 'a drown'd outright[e]? pray, put me out
Of fear, neighbour.

Sec. Cit. Thou wouldst have it so;
But, after a hundred fires more, he 'll live
To see thee burnt for brewing musty liquor.

First Cit. Come, let 's go, neighbour;
For I would very fain turn down this liquor.

Sec. Cit. Come, come; I fry like a burnt marry-bone[f].—

[z] *you*] Silently omitted by Weber.

[a] *is he well?*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "*is he* in a *well?*" (the eye of the original compositor having glanced at the next line).

[b] *of*] Mason says "we should surely read 'off'." But compare the next line but one—"he 's basting *of* himself."

[c] *Sec. Cit. Wife*] Both the folios "1. Wo."; and so the modern editors.

[d] *What frights are these? marry, Heaven bless thy modicum!*] Seward proposed giving this line to the First Cit. Wife; and, as Mason thinks, rightly.

[e] *But is 'a drown'd outright, &c.*] The Sec. Cit. having now got over his alarm, the Third Cit. Wife proceeds to question him farther concerning her husband.

[f] First Cit. *Come, let 's go, neighbour;*
For I would very fain turn down this liquor.
Sec. Cit. *Come, come; I fry like a burnt marry-bone,* &c.]
Both the folios thus;
"1. Come, lets go neighbor.
2. For I would very faine turne downe this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt marry-bone", &c.

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Women, get you afore, and draw upon us:
Run, wenches, run, and let your taps run with ye;
Run as the fire were in your tails; cry "ale, ale!"
Cit. Wives. Away! let 's nourish the poor wretches.
Sec. Cit. We 'll rally up the rest of the burnt regiment.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Before the Castle of the* Governor.

Enter the Governor of Ternata, Captain, Soldiers, *and* Guard.

G. of Tern. The fire 's quench'd, captain, but the mischief hangs still:
The king 's redeem'd, and gone too; a trick, a damn'd one!
Oh, I am overtaken poorly, tamely!
Capt. Where were the guard that waited upon the prison?
First Sold. Most of 'em slain; yet some scap'd, sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little boat ready to receive him
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and fighting,
Fighting beyond the force of men!
G. of Tern. I am lost, captain,
And all the world will laugh at this, and scorn me;
Count me a heavy sleepy fool, a coward,
A coward past recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage or common sense.
First Sold. He 's gone, sir,
And put to sea amain, past our recovery,
Not a boat ready to pursue: if there were any,
The people stand amaz'd so at their valour,
And the sudden fright of fire, none knows to execute.
G. of Tern. Oh, I could tear my limbs, and knock my boy's brains
'Gainst every post I meet! fool'd with a fire!
Capt. It was a crafty trick.
G. of Tern. No, I was lazy,
Confident, sluggish lazy: had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen blows, I had forgiven 'em.
By both these hands held up, and by that brightness

and so the modern editors,—even Weber, though Mason had pointed out the proper distribution of these speeches.

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That gilds the world with light, by all our worships [f],
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue ocean,
I will not rest; no mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this dishonour!
Make ready my barattoes [g] instantly,
And what I shall intend——

Capt. We are your servants. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Tidore. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUISARA *and* RUY DIAS.

Quisara. Never tell me: you never car'd to win me;
Never, for my sake, to attempt a deed
Might draw me to a thought you sought my favour:
If not for love of me, for love of arms, sir,
For that cause you profess, for love of honour,
Of which you style yourself the mighty master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended something excellent;
Put on a forward face——

Ruy. Dear lady, hold me——

Quisara. I hold you as I find you, a faint servant.

Ruy. By [Heaven [h],] I dare do——

Quisara. In a lady's chamber,
I dare believe you; there's no mortal danger:
Give me the man that dares do, to deserve that!
I thought you Portugals had been rare wonders,
Men of those haughty courages and credits
That all things were confin'd within your promises;
The lords of Fate and Fortune I believ'd ye:
But well I see I am deceiv'd, Ruy Dias,
And blame, too late, my much belief.

Ruy. I am asham'd, lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your offer:

[f] *by all our worships*] "i. e. by all the objects of our worship." MASON.
[g] *barattoes*] See note, p. 418.
[h] [*Heaven*] A break here in both the folios.

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Now you have once more school'd me, I am right;
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in act as soon, some preparation——

Quisara. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, lady, and so great too,
In which the noise[i] of all my countrymen——

Quisara. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd ones;
And, though he be restor'd alive[j]——

Ruy. I have you.

Quisara. For then we are both servants.

Ruy. I conceive you:
Good madam, give me leave to turn my fancies.

Quisara. Do, and make all things fit, and then I 'll visit you. [*Exit.*

Ruy. Myself, my[k] cousin, and the garrison,
The neighbours of the out-isles of our nation,
Syana's strength, for I can humour him,
And proud Bakamus[l], I shall deceive his glory—
[*A shout within.*
What ringing sound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be, the princes are in sport.

Enter PINIERO *and* CHRISTOPHERO.

Pin. Where are you?

Ruy. Now, Piniero, what's the haste you seek me?

[i] *noise*] "Instead of '*noise*' Mr. Seward supposes '*choice*', or, with equal probability, as I imagine, '*voice*', i. e. *approbation*, *consent*, &c. was originally wrote in our poets' manuscript." SYMPSON. "I am inclined, with Seward, to read '*choice*'." MASON. "*Noise* was often used for rumour, report; and might, therefore, also stand for *fame* or *glory*; which supports the propriety of the old text." WEBER.

[j] *And, though he be restor'd alive*] "Seward wishes to read, 'And though he *be n't* restor'd alive'; which would totally pervert Quisara's meaning, who intends to insinuate, that though the king should be restored alive, that would not prevent her marrying Ruy Dias; for in that case, as she tells him in her next speech, they would both be servants: and Ruy Dias says, that he then should have her, though not the kingdom." MASON. But, surely, "*I have you*" means—I understand you. Compare p. 508, l. 6.

[k] *my*] Both the folios "the".

[l] *Bakamus*] Silently altered by Sympson to "Bakam."—"Why is the King of Bakam called here '*Bakamus*'? I should suspect there is some error in the passage." MASON. Our early writers often designated monarchs by names formed from those of the countries which they governed.

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Pin. Do you know this sign, sir?
Ruy. Ha!
Pin. Do you know this emblem?
Your nose is bor'd.
Ruy. Bor'd! what is that?
Pin. You 're topt, sir:
The king 's come home again, the king.
Ruy. The devil!
Pin. Nay, sure, he came a' God's name home; he 's return'd, sir.
Christ. And all this joy you hear——
Ruy. Who durst attempt him?
The princes are all here.
Christ. They are worthy princes,
They are special princes all! they love by ounces [m].
Believe it, sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely
And easily. What fortune have you lost, sir!
What justice [n] have you now unto this lady?
Pin. How stands your claim? That ever man should be fool'd so,
When he should do and prosper! stand protesting,
Kissing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he should be about his business sweating!
She bid you go, and pick'd you out a purpose [o],
To make yourself a fortune by, a lady,
A lady, and a lusty one, a lovely,
That now you may go look; she 'pointed you,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly: you have made a fair flight on 't;
You have caught a goose.
Ruy. How dare you thus molest me?
It cannot be. [*A shout within.*
Christ. Hark how the general joy rings!
Pin. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?
For, if you had been sober, you had been wise, sure.

[m] *princes all! they love by ounces*] Weber's punctuation.—In both the folios these words are pointed thus; "*princes, all they love by ounces.*"
[n] *justice*] "i. e. right, claim, or pretence." SYMPSON.
[o] *a purpose*] Sympson and the Editors of 1778 printed "*o' purpose*".

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Ruy. Done! who dares do?
Pin. It seems an honest fellow,
That has ended his market before you be up.
Christ. The shame on't, he's a stranger too.
Pin. 'Tis no shame;
He took her at her word, and tied the bargain,
Dealt like a man indeed, stood not demurring,
But clapt close to the cause, as he will do to the lady:
He is a fellow of that speed and handsomeness,
He will get her with child too, ere you shall come to know him.
Is it not brave, a gentleman scarce landed,
Scarce eating of the air here, not acquainted,
No circumstance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
At the first sight too——
Ruy. I am undone!
Pin. Like an oyster:—
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto such deeds as these?—Pox o' these,
These wise delayings! they make men cowards.
You are undone, as a man would undo an egg,
A hundred shames about you.

Re-enter QUISARA, *with* PANURA, *and train.*

Quisara. Can it be possible?
A stranger that I have not known, not seen yet,
A man I never grac'd?—Oh, captain, captain,
What shall I do? I am betray'd by fortune:
It cannot be, it must not be.
Pin. It is, lady;
And, by my faith, a handsome gentleman:
'Tis his poor scholar's prize [p].
Quisara. Must I be given
Unto a man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what nation?
Pin. He's a Portugal,

[p] *scholar's prize*] See note, vol vi. 529.

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And of as good a pitch—He will be given to you, lady,
For he 's given much to handsome flesh.
Quisara. Oh, Ruy Dias,
This was your sloth, your sloth, your sloth, Ruy Dias!
Pin. Your love-sloth, uncle: do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully,
And then the t'other [p] had lied [q] ready for you.—
[*A shout within.*
Madam, the general joy comes.
Quisara. We must meet it;
But with what comfort?

Enter Citizens *carrying boughs*, Boys *singing after them; then the* King of Tidore, ARMUSIA, SOZA, EMANUEL; *the* King of Bakam, *the* Prince of Syana, *and train following.*

Oh, my dear brother, what a joy runs through me, [*Kneels.*
To see you safe again, yourself, and mighty!
What a blest day is this!
K. of Ti. [*raising her*] Rise up, fair sister:
I am not welcome till you have embrac'd me.
Ruy. A general gladness, sir, flies through the city,
And mirth possesses all to see your grace arriv'd [r],
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly.
'Twas a brave venture, whosoe'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much honour;
And, had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great sir,
And in short time too, to have forc'd the governor,
In spite of all his threats——
K. of Ti. I thank you, gentleman [s].
Ruy. And all his subtilties, to set you free,
With all his heart and will too.
K. of Ti. I know you love me.
Pin. This had been good, with something done before it,
Something to set it off, to beautify it [t]:

[p] *the t'other*] As frequently before: see note, vol. ii. 45.
[q] *lied*] Silently altered by Sympson to "laid"; and so his successors!
[r] *arriv'd*] Both the folios "arrive".
[s] *gentleman*] Sympson silently printed "gentlemen"; and so his successors.
[t] *Something to set it off, to beautify it*] Both the folios have,
"*Something set off to beautifie it.*"
I give the reading which was proposed by Seward in a note, and adopted by the

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Now it sounds empty, like a barber's bason;
Pox, there 's no metal in 't, no noble marrow! [*Aside.*
K. of Bak. I have an army, sir, (but that the governor,
The foolish fellow, was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time; 'became him too,)
That would have scour'd him else, and all his confines;
That would have rung him such a peal——
Pin. Yes, backward,
To make dogs howl. I know thee to a farthing;
Thy army 's good for hawks; there 's nothing but sheep's hearts in it. [*Aside.*
P. of Sy. I have done nothing, sir; therefore I think it
Convenient[t] I say little what I purpos'd,
And what my love intended.
K. of Ti. I like your modesty:—
And, thank ye, royal friends; I know it griev'd ye
To know my misery: but this man, princes,
I must thank heartily indeed, and truly,
For this man saw me in it, and redeem'd me;
He look'd upon me sinking, and then caught me.—
This, sister, this, this all man, this all valour,
This pious man——
Ruy. My countenance[u], it shames me!
One scarce arriv'd, not harden'd yet, not read
In dangers and great deeds, sea-sick, not season'd—
Oh, I have boy'd myself! [*Aside.*
K. of Ti. This noble bulwark,
This lance and honour of our age and kingdom,
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my sorrows
Has new-begot my name, and once more made me:

Editors of 1778. That it is the true one, there cannot be a shadow of doubt: yet Sympson and Weber preferred the downright nonsense of the old copies.

[t] *Convenient*] i. e. fitting, becoming.

[u] *My countenance*] Sympson proposed "*My* conscience"; and Mason is inclined to read "*My* countryman".—"Ruy Dias uses the expression by way of exclamation; it amounts to as much as if he had said, With what countenance can I now look up?" HEATH (*MS. Notes*).

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Oh, sister, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing near recompense invented——
Arm. You are too noble, sir: there is reward,
Above my action too by millions;
A recompense so rich and glorious,
I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promis'd;
But that it was propounded, sworn, and seal'd
Before the face of Heaven, I durst not hope it;
For nothing in the life of man or merit,
It is so truly great, can else embrace it.
K. of Ti. Oh, speak it, speak it! bless mine ears to hear it;
Make me a happy man, to know it may be;
For still methinks I am a prisoner,
And feel no liberty before I find it.
Arm. Then know, it is your sister; she is mine, sir;
I claim her by her own word and her honour;
It was her open promise to that man
That durst redeem you: Beauty set me on,
And Fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.
K. of Ti. Receive you, sir!—Why, sister—ha! so backward!
Stand as you knew me not! nor what he has ventur'd!
My dearest sister—
Arm. Good sir, pardon me:
There is a blushing modesty becomes her,
That holds her back; women are nice to woo, sir:
I would not have her forc'd; give her fair liberty;
For things compell'd and frighted, of soft natures,
Turn into fears, and fly from their own wishes.
K. of Ti. Look on him, my Quisara: such another,
(Oh, all ye powers!) so excellent in nature,
In honour so abundant——
Quisara. I confess, sir;
Confess my word is pass'd too; he has purchas'd[v]:
Yet, good sir, give me leave to think; but time
To be acquainted with his worth and person,
To make me fit to know it: we are both strangers,
And how we should believe so suddenly,

[v] *purchas'd*] i. e. gained the prize.

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Or come to fasten our affections——
Alas, Love has his compliments!
K. of Ti. Be sudden
And certain in your way; no woman's doubles,
Nor coy delays! you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever:
Respect your word; I know you will: come, sister,
Let 's see what welcome you can give a prisoner,
And what fair looks a friend.—Oh, my most noble
Princes, no discontents, but all be lusty!
He that frowns this day is an open enemy.—
Thus in my arms, my dear!
Arm. You make me blush, sir.
K. of Ti. And now lead on, our whole court crown'd with pleasure!
Ruy. Madam, despair not; something shall be done yet,
And suddenly and wisely. [*Aside to her.*
Quisara. Oh, Ruy Dias!
[*Exeunt all except* PINIERO, SOZA, *and* CHRISTOPHERO.
Pin. Well, he 's a brave fellow, and he has deserv'd her richly:
And you have had your hands full, I dare swear, gentlemen.
Soza. We have done something, sir, if it hit right.
Christ. The woman has no eyes else, nor no honesty;
So much I think.
Pin. Come, let 's go bounce amongst 'em
To the king's health and my brave countryman's.
My uncle looks as though he were sick o' the worms, friends.
[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Tidore. An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PINIERO.

Pin. Mine[w] uncle haunts me up and down; looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof-melancholy; sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cries, and groans as if he had the bots[x],
(As, to say truth, I think h'as little better,)
And would fain speak; bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when 'tis noon: h'as something hovers
About his brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not. Still he follows.

Enter RUY DIAS.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old dog at a dead scent!—Ay, marry,
There was a sigh would 'a[y] set a ship a-sailing!
These winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now speak, an 't be thy will! [*Aside.*]—Good morrow, uncle.

Ruy. Good morrow, sir.

Pin. This is a new salute;—
Sure, h'as forgot me;—this is pur-blind Cupid. [*Aside.*

Ruy. My nephew?

Pin. Yes, sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ruy. I would fain speak with you.

Pin. I would fain have you, sir;
For to that end I stay.

Ruy. You know I love you,
And I have lov'd you long, my dear Piniero,
Bred and supplied you——

Pin. Whither walks this preamble? [*Aside.*

[w] *Mine*] The modern editors print "My".

[x] *the bots*] See note, vol. vi. 510.

[y] *'a*] i. e. *ha'*, have. Silently omitted by the Editors of 1778; and so Weber.

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Ruy. You may remember, though I am but your uncle,
I sure had a father's care, a father's tenderness—
Pin. Sure, he would rap[y] me into something now suddenly,
He doubts my nature in (for mine is honest),
He winds about me so. [*Aside.*
Ruy. A father's diligence.
My private benefits[z] I have forgot, sir;
But those you might lay claim to as my follower,
Yet some men would remember;——
Pin. I do daily.
Ruy. The place which I have put you in, which is no weak one;
Next to myself you stand in all employments,
Your counsels, cares, assignments, with me equal;
So is my study still to plant your person:
These are small testimonies I have not forgot you,
Nor would not be forgotten.
Pin. Sure, you cannot.
Ruy. Oh, Piniero——
Pin. Sir, what hangs upon you?
What heavy weight oppresses you? you have lost
(I must confess, in those that understand you)
Some little of your credit; but time will cure that:
The best may slip sometimes.
Ruy. Oh, my best nephew——
Pin. It may be, you fear her too,—that disturbs you,—
That she may fall herself, or be forc'd from you.
Ruy. She is ever true; but I undone for ever!

[y] *rap*] Both the folios "wrap"; and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.—Mason first pointed out the right spelling here. And see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 163, 4.

[z] *My private benefits*, &c.] Sympson proposed to read

"*My* public *benefits I have forgot,*
Be it *those you might lay claim to as*," &c.

Heath's explanation of this passage (which agrees with Mason's) is as follows: "I have forgot, and think not worth urging, the benefits I have conferred on you in my private character as a friend and near relation; but yet there are men who would remember those benefits which, as one of my followers and in common with the rest of them, you might think yourself entitled to a share of, and with which I have distinguished you above the others," &c. Weber gives a different, and, I think, an erroneous interpretation.

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Oh, that Armusia, that new thing, that stranger,
That flag stuck up to rob me of mine honour,
That murdering chain shot at me from my country,
That goodly plague that I must court to kill me!

Pin. Now it comes flowing from him: I fear'd this,
Knew, he that durst be idle durst be ill too.— [*Aside.*
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess it, nephew, must allow it:
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me, like a name in sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens[a] my ruin;
And, if he rise and blaze, farewell my fortune!
And when that 's set, where 's thy advancement, cousin?—
That were a friend, that were a noble kinsman,
That would consider these; that man were grateful;
And he, that durst do something here, durst love me.

Pin. You say true; 'tis worth consideration;
Your reasons are of weight: and, mark me, uncle,
(For I 'll be sudden, and to the purpose with you,)
Say this Armusia then were taken off,
(As it may be easily done,) how stands the woman?

Ruy. She is mine for ever;
For she contemns his deed and him.

Pin. Pox on him!
Or, if the single pox be not sufficient,
The hog's, the dog's, and devil's pox possess him!— [*Aside.*
Faith, this Armusia stumbles me; he 's a brave fellow;
And, if he could be spar'd, uncle——

Ruy. I must perish:
Had he set up at any rest but this[b],
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlasting losing of my worth——

Pin. I understand you now, who set you on too:
I had a reasonable good opinion of the devil
Till this hour; and I see he is a knave indeed,
An arrant, stinking knave, for now I smell him.— [*Aside.*

[a] *threatens*] Silently altered by Sympson to "threats"; rightly perhaps.

[b] *set up at any rest but this*] "i. e. played for any other venture." WEBER. See note, p. 112.

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I 'll see what may be done, then; you shall know
You have a kinsman—but no villain, uncle,
Nor no betrayer of fair fame, I scorn it;
I love and honour virtue [*Aside*].—I must have
Access unto the lady to know her mind too:
A good word from her mouth, you know, may stir me;
A lady's look at setting on——

Ruy. You say well:
Here, cousin, here 's a letter ready for you; [*Gives letter.*
And you shall see how nobly she 'll receive you,
And with what care direct.

Pin. Farewell, then, uncle:
After I have talk'd with her, I am your servant—
To make you honest, if I can, else hate you.— [*Aside.*
Pray you, no more compliments; my head is busy.
[*Exit* RUY DIAS.

Heaven bless me,
What a malicious soul does this man carry!
And to what scurvy things this love converts us,
What stinking things! and how sweetly they become us!
Murder 's a moral virtue with these lovers,
A special piece of divinity, I take it.
I may be mad, or violently drunk,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learn to murder men's estates, that 's base too;
Or proud, but that 's a paradise to this;
Or envious, and sit eating of myself
At others' fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honest hearer;
Cozen, cut purses, sit i' the stocks for apples:
But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy!
These are poor pelting[b] sins, or rather plagues:
Love and Ambition draw the devil's coach.

Enter QUISANA *and* PANURA.

How now! who are these? Oh, my great lady's followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,

[b] *pelting*] i. e. paltry (as before, vol. ii. 305).—Here Seward in a long note proposed a very violent alteration of the text.

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Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers:
These doors I must pass through; I hope they are wide.—
[*Aside.*
Good day to your beauties.—How they take it to 'em,
As if they were fair indeed! [*Aside.*
Quisana. Good morrow to you, sir.
Pin. That 's the old hen, the brood-bird; how she bustles[c]!
How like an inventory of lechery she looks!
Many a good piece of iniquity
Has pass'd her hands, I warrant her [*Aside*].—I beseech you,
Is the fair princess stirring?
Pan. Yes, marry, is she, sir,
But somewhat private: have you a business with her?
Pin. Yes, forsooth, have I, and a serious business.
Pan. May not we know?
Pin. Yes, when you can keep counsel.
Pan. How prettily he looks! he 's a soldier, sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.
Quisana. A good blunt gentleman.
Pin. Yes, marry, am I:
Yet for a push or two at sharp, an 't please you—
Pan. My honest friend, you know not who you speak to;
This is the princess' aunt.
Pin. I like her the better;
An she were her mother, lady, or her grandmother,
I am not so bashful but I can buckle with her.
Pan. Of what size is your business?
Pin. Of the long sixteens,
And will make way, I warrant you.
Pan. How fine he talks!
Pin. Nay, in troth, I talk but coarsely, lady;
But I hold it comfortable for the understanding.—
How fain they would draw me into ribaldry!
These wenches that live easily, live high,
And[d] love these broad discourses, as they love possets;
These dry delights serve for preparatives. [*Aside.*

[c] *bustles*] Both the folios "busles"; and so Sympson. The Editors of 1778 printed "brusles".

[d] *And*] So the first folio.—Omitted in the second folio; and by the Editors of 1778.

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Pan. Why do you look so on me?
Pin. I am guessing,
By the cast of your face, what the property of your place should be;
For I presume you turn a key, sweet beauty,—
And you another, gravity, under the princess;
And, by my [soul[e],] I warrant ye, good places,
Comely commodious seats!
Quisana. Prithee, let him talk still,
For methinks he talks handsomely.
Pin. And truly,
As near as my understanding shall enable me.—
You look as if you kept my lady's secrets—
Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honestly.—
How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th' end!
And how their hearts go pit-a-pat, and look[f] for it!
Would it not dance too, if it had a fiddle?— [*Aside.*
Your gravity I guess to take the petitions,
And hear the lingering suits in love dispos'd,
Their sighs and sorrows in their proper place;
You keep the Aye-me office[g].
Quisana. Prithee, suffer him,
For, as I live, he is a pretty fellow!
I love to hear sometimes what men think of us;
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice.—
Proceed, good honest man.
Pin. I will, good madam.
According to men's states and dignities,
Moneys and moveables, you rate their dreams,
And cast the nativity of their desires:
If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous;
And, if he promise place, his dreams are oracles:
Your ancient practique art too in these discoveries,
Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
And who draws home, yield[s] you no little profit;
For these you milk by circumstance——

[e] [*soul*] A break here in both the folios.
[f] *look*] Mason would read "long".
[g] *the Aye-me office*] The Editors of 1778 printed "*the* Ah-me *office*". (Our old writers frequently use "*Aye me!*" for "Ah me!".)

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Quisana. You are cunning.

Pin. And as they oil you, and advance your spindle,
So you draw out the lines of love. Your doors too,
The doors of Destiny, that men must pass through——
These are fair places——

Pan. He knows all.

Pin. Your trap-doors,
To pop fools in at[g] that have no providence;
Your little wickets, to work wise men, like wires, through at,
And draw their states[h] and bodies into cobwebs;
Your postern-doors, to catch those that are cautelous[i],
And would not have the world's eye find their knaveries;
Your doors of danger (some men hate a pleasure,
Unless that may be full of fears); your hope-doors,
And those are fine commodities, where fools pay
For every new encouragement a new custom:
You have your doors of honour and of pleasure;
But those are for great princes, glorious vanities,
That travel to be famous through diseases:
There be the doors of poverty and death too,
But these you do the best you can to dam up,
For then your gain goes out.

Quisana. This is a rare lecture.

Pin. Read to them that understand.

Pan. Beshrew me,
I dare not venture on you; you cut too keen, sir.

Quisana. We thank you, sir, for your good mirth; you are
A good companion.
Here comes the princess now; attend your business.

Enter QUISARA.

Quisara. Is there no remedy, no hopes can help me?
No wit to set me free?—Who's there, ho?

Quisana. Troubled?
Her looks are almost wild: what ails the princess?
I know nothing she wants.

[g] *at*] Both the folios "it"; and so Weber! Compare the next line.

[h] *states*] Is certainly used here in the sense of—estates; and such perhaps is its meaning in the second line of Piniero's preceding speech but one.

[i] *cautelous*] i. e. artfully cautious.

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Quisara. Who 's that there with you?—
Oh, Signior Piniero, you are most welcome!
How does your noble uncle?
Pin. Sad as you are, madam:
But he commends his service, and this letter. [*Gives letter.*
Quisara. [*To* QUIS. *and* PAN.] Go off; attend within.—
Fair sir, I thank you:
Pray, be no stranger, for indeed you are welcome,
For your own virtues, welcome.
Quisana. We are mistaken;
This is some brave fellow, sure.
Pan. I 'm sure he 's a bold fellow:
But, if she hold him so, we must believe it.
[*Exeunt* QUISANA *and* PANURA.
Quisara. Do you know of this, fair sir?
Pin. I guess it, madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.
Quisara. It is a business of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with slight thanks:
Give me a matter of some weight to wade in!
Quisara. And can you love your uncle so directly,
So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?
Can there be such a faith?
Pin. Dare you say ay to it,
And set me on? 'tis no matter for my uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it.
Quisara. I would fain——
Pin. Have it done:—say but so, lady.
Quisara. Conceive it so.
Pin. I will; 'tis that I am bound to;
Your will that must command me, and your pleasure,
The fair aspècts of those eyes that must direct me.
I am no uncle's agent; I am mine own, lady;
I scorn my able youth should plough for others,
Or my ambition serve for pay: I aim,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at shall be equal,
And what love spurs me on to. This desire

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Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant and a virtuous man, my countryman,
Armusia, the delight of all, the minion[j];
This[k] love of you, doting upon your beauty,
The admiration of your excellence.
Make me but servant to the poorest smile,
Or the least grace you have bestow'd on others,
And see how suddenly I 'll work your safety,
And set your thoughts at peace! I am no flatterer,
To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lie a-bed, and swear me[l] into fevers,
Like some of your trim suitors; when I promise,
The light is not more constant to the world
Than I am to my word.—She turns, for millions! [*Aside.*

Quisara. I have not seen a braver confirm'd courage. [*Aside.*

Pin. For a tun of crowns she turns! she is a woman;
And, much I fear, a worse than I expected.— [*Aside.*
You are the object, lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
And when he[m] stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his estate, father, mother,
Friends, wife, and children, he 's a fool, and I scorn him;
An 't be but to make clean his sword, a coward.
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty:

[j] *of all, the minion*] The correction of the Editors of 1778.—Both the folios "*of all the* minions"; and so Sympson.

[k] *This*] So the second folio.—The first folio "Is".—Weber printed "His" (i. e. Armusia's).—Sympson proposed the following transposition, which, I am strongly inclined to believe, restores the passage to its genuine state;

"This desire
This love of you, doting upon your beauty,
The admiration of your excellence,
Makes me forget an honest man, a brave man,
A valiant and a virtuous man, my countryman,
Armusia, the delight of all, the minion.
Make me but servant", &c.

[l] *me*] Both the folios "men"; and so the modern editors.

[m] *And when he*] "i. e. any *he* whom you lay your commands on." WEBER. Sympson printed "*And he* who", which Mason approves of.

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Had I the place in your affections
My most unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
Liv'd in those blessèd eyes, and read the stories
Of everlasting pleasures figur'd there,
I would find out your commands, before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dreamt of 'em.

Quisara. I admire his boldness. [*Aside.*

Pin. This, or any thing;
Your brother's death, mine uncle's, any man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on it.
Look on my youth,—I bring no blastings to you,—
The first flower of my strength, my faith.

Quisara. No more, sir;
I am too willing to believe: rest satisfied,
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful.
You are a handsome gentleman, a fair one;
My servant, if you please: I seal it thus, sir. [*Kisses him.*
No more, till you deserve more.

Pin. I am rewarded. [*Exit* QUISARA.
This woman 's cunning, but she 's bloody too;
Although she pulls her talons in, she 's mischievous;
Form'd like the face of heaven, clear and transparent.
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd to what they wish. Well, uncle,
What will become of this, and what dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let time tell:
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it[n]. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another apartment in the Palace.*

Enter ARMUSIA, EMANUEL, *and* SOZA.

Eman. Why are you thus sad? what can grieve or vex you,
That have the pleasures of the world, the profits,
The honour, and the loves at your disposes?
Why should a man that wants nothing want his quiet?

Arm. I want what beggars are above me in, content;

[n] *strive to cross it*] So the second folio.—The first folio "crosse *to crosse it*".

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I want the grace I have merited, the favour,
The due respect.
Soza. Does not the king allow it?
Arm. Yes, and all honours else, all I can ask,
That he has power to give: but from his sister,
The scornful cruelty—forgive me, Beauty,
That I transgress!—from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my service,
And foster my deserts for her own faith's sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me—
Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, sir?
Lamenting and disputing of your grievances?
Sighing and sobbing, like a sullen school-boy,
And cursing good-wife Fortune for this favour?
Arm. What would you have me do?
Soza. Do what you should do,
What a man would do in this case, a wise man,
An understanding man that knows a woman,
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her [o] trifles:
Go to her, and take her in your arms, and shake her;
Take her, and toss her like a bar.
Eman. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of sheets, sir; there shake
These sullen fits out of her, spare her not there;
There you may break her will, and bruise no bone, sir.
Soza. Go to her——
Eman. That's the way.
Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock yourself,
With being too indulgent to her pride;
Let her hear roundly from you, what you are,
And what you have deserv'd, and what she must be.
Eman. And be not put off, like a common fellow,
With "The princess would be private",
Or, that she has taken physic, and admits none:
I would talk to her any where.
Arm. It makes me smile.

[o] *all her*] These words were perhaps inserted by a mistake of the transcriber or printer.

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Eman. Now you look handsomely.
Had I a wench to win, I would so flutter her!
They love a man that crushes 'em to verjuice;
A woman held at hard meat is your spaniel.
Soza. Pray, take our counsel, sir.
Arm. I shall do something;
But not your way; it shews too boisterous;
For my affections are as fair and gentle
As her they serve.
Soza. The king.

Enter the King of Tidore.

K. of Ti. Why, how now, friend?
Why do you rob me of the company
I love so dearly, sir? I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my pleasure:
Why sad, thus sad still, man? I will not have it;
I must not see the face I love thus shadow'd.
Eman. An't please your grace, methinks it ill becomes him;
A soldier should be jovial, high, and lusty.
K. of Ti. He shall be so.—Come, come, I know your reason;
It shall be none to cross you: you shall have her;
Take my word, ('tis a king's word,) you shall have her;
She shall be yours or nothing. Pray, be merry.
Arm. Your grace has given me cause: I shall be, sir,
And ever your poor servant.
K. of Ti. Me myself, sir,
My better self.—I shall find time, and suddenly,
To gratify your loves too, gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks; no further compliment.—
Will you go with me, friend?
Arm. I beseech your grace,
Spare me an hour or two; I shall wait on you;
Some little private business with myself, sir,
For such a time.
K. of Ti. I'll hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular.—I'll take you, gentlemen,

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Because he shall have nothing to disturb him.—
I shall look for you, friend[p].

Arm. I dare not fail, sir.

[*Exeunt* King of Tidore, EMANUEL, *and* SOZA.

What shall I do to make her know my misery?

Enter PANURA.

To make her sensible?—This is her woman:
I have a toy[q] come to me suddenly;
It may work for the best; she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am I cannot tumble;
I 'll try, whate'er my fate be [*Aside*].—Good even, fair one.

Pan. 'Tis the brave stranger [*Aside*].—A good night to you, sir.—

Now, by my lady's hand, a goodly gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a husband!
Would I were so provided too! [*Aside.*

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this evening:
I am an honest man.

Pan. I dare believe you;
Or, if you were not, sir, that 's no great matter;
We take men's promises. Would you stay with me, sir?

Arm. So it please you: pray, let 's be better acquainted;
I know you are the princess' gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near——

Pan. 'Tis like I do so.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him fair courtesies,
If he have business your way——

Pan. I understand you.

Arm. So kind an office, that you may bind a gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too;
And you may bless the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handsome faces should have courteous minds,
And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business:

[p] *for you, friend*] Both the folios "*for* your *friend*".

[q] *toy*] i. e. whim, fancy.

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Yet if, I think, it be[r] to her, yourself, sir,
(For I know what you are, and what we hold you,
And in what grace you stand,) without a second,
(For that but darkens you,) would do it better:
The princess must be pleas'd with your accesses;
I 'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a courtier's boldness,
And am yet but a stranger: I would fain speak with her.

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, sir.

Arm. Pray you, wear this, and believe my meaning civil,
[*Gives a jewel.*
My business of that fair respect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance. [*Kisses her.*

Pan. How close he kisses! and how sensible
The passings of his lips are! I must do it,
An I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it:
He may do as much for me; that 's all I aim at;
And come what will on 't, life or death, I 'll do it
For ten such kisses more, an 't were high-treason. [*Aside.*

Arm. I would be private with her.

Pan. So you shall;
'Tis not worth thanks else. You must despatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my chamber, sir,
Where you must lock yourself that none may see you:
'Tis close to her[s]: you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to bed.

Arm. I understand you,
And once more thank you, lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus.

Arm. If I fail thee——

Pan. Come close, then[s]. [*Exeunt.*

[r] *Yet if, I think, it be*] Qy. "*Yet, I think, if it be*"?

[s] Arm. *If I fail thee*——
Pan. *Come close, then*] In both the folios thus;
"*Arm.* If I faile thee——
Come close then".
The break marks, I suspect, the omission of some imprecation: "*close*", i. e. secret, private.

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SCENE III.—*The same. A bed-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter QUISARA *and* QUISANA.

Quisara. 'Tis late; good aunt, to bed: I am e'en unready[t];
My woman will not be long away.
Quisana. I would have you
A little merrier first: let me sit by you,
And read or discourse something that you fancy;
Or take my instrument.
Quisara. No, no, I thank you;
I shall sleep without these. I wrong your age, aunt,
To make you wait thus; pray, let me intreat you:
To-morrow I will see you; I know you're sleepy,
And rest will be a welcome guest: you shall not,
Indeed you shall not stay. Oh, here's my woman.

Enter PANURA.

Good night, good night; and good rest, aunt, attend you!
Quisana. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, and fair dreams court you! [*Exit.*
Quisara. Come, where have you been, wench? Make me unready:
I slept but ill last night.
Pan. You 'll sleep the better
I hope to-night, madam.
Quisara. A little rest contents me:
Thou lov'st thy bed, Panura.
Pan. I am not in love, lady,
Nor seldom dream of devils; I sleep soundly.
Quisara. I 'll swear thou dost: thy husband would not take it so well,
If thou wert married, wench.
Pan. Let him take, madam,
The way to waken me; I am no dormouse:
Husbands have 'larum-bells, if they but ring once.
Quisara. Thou art a merry wench.
Pan. I shall live the longer.

[t] *unready*] "i. e. undressed." WEBER.

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Quisara. Prithee, fetch my book.
Pan. I am glad of that. [*Aside.*
Quisara. I 'll read a while before I sleep.
Pan. I will, madam.
Quisara. And if Ruy Dias meet you, and be importunate, He may come in.
Pan. I have a better fare for you:
Now least in sight play I. [*Aside, and then exit.*

Enter ARMUSIA *softly, and locks the door.*

Quisara. Why should I love him?
Why should I dote upon a man deserves not,
Nor has no will to work it?—Who 's there, wench?—
What are you? or whence come you?
Arm. You may know me;
I bring not such amazement, noble lady.
Quisara. Who let you in?
Arm. My restless love, that serves you.
Quisara. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeness that becomes a thief or ruffian;
Nor shall my brother's love protect this boldness,
You build so strongly on: my rooms are sanctuaries,
And with that reverence, they that seek my favours,
And humble fears, shall render their approaches.
Arm. Mine are no less.
Quisara. I am mistress of myself, sir,
And will be so: I will not be thus visited,
These fears and dangers thrust into my privacy.
Stand further off; I 'll cry out else.
Arm. Oh, dear lady!
Quisara. I see dishonour in your eyes.
Arm. There is none:
By all that beauty, they are innocent!
Pray you, tremble not; you have no cause.
Quisara. I 'll die first;
Before you have your will, be torn in pieces;
The little strength I have left me to resist you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or suffer——

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Arm. You wrong my duty.
Quisara. So base a violation of my liberty!
I know you are bent unnobly: I 'll take to me
The spirit of a man, borrow his boldness,
And force my woman's fears into a madness,
And, ere you arrive at what you aim at——
Arm. Lady, [*Kneels.*
If there be in you any woman's pity,
And, if your fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous,
Look on me, and believe me! is this violence?
Is it, to fall thus prostrate to your beauty,
A ruffian's boldness? is humility a rudeness?
The griefs and sorrows that grow here, an impudence?
These forcings and these fears I bring along with me,
These impudent abuses offer'd you [u]?
And thus high has your brother's favour blown me.
Alas, dear lady of my life, I came not
With any purpose rough or desperate,
With any thought that was not smooth and gentle
As your fair hand, with any doubt or danger!
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet!
A heavy curse light on it, when I intend it!
Quisara. Now I dare hear you.
Arm. If I had been mischievous,
(As then I must be mad, or were a monster,)
If any such base thought had harbour'd here,
Or [any] violence that became not man,
You have a thousand bulwarks to assure you:
The holy powers bear shields to defend chastity;
Your honour and your virtues are such armours,
Your clear thoughts such defences. If you misdoubt still,
[*Offers his sword.*
And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
[But that I] come[v] with impure thoughts to this place,
Take this, and sheathe it here; be your own safety;

[u] *offer'd you*] "I think we should read 'offer to *you*'." Surely, not.
[v] [*But that I*] *come*, &c.] Sympson silently printed,—
"*But* come with impure thoughts *into* this place".

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Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish:
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you!
Quisara. No; I believe now, you speak worthily.
What came you, then, for?
Arm. To complain me, beauty;
But modestly.
Quisara. Of what?
Arm. Of your fierce cruelty
(For, though I die, I will not blame the doer);
Humbly to tell your grace you had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accus'd
(For that I dare not do) your scorns—pray, pardon me,
And be not angry that I use the liberty
To urge that word; a little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve you;
If any thing that love commands may reach you,
To have remember'd you (but I am unworthy,
And to that misery falls[w] all my fortunes);
To have told you, and, by my life, you may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You or your memory: pray, be not angry.
Quisara. I thank you, sir; and let me tell you seriously,
You have taken now the right way to befriend you,
And to beget a fair and clear opinion:
Yet, to try your obedience——
Arm. I stand ready, lady.
Quisara. Without presuming to ask any thing,
Or at this time to hope for further favour[x],
Or to remember services or smiles,

[w] *to that misery falls*] Heath (*M.S. Notes*) would read "'tis *that misery* foils",—a very ingenious, but unnecessary, alteration.

[x] Arm. *I stand ready, lady.*
Quisara. *Without presuming to ask any thing,*
Or at this time to hope for further favour, &c.] Both the folios thus;
"*Arm.* I stand ready, Lady,
Without presuming to aske any thing.
Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further favour", &c.
Sympson remarked that "the second line evidently belongs to the princess"; yet he, as also the Editors of 1778 and Weber, preferred the distribution of the folios.

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Dangers you have pass'd through, and rewards due to 'em,
Loves or despairs, but, leaving all to me,
Quit this place presently.

Arm. I shall obey you.

Enter RUY DIAS.

Ruy. Ha!

Arm. Who's this?—What art thou?

Ruy. A gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more, I 'm sure.—Oh, 'tis Ruy Dias:
How high he looks, and harsh! [*Aside.*

Ruy. Is there not door enough,
You take such elbow-room?

Arm. If I take it, I 'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, princess?

Arm. The captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet.
Go freely, go; I 'll give thee leave.

Ruy. Your leave, sir!

Arm. Yes, my leave, sir: I 'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my heart ache, or my head be jealous,
Nor strange suspicious thoughts reign in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worst; I 'll smile at thee.—
I kiss your fair hand first;—then, farewell, captain. [*Exit.*

Quisara. What a pure soul inherits here! what innocence!
Sure, I was blind when I first lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fog still: how he blusters! [*Aside.*

Ruy. Am I your property? or those your flatteries
The banquets that you bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on?

Quisara. Be more temperate.

Ruy. Are these the shows of your respect and favour?
What did he here, what language had he with you?
Did you invite [him]? could you stay no longer?
Is he so gracious in your eye?

Quisara. You are too forward.

Ruy. Why at these private hours?

Quisara. You are too saucy,
Too impudent, to task[y] me with those errors:

[y] *task*] "i. e. tax." MASON.

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Do you know what I am, sir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by the name of friend,
I never taught you to dispose my liberty:
How durst you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine, but noble?
Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee!
How have I nourish'd thee and rais'd thee hourly!
Are these the gratitudes you bring, Ruy Dias?
The thanks? the services? I am fairly paid:
Was 't not enough I saw thou wert a coward,
And shadow'd thee? no noble sparkle in thee?
Daily provok'd[z] thee, and still found thee coward?
Rais'd noble causes for thee strangers started at,
Yet still, still, still a coward, ever coward?
And, with those taints, dost thou upbraid my virtues?

Ruy. I was to blame, lady.

Quisara. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durst thou but look amiss at my allowance?
If thou hadst been a brave fellow, thou hadst had some licence;
Some liberty I might have then allow'd thee
For thy good face, some scope to have argu'd with me:
But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
The mere sign of a soldier, of a lover
The dregs and draffy part, disgrace and jealousy,
I scorn thee, and contemn thee.

Ruy. Dearest lady,
If I have been too free——

Quisara. Thou hast been too foolish:
And go on still; I 'll study to forget thee;—
I would I could!—and yet I pity thee. [*Exit.*

Ruy. I am not worth it; if I were, that 's misery:
The next door is but death; I must aim at it. [*Exit.*

[z] *provok'd*] i. e. incited.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Tidore. An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the King of Tidore, *and the* Governor of Ternata *disguised as a Moorish Priest.*

K. of Ti. So far and truly you have discover'd to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That I am bound to acknowledge you most holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.

G. of Tern. I am no liar.—
'Tis strange I should, and live so near a neighbour:
But these are not my ends. [*Aside.*

K. of Ti. Pray you, sit, good father.—
Certain a reverend man, and most religious. [*Aside.*

G. of Tern. Ay, that belief 's well now; and let me work, then;
I 'll make you curse religion ere I leave you.— [*Aside.*
I have liv'd a long time, son, a mew'd-up man,
Sequester'd by the special hand of Heaven
From the world's vanities; bid farewell to follies,
And shook hands with all heats of youth and pleasures:
As in a dream, these twenty years I have slumber'd;
Many a cold moon have I, in meditation
And searching out the hidden wills of Heaven,
Lain shaking under; many a burning sun
Has sear'd my body, and boil'd up my blood,
Feebled my knees, and stamp'd a meagreness
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge;
Which I have now attain'd to, thanks to Heaven,
All for my country's good too: and many a vision,
Many a mystic vision have I seen, son,
And many a sight from Heaven, which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of these islands
Were lively shadow'd; many a charge I have had too,

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Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover: now I am come, son,
The hour is now appointed, my tongue is touch'd,
And now I speak.

K. of Ti. Do, holy man; I 'll hear you.

G. of Tern. Beware these Portugals, I say beware 'em;
These smooth-fac'd strangers, have an eye upon 'em:
The cause is now the gods': hear, and believe, king.

K. of Ti. I do hear: but, before I give rash credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a sin, father,
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some, for my most strange deliverance.

G. of Tern. Oh, son, the future aims of men, (observe me,)
Above their present actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at! the stars shew many turnings,
If you could see, mark but, with my eyes, pupil.
These men came hither, as my vision tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feebled,
Their vessels, like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long suit for traffic, and for comfort,
To vent their children's toys, cure their diseases:
They had their suit, they landed, and to the rate
Grew rich and powerful, suck'd the fat and freedom
Of this most blessèd isle, taught her to tremble,—
Witness the castle here, the citadel,
They have clapt upon the neck of your Tidore
(This happy town, till that she knew these strangers),
To check her when she 's jolly.

K. of Ti. They have so indeed, father.

G. of Tern. Take heed, take heed: I find your fair delivery,
(Though you be pleas'd to glorify that fortune,
And think these strangers gods, take heed, I say,)
I find it but a handsome preparation,
A fair-fac'd prologue to a further mischief:
Mark but the end, good king, the pin[a] he shoots at,

[a] *the pin*] i. e. the wooden peg in the very centre of the butt (to cleave which was the greatest feat of the archer).

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That was the man deliver'd you, the mirror!
Your sister is his due: what's she? your heir, sir;
And what is he a-kin, then, to? the kingdom:
But heirs are not ambitious; who, then, suffers?
What reverence shall the gods have? and what justice
The miserable people? what shall they do?

K. of Ti. He points at truth directly. [*Aside.*

G. of Tern. Think of these, son:
The person nor the manner I mislike not
Of your preserver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but season'd in the faith we are,
In our devotions learn'd.

K. of Ti. You say right, father.

G. of Tern. To change our worships now and our religion!
To be traitor to our gods [b]!

K. of Ti. You have well advis'd me,
And I will seriously consider, father.
In the mean time, you shall have your fair access
Unto my sister: advise her to your purpose,
And let me still know how the gods determine.

G. of Tern. I will.—But my main end is to advise [*Aside.*
The destruction of you all, a general ruin;
And when [c] I am reveng'd, let the gods whistle! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter RUY DIAS *and* PINIERO.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad you were not greedy,
And sudden in performing what I will'd you
Upon the person of Armusia;
I was afraid, for I well knew your valour,
And love to me.

Pin. 'Twas not a fair thing, uncle;
It shew'd not handsome, carried no man in it.

[b] *gods*] Both the folios "God". Compare the next two speeches.

[c] *when*] So the second folio.—The first folio "then"; and so the Editors of 1778; so too Weber, who says that "*when* is understood in this passage", and who evidently supposed that "when" was a conjectural emendation of Sympson (whom he calls Seward).

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Ruy. I must confess 't was ill, and I abhor it;
Only this good has risen from this evil,
I have tried your honesty, and find [it] proof,
A constancy that will not be corrupted,
And I much honour it.

Pin. This bell sounds better.

Ruy. My anger now, and that disgrace I have suffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my sick honour cur'd the right and straight way:
My sword 's in my hand now, nephew, my cause upon it,
And man to man, one valour to another,
My hope to his——

Pin. Why, this is like Ruy Dias;
This carries something of some substance in it,
Some mettle and some man; this sounds a gentleman[d];
And now methinks you utter what becomes you:
To kill men scurvily, 'tis such a dog-trick,
Such a rat-catcher's occupation——

Ruy. It is no better:
But, Piniero, now——

Pin. Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our states flung by, forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in service,
And such respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our fortunes,
And single manhoods——

Pin. In a service, sir,
Of this most noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, those and my fortunes
Are ready for you. I had thought you had
Forsworn fighting, or banish'd those brave thoughts
Were wont to wait upon you; I am glad
To see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are, nephew,
And thou shalt see what fire they carry in them:
Here; you guess what this means? [*Gives a challenge.*

Pin. Yes, very well, sir;
A portion of scripture that puzzles many an interpreter.

[d] *sounds a gentleman*] "i. e. sounds *like* a gentleman." MASON.

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Ruy. As soon as you can find him——
Pin. That will not be long, uncle;
And, o' my conscience, he 'll be ready as quickly.
Ruy. I make no doubt, good nephew. Carry it so,
If you can possible, that we may fight——
Pin. Nay, you shall fight, assure yourself.
Ruy. Pray you, hear me—
In some such place where it may be possible
The princess may behold us.
Pin. I conceive you:
Upon the sand behind the castle, sir,
A place remote enough; and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I am mistaken.
Ruy. You 're i' the right: if you can work that handsomely——
Pin. Let me alone; and, pray, be you prepar'd
Some three hours hence.
Ruy. I will not fail.
Pin. Get you home;
And, if you have any things to dispose of, or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly:
I warrant, I 'll bring him on.
Ruy. Farewell, nephew;
And, when we meet again——
Pin. Ay, ay, fight handsomely:
Take a good draught or two of wine to settle you;
[*Exit* RUY DIAS.
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conscience, uncle.—
I am glad to see this man's conversion;
I was afraid fair honour had been bed-rid,
Or beaten out o' th' island, soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base courses. He will fight now,
And, I believe, too, bravely; I have seen him
Curry a fellow's carcase handsomely;
And in the head of a troop, stand as if he had been rooted there,
Dealing large doles of death. What a rascal was I,
I did not see his will drawn!

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Enter QUISARA.

What does she here?
If there be any mischief toward, a woman makes one still:
Now what new business is for me? [*Aside.*
Quisara. I was sending for you;
But since we have [f] met so fair, you have sav'd that labour:
I must entreat you, sir——
Pin. Any thing, madam;
Your wills are my commands.
Quisara. You 're nobly courteous.
Upon my better thoughts, Signior Piniero,
And my more peaceable considerations
(Which now I find the richer ornaments),
I would desire you to attempt no farther
Against the person of the noble stranger
(In truth, I am asham'd of my share in 't),
Nor be incited farther by your uncle:
I see it will sit ill upon your person;
I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,
Carried at best, a most unheard-of cruelty:
Good sir, desist.
Pin. You speak now like a woman,
And wondrous well this tenderness becomes you:
But this you must remember,—your command
Was laid on with a kiss; and seriously
It must be taken off the same way, madam,
Or I stand bound still.
Quisara. That shall not endanger you:
Look you, fair sir, thus I take off that duty. [*Kisses him.*
Pin. By the mass, 'twas soft and sweet! some bloods would bound now,
And run a-tilt [*Aside*].—Do not you think, bright beauty,
You have done me, in this kiss, a mighty favour,
And that I stand bound, by virtue of this honour,
To do whatever you command me?
Quisara. I think, sir,
From me these are unusual courtesies,

[f] *have*] Weber chose to print "are"!

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And ought to be respected so: there are some,
And men of no mean rank, would hold themselves
Not poorly bless'd to taste of such a bounty.
Pin. I know there are, that would do many unjust things
For such a kiss, (and yet I hold this modest,)
All villanies, body and soul dispense with;
For such a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demolish the fair credits of their parents;
Those kisses I am not acquainted with: most certain, madam,
The appurtenance of this kiss would not provoke me
To do a mischief; 'tis the devil's own dance
To be kiss'd into cruelty.
Quisara. I am glad you make that use, sir.
Pin. I am gladder
That you made me believe you were cruel[g];
For, by this hand, I know I am so honest,
However I deceiv'd you, ('t was high time too;
Some common slave might have been set upon it else,)
That willingly I would not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry, for a woman;
She must be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find: to kill a man[h]!

[g] *That you made me believe you were cruel*] Seward proposed to read,

"*You made me* but *believe* that *you were cruel*".

[h] ——————— *to kill a man!*

If you will give me leave to get another, &c.] "This passage, although unnoticed by any of the editors, is absolute nonsense as it stands. It is probable that some line is omitted, which I shall not attempt to supply. No change of any of the words only will reduce it to sense." MASON. "I think, with this commentator, that a line or two must have been omitted, which is no uncommon thing in old plays. Piniero probably said, that though Quisara, or any other beauty, would grant him the last favour, he would never go by her commands, or prefer giving way to her fancy or inclination to deprecate her wrath. *Fancy* may in this place, as in numerous other instances, signify *love*." WEBER,—who is evidently wrong in supposing that "*fancy*" may here mean love.—Heath (*MS. Notes*) would make a transposition and point the passage thus:

"to kill a man,
And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy!
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it——"

i. e. 'to kill a man, and, for fear of incurring a woman's displeasure, obey the

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If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that play'd the best game at it,
* * * * * * * *
And, 'fore a woman's anger, prefer her fancy.

Quisara. I take it in you well.

Pin. I thank you, lady;
And I shall study to confirm it.

Quisara. Do, sir;
For this time, and this present cause, I allow it.

[*Exit* PINIERO.

Enter the Governor of Ternata *disguised as before*, QUISANA, *and* PANURA.

Most holy sir!

G. of Tern. Bless you, my royal daughter!
And, in you, bless this island, Heaven!

Quisara. Good aunt,
What think you of this man?

Quisana. Sure, he 's a wise man,
And a religious: he tells us things have happen'd
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quisara. Does he not meet with your sharp tongue?

Pan. He tells me, madam,
Marriage and mouldy cheese will make me tamer.

G. of Tern. A stubborn keeper, and worse fare,
An open stable, and cold care,
Will tame a jade, may be your share.

Pan. By 'r lady, a sharp prophet! When this proves good,
I 'll bequeathe you a skin to make you a hood.

G. of Tern. Lady, I would talk with you.

Quisara. Do, reverend sir.

G. of Tern. And for your good, for that that must concern you;
And give ear wisely to me.

Quisara. I shall, father.

dictates of her caprice! If you, or the loveliest of your sex, would reward me for it with your choicest favours——' The sentence is here interrupted; but we must suppose he meant to add, 'I would with scorn reject the temptation'."

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G. of Tern. You are a princess of that excellence,
Sweetness, and grace, that angel-like fair feature,—
Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this,—I am amaz'd, lady;
And, as I think, the gods bestow'd these on you,
The gods that love you.

Quisara. I confess their bounty.

G. of Tern. Apply it, then, to their use, to their honour,
To them and to their service give this sweetness;
They have an instant great use of your goodness:
You are a saint esteem'd here for your beauty,
And many a longing heart——

Quisara. I seek no fealty;
Nor will I blemish that Heaven has seal'd on me;
I know my worth: indeed the Portugals
I have at those commands, and their last services,
Nay, even their lives, so much I thank [i] my handsomeness,
That what I shall enjoin——

G. of Tern. Use it discreetly
(For I perceive you understand me rightly),
For here the gods regard your help, and suddenly:
The Portugals, like sharp thorns (mark me, lady,)
Stick in our sides; like razors, wound religion,
Draw deep, they wound till the life-blood follows [j];
Our gods they spurn at, and their worships scorn;
A mighty hand they bear upon our government:
These are the men your miracle must work on,
Your heavenly form, either to root them out,
(Which, as you may endeavour, will be easy;
Remember whose great cause you have to execute,)
To nip their memory, that may not [k] spring more,
Or fairly bring 'em home to our devotions;
Which will be blessèd, and for which you sainted,—
But cannot be; an they go, let me bustle [j]! [*Aside.*

[i] *thank*] The folios "thinke" and "think"; and so the modern editors.

[j] *Draw deep, they wound till the life-blood follows*] Sympson silently printed,—

"Drawn *deep, thy wound,* until *the life-blood follows*";

and so the Editors of 1778.

[k] *that may not*] Qy. "*that* it *may not*"?

[j] *But cannot be; an they go, let me bustle*] In both the folios thus,—

"*But cannot be,* and *they go; let me* buzzle";

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Quisara. Go up with me, where we 'll converse more privately:
I 'll shew you shortly how I hold their temper,
And in what chain their souls.
G. of Tern. Keep fast that hold still,
And either bring that chain, and those bound in it,
And link it to our gods and their fair worships,
Or, daughter, pinch their hearts a-pieces with it.
I 'll wait upon your grace.
Quisara. Come, reverend father.—
Wait you below. [*Exeunt* QUISARA *and* Governor of Ternata.
Pan. If this prophet were a young thing,
I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
These holy coats are long, and hide iniquities.
Quisana. Away, away, fool! a poor wretch.
Pan. These poor ones,
Warm but their stomachs once——
Quisana. Come in; thou art foolish. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The sea-beach.*

Enter ARMUSIA, EMANUEL, *and* PINIERO.

Arm. I am sorry, sir, my fortune is so stubborn,
To court my sword against my countryman:
I love my nation well; and where I find
A Portugal of noble name and virtue,
I am his humble servant. Signior Piniero,
Your person, nor your uncle's, am I angry with;
You are both fair gentlemen in my opinion,
And, I protest, I had rather use my sword
In your defences than against your safeties:
'Tis, methinks[k], a strange dearth of enemies,
When we seek foes among ourselves.

and so Sympson and the Editors of 1778.—"The last line is said aside, and should run thus—

'But cannot be; *an* they go, let me bustle',

or—

'But cannot be; and they *gone*, let me bustle'.

I should prefer the former, as nearer to the old reading; and the word *and* is frequently written instead of *an*." MASON.

[k] *'Tis, methinks*] Silently altered by Sympson to "*Methinks, 'tis*".

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Eman. You are injur'd,
And you must make the best on 't now, and readiest.
Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and arm'd,
To his desire that call'd me.
Pin. You speak honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on terms more friendly;
But it cannot now be so.

Enter RUY DIAS.

Eman. Turn, sir, and see.
Pin. I have kept my word with you, uncle;
The gentleman is ready.

QUISARA, *and the* Governor of Ternata *disguised as before, appear at a window of the Palace.*

Arm. You are welcome.
Ruy. Bid those fools welcome that affect [1] your courtesy;
I come not to use compliment. You have wrong'd me;
And you shall feel, proud man, ere I part from you,
The effects of that: if Fortune do not fool me,
Thy life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.
Arm. That 's a proud word; more than your faith can justify.
Quisara. Sure, they will fight.
Ruy. She is there; I am happy. [*Aside.*
G. of Tern. Let 'em alone; let 'em kill one another.—
These are the main posts; if they fall, the buildings
Will tumble quickly. [*Aside.*
Quisara. How temperate Armusia!
G. of Tern. No more; be quiet yet [m].

[1] *affect*] i. e. love, like.

[m] Quisara. *How temperate Armusia!*
G. of Tern. *No more; be quiet yet*] Both the folios thus;
"*Quisar.* How temperate Armusia!
No more, be quiet yet."

and so Sympson, though he suggested in a note that "possibly the words '*No more; be quiet yet*' belong to the Governor".—The Editors of 1778 and Weber followed Sympson's suggestion; and I unhesitatingly do so too; though Heath (*MS. Notes*) observes, "I see no reason why these words are not as proper in the mouth of Quisara to silence the Governor, as in that of the Governor himself."

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Arm. I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal malice in me;
But, since we cannot both enjoy the princess,
I am resolv'd to fight.

Ruy. Fight home, Armusia;
For, if thou faint'st or fall'st——

Arm. Do you make all vantages.

Ruy. All ways, unto thy life: I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy mercy[n].

Arm. I am arm'd, then.

Ruy. Stand still, I charge you, nephew, as you honour me.

Arm. And, good Emanuel, stir[o] not.

Pin. Ye speak fitly;
For we had not stood idle else.

G. of Tern. I am sorry for 't. [*Aside.*

Eman. But, since you will have it so——[p]

Ruy. Come, sir.

Arm. I wait you. [*They fight.*

Pin. Ay, marry, this looks handsomely, this is warm work!

G. of Tern. Both fall, an 't be thy will! [*Aside.*

[RUY DIAS *falls.*

Pin. My uncle dead! [*Draws.*

Eman. Stand still, or my sword 's in.

Arm. Now, brave Ruy Dias,
Now where 's your confidence? Your prayers, quickly!
Your own spite has condemn'd you.

[n] *thy mercy*] To my surprise, Heath (*MS. Notes*) says that the right reading is "my *mercy*." The meaning of the passage evidently is—I will not spare thee, nor do I look for *thy mercy*,—mercy at thy hands.

[o] *stir*] So the second folio.—The first folio leaves a space for the word (which probably the compositor of that folio could not decypher).

[p] G. of Tern. *I am sorry for 't.* [Aside.

Eman. *But, since you will have it so*—] "Both these lines belong to *Emanuel*, sorry that the seconds are not permitted to fight; or both to *Armusia*, for the unhappy necessity he lay under of fighting with his countryman. If it was left to me, I believe I should determine in favour of *Emanuel*." SYMPSON, —who must have written this note in a fit of downright obtuseness. "The Governor is disappointed at Ruy Dias' and Armusia's preventing two more Portugals from cutting each other's throats." HEATH (*MS. Notes*). "It has been already observed (vol. iii. 484) that the seconds, as well as the principals in duels, fought." WEBER.

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Quisara. Hold, Armusia!
Arm. Most happy lady!
Quisara. Hold, and let him rise;
Spare him for me!
Arm. A long life may he enjoy, lady!
G. of Tern. What ha' you done? 'tis better they had all perish'd.
Quisara. Peace, father; I work for the best.—Armusia,
Be in the garden an hour hence.
Arm. I shall, madam. [QUISARA *and* Governor of Ternata *withdraw from the window.*
Pin. Now, as I live, a gentleman at all inches!
So brave a mingled temper saw I never.
Arm. Why are you sad, sir? how would this have griev'd you,
If you had faln under a profess'd enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your shame too?
Pray you, be at peace: I am so far from wronging you,
Or glorying in the pride of such a victory,
That I desire to serve you: pray, look cheerfully.
Pin. Do you hear this, sir? this love, sir? do you see this gentleman,
How he courts you? why do you hold your head down?
'T is no high-treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' the field, no sin that 's mortal:
Come, come; thank Fortune and your friend.
Arm. It may be
You think my tongue may prove your enemy,
And, though restrain'd, sometimes, out of a bravery,
May take a license to disable[q] you:
Believe me, sir, so much I hate that liberty,
That in a stranger's tongue 't will prove an injury,
And I shall right you in 't.
Pin. Can you have more, uncle?
Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways; yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some title
That may be near your friend.

[q] *disable*] i. e. undervalue, speak detractingly of.

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Arm. Sir, I must leave you,
But with so hearty love—and, pray, be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong you.

[*Exeunt* ARMUSIA *and* EMANUEL.

Pin. Come, come; you are right again, sir: love your honour,
And love your friend; take heed of bloody purposes,
And unjust ends—good Heaven is angry with 'em;
Make your fair virtues and your fame your mistress,
And let these trinkets go.

Ruy. You teach well, nephew:
Now to be honourable[r] even with this gentleman,
Shall be my business, and my ends his. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. An apartment in the Palace.*

Enter the Governor of Ternata *disguised as before, and the* King of Tidore.

G. of Tern. Sir, sir, you must do something suddenly,
To stop his pride, so great and high he is shot up;
Upon his person too; your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot you.
I 'll bring you suddenly where you shall see him,
Attempting your brave sister, privately;
Mark but his high behaviour then.

K. of Ti. I will, father.

G. of Tern. And with scorn; I fear, contempt too.

K. of Ti. I hope not.

G. of Tern. I will not name a lust; it may be that also.
A little force must be applied upon him,

[r] *honourable*] "I have, I believe, shewn before, that our authors take the same liberty in our language that the Greeks and Latins do in theirs, *viz.* of using an adjective adverbially: so at the end almost of this play we have the same license took again;

'Which way you go, sir, I must follow *necessary*',

i. e. necessarily." SYMPSON. True: but I doubt if in the present passage the reading of the second folio, "honourably", be not the right one.

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Now, now applied, a little force to humble him:
These sweet entreaties do but make him wanton.
K. of Ti. Take heed you wrong him not.
G. of Tern. Take heed to your safety:
I but forewarn you, king; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come unsent——
K. of Ti. No, I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A garden belonging to the Palace.*

Enter ARMUSIA *and* QUISARA.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience or my service,
That may deserve your love or win a liking,
Not[s] a poor thought but I pursue it seriously,
Take pleasure in your wills, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at, and grow stormy:
I study new humility to please you,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions;
Because they come from you, I love my sorrows.
Pray, madam, but consider——
Quisara. Yes, I do, sir;
And to that honest end I drew you hither.
I know you have deserv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know you love.
Arm. If ever love was mortal,
And dwelt in man: and for that love command me
(So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady)
Something of such a greatness to allow me [t],

[s] *Not*] Both the folios "But"; and so the modern editors, though Sympson suggested that "*Not*" might be the true reading; which it certainly is: the words *but* and *not* are very frequently confounded by our early printers.

[t] *and for that love command me*
(So strong I find it, and so true, here, lady)
Something of such a greatness to allow me, &c.] "We should read—
'Something of such a greatness *too*, allow me'.
That is, let me not only receive your commands, but let them be of such mag-

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Those things I have done already may seem foils to:
'T is equity, that man aspires to Heaven
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter, behind, the Governor of Ternata *disguised as before, and the* King of Tidore.

G. of Tern. Now stand close, king, and hear; and, as you find him,
Believe me right, or let religion suffer.

Quisara. I dare believe your worth, without additions;
But, since you are so liberal of your love, sir,
And would be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you would not, win me
At such an easy rate.

Arm. I am prepar'd still,
And, if I shrink——

Quisara. I know you are no coward:
This is the utmost trial of your constancy;
And, if you stand fast now, I am yours, your wife, sir.
You hold there's nothing dear, that may atchieve me,
Doubted, or dangerous?

Arm. There 's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight fly to it.

Quisara. I 'll tell you, then: change your religion,
And be of one belief with me.

Arm. How!

Quisara. Mark:
Worship our gods, renounce that faith you are bred in,
('T is easily done, I 'll teach you suddenly,)
And humbly on your knees——

nitude and difficulty, that my former actions shall appear as foils to set them off. Both the sense and grammar require this amendment. To *allow* here means to appoint or allot." MASON,—whose alteration was adopted by Weber. But nothing can be plainer than that the construction is, "*Command me something*", i. e. command me to do something; and it is equally evident that "*of such a greatness to allow me*" means—of such a magnitude to approve me,—prove me worthy of approbation. *Allow* in the sense of approve is very common in early writers: see Steevens's note on Shakespeare's *K. Lear*, act ii. sc. 4. So, too, in the preceding play;

"no spark of nature
Allows him [i. e. proves him worthy to be] mine now." p. 321.

and see *Wit without Money*, vol. iv. 150.

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Arm. Ha! I'll be hang'd first.
Quisara. Offer as we do.
Arm. To the devil, lady!
Offer to him I hate! I know the devil!
To dogs and cats! you make offer to them[u],
To every bird that flies, and every worm.—
How terribly I shake!—Is this the venture,
The trial that you talk'd of?—Where have I been,
And how forgot myself, how lost my memory?
When did I pray, or look up stedfastly,
Had any goodness in my heart to guide me,
That I should give this vantage to mine enemy,
The enemy to my peace? Forsake my faith!
Quisara. Come, come; I know you love me.
Arm. Love you this way!
This most destroying way! sure, you but jest, lady.
Quisara. My love and life are one way.
Arm. Love alone, then—
And mine another way: I'll love diseases first,
Dote on a villain that would cut my throat,
Woo all afflictions of all sorts, kiss Cruelty.—
Have mercy, Heaven! how have I been wandering,
Wandering the way of lust, and left my Maker!
How have I slept like cork upon a water,
And had no feeling of the storm that toss'd me!
Trod the blind paths of Death! forsook assurance,
Eternity of blessedness, for a woman!
For a young handsome face, hazard my being!
Quisara. Are not our powers eternal, so their comforts
As great and full of hopes as yours?
Arm. They are puppets——
G. of Tern. Now mark him, sir, and but observe him nearly.
Arm. Their comforts like themselves, cold, senseless outsides;
You make 'em sick, as we are, peevish, mad,
Subject to age: and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themselves?

[u] *you make offer to them*] Sympson proposed to read "*you make* me *offer to them?*" The Editors of 1778 printed "*you* do *make offer to them*".

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Quisara. The sun and moon we worship (those are heavenly),
And their bright influences we believe.
Arm. Away, fool!
I adore the Maker of that sun and moon,
That gives those bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths, and taught their motions:
They are not so great as we; they are our servants,
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when and how the swellings of the main are,
And their returns again; they are but our stewards
To make the earth fat with their influence,
That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to please a woman?
For her embraces bring my soul to ruin?
I look'd you should have said, "Make me a Christian;
Work that great cure"; for 't is a great one, woman;
That labour truly to perform, that venture,
The crown of all great trial, and the fairest;
I look'd you should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Wash'd off your mist of ignorance with waters
Pure and repentant from those eyes; I look'd
You should have brought me your chief god ye worship,
He that you offer human blood and life to,
And made a sacrifice of him to memory,
Beat down his altars, ruin'd his false temples.
G. of Tern. Now you may see.
Quisara. Take heed; you go too far, sir.—
And yet I love to hear him [*Aside*].—I must have you,
And to that end I let you storm a little:
I know there must be some strife in your bosom
To cool and quiet you, ere you can come back;
I know old friends cannot part suddenly;
There will be some let[v] still: yet I must have you,
Have you of my faith too, and so enjoy you.
Arm. Now I contemn you: and I hate myself
For looking on that face lasciviously;
And it looks ugly now methinks.

[v] *let*] i. e. hindrance, stop.

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Quisara. How, Portugal!

Arm. It looks like Death itself, to which 't would lead me:
Your eyes resemble pale Despair; they fright me;
And in their rounds a thousand horrid ruins
Methinks I see; and in your tongue hear fearfully
The hideous murmurs of weak souls have suffer'd.
Get from me! I despise you: and know, woman,
That for all [w] this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortal life [x], I hate and curse you,
Contemn your deities, spurn at their powers,
And where I meet your maumet-gods [y], I 'll swing 'em
Thus o'er my head, and kick 'em into puddles;
Nay, I will out of vengeance search your temples,
And, with those hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild worships.

G. of Tern. Now, now you hear, sir.

Arm. I will have my faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious Cross, although I love your brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole state storm.

K. of Ti. Enter, and take him!

[*To* Guards *within, who enter and seize* ARMUSIA.

I am sorry, friend, that I am forc'd to do this.

G. of Tern. Be sure you bind him fast.

Quisara. But use him nobly.

K. of Ti. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv'd you fair; but to our gods, sir—

Quisara. Methinks I hate 'em now. [*Aside.*

K. of Ti. To our religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them——

Arm. Use all your violence:
I ask no mercy, nor repent my words;

[w] *all*] Mason would omit this word.

[x] *life*] Weber chose to print "soul" !!

[y] *maumet-gods*] i. e. idol-gods, puppet-gods. (At page 493, Armusia calls them "puppets".) So the first folio. — The second folio has "Mahumet *gods*".—The word *maumet* (spelt also *mawmet, mawment, mammet, mammot,* and common in writers long anterior to Fletcher) is a corruption of *Mahomet.*

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I spit at your best powers; I serve one
Will give me strength to scourge your gods——
G. of Tern. Away with him!
Arm. To grind 'em into base dust, and disperse 'em,
That never more their bloody memories——
G. of Tern. Clap him close up.
K. of Ti. Good friend, be cooler.
Arm. Never:
Your painted sister I despise too——
K. of Ti. Softly!
Arm. And all her devilish arts [I] laugh and scorn at,
Mock her blind purposes.
K. of Ti. You must be temperate.—
Offer him no violence, I command you strictly.
G. of Tern. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too. [*Aside.*
Quisara. Oh, how I love this man, how truly honour him! [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Tidore. Before the Portuguese Fort.*

Enter, on one side, CHRISTOPHERO *and* PEDRO, *on the other,* EMANUEL *and* SOZA.

Christ. Do you know the news, gentlemen?
Eman. Would we knew as well, sir,
How to prevent it!
Soza. Is this the love they bear us
For our late benefit? taken so maliciously,
And clapt up close! is that the thanks they render?
Christ. It must not be put up thus, smother'd slightly;
'T is such a base unnatural wrong!
Pedro. I know,
They may think to do wonders, aim at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o' th' islands;

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But if we be ourselves, honest and resolute,
And continue but masters of our ancient courages,
Stick close, and give no vantage to their villanies——
Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall a-pieces now,
We are fools, and worthy to be mark'd for misery.
Begin to strike at him they are all bound to!
To cancel his deserts! what must we look for,
If they can carry this?
Eman. I 'll carry coals[z], then.
I have but one life, and one fortune, gentlemen,
But I 'll so husband it to vex these rascals,
These barbarous slaves——
Christ. Shall we go charge 'em presently?
Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too fool-hardy;
We must have grounds that promise safety, friends,
And sure offence; we lose our angers else,
And, worse than that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter PINIERO[a].

Pin. Did you see mine uncle?—Plague o' these barbarians!
How the rogues stick in my teeth!—I know ye are angry:
So I am too, monstrous angry, gentlemen;
I am angry, that I choke again:
You hear Armusia 's up, honest Armusia,
Clapt up in prison, friends, the brave Armusia?
Here are fine boys!
Eman. We hope he shall not stay there.
Pin. Stay! no, he must not stay; no talk of staying;
These are no times to stay. Are not these rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not rogues?
Think some abominable names—are they not devils?
But the devil 's a great deal too good for 'em—fusty villains!

[z] *I'll carry coals*] Equivalent to—I 'll put up with any insult or degradation. In the royal residences and great houses, the lowest drudges appear to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c.; see note on Jonson's *Works*, ii. 169, by Gifford, who afterwards (p. 179) observes, "From the mean nature of this occupation it seems to have been somewhat hastily concluded, that a man who would carry coals would submit to any indignity."

[a] *Piniero*] Weber added "*with his sword drawn*," on account of P.'s third speech, next page. But the "physic" there mentioned seems to be some kind of ammunition.

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Christ. They are a kind of hounds.
Pin. Hounds were their fathers,
Old blear-ey'd bob-tail'd hounds.—Lord, where's my uncle?
Soza. But[a] what shall be done, sir?
Pin. Done!
Soza. Yes, to relieve him?
If it be not sudden, they may take his life too.
Pin. They dare as soon take fire and swallow it,
Take stakes and thrust into their tails for glysters:
His life! why, 't is a thing worth all the islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very imprisonment will make the town stink,
And shake and stink: I have physic in my hand for 'em
Shall give the goblins such a purge——
Pedro. Your uncle.

Enter RUY DIAS.

Ruy. I hear strange news, and have been seeking you;
They say Armusia 's prisoner.
Pin. 'T is most certain.
Ruy. Upon what cause?
Pin. He has deserv'd too much, sir;
The old heathen policy has light[b] upon him,
And paid him home.
Ruy. A most unnoble dealing!
Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely.
He has deserv'd of all.
Ruy. I must confess it;
Of me so nobly too!
Pin. I am glad to hear it:
You have a time now to make good your confession,
(Your faith will shew but cold else, and for fashion,)
Now to redeem all, now to thank his courtesy,
Now to make those believe, that held you backward
And an ill instrument, you are a gentleman,
An honest man, and you dare love your nation,
Dare stick to virtue, though she be opprest,
And, for her own fair sake, step to her rescue:

[a] *But*] Silently omitted by Weber.
[b] *light*] i. e. lit (as at p. 300). The Editors of 1778 and Weber printed "lit."

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If you live ages, sir, and lose this hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmur, and no man in't.
Ruy. I thank you, nephew.—Come along with me, gentlemen;
We 'll make 'em dancing sport immediately:
We are masters of the fort yet; we shall see
What that can do.
Pin. Let it but spit fire finely,
And play their turrets and their painted palaces
A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
And caper in the air.
Ruy. Come; we 'll do something
Shall make 'em look about; we 'll send 'em plums,
If they be not too hard for their teeth.
Pin. And fine potatoes
Roasted in gunpowder: such a banquet, sir,
We 'll [c] prepare their unmannerly stomachs——
Ruy. They shall see
There is no safe retreat in villany.
Come; be high-hearted all.
All. We are all on fire, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A hall in the Palace.*

Enter the King of Tidore, *the* Governor of Ternata *disguised as before, and* Attendants.

K. of Ti. I am ungrateful, and a wretch,—persuade me not,—
Forgetful [d] of the mercy he shew'd me,
The timely noble pity. Why should I
See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true courtesy,
Whose manhood, and whose mighty hand set me free?
Why should it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankful?
G. of Tern. Had the offence been thrown on you, 't is certain
It had been in your power and your discretion

[c] *We 'll*] Both the folios "Will."

[d] *Forgetful*, &c.] I may just observe, that this line is not unmetrical, if an emphasis be laid on the word "*me*."

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To have turn'd it into mercy, and forgiven it,
And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of gratitude,
Timely and nobly taken; but, since the cause
Concerns the honour of our gods and their title,
And so transcends your power and your compassion,
(A little your own safety, if you saw it too,
If your too-fond indulgence did not dazzle you,)
It cannot now admit a private pity;
'Tis in their wills, their mercies, or revenges,
And these revolts in you shew mere rebellious[d].

K. of Ti. They are mild and pitiful.

G. of Tern. To those repent.

K. of Ti. Their nature 's soft and tender.

G. of Tern. To true hearts,
That feel compunction for their trespasses:
This man defies 'em still, threatens destruction
And demolition of their arms[e] and worship,
Spits at their powers. Take heed you be not found, sir,
And mark'd a favourer of their dishonour:
They use no common justice.

K. of Ti. What shall I do
To deserve of this man?

G. of Tern. If you more bemoan him,
Or mitigate your power to preserve him,
I 'll curse you from the gods, call up their vengeance,
And fling it on your land and you: I have charge for 't.—
I hope to wreck you all. [*Aside.*

Enter QUISARA *with her hands bound*, QUISANA, *and* PANURA.

K. of Ti. What ails my sister?
Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?
Who dares[f] do this?

Quisana. We did it,—pardon, sir,—
And for her preservation: she is grown wild,
And, raving on the stranger's love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, "Help, help! they will torture him,

[d] *mere rebellious*] "i. e. merely, absolutely rebellious." WEBER.

[e] *arms*] Sympson proposed to read "names." Heath (*MS. Notes*) conjectures "fanes."

[f] *dares*] Both the folios "does."

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They will take his life, they will murder him presently!"
If we had not prevented, violently
Had[f] laid hands on her own life.
G. of Tern. These are tokens
The gods' displeasure is gone out: be quick,
And, ere it fall, do something to appease 'em;
You know the sacrifice.—I am glad it works thus. [*Aside.*
Quisara. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert noble!
No figure of a king, methinks, shews on you,
No face of majesty: foul swarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy sweetness; base forgetfulness
Of mighty benefits has turn'd thee devil:
Thou hast persecuted goodness, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on virtue,
On that fair virtue that should teach and guide us;
Thou hast wrong'd thine own preserver, whose least merit,
Pois'd with thy main estate, thou canst not satisfy;
Nay, put thy life in too, 'twill be too light still.
What hast thou done?
G. of Tern. Go for him presently;
[*Exeunt* Attendants *on a sign from the* King.
And once more we 'll try if we can win him fairly;
If not, let nothing she says hinder you or stir you;
She speaks distractedly: do that the gods command you.—
Do you know what you say, lady?
Quisara. I could curse thee too:
Religion and severity has steel'd thee,
Has turn'd thy heart to stone; thou hast made the gods
hard too,
Against their sweet and patient natures, cruel.
None of ye feel what bravery ye tread on,
What innocence, what beauty!——
K. of Ti. Pray, be patient.
Quisara. What honourable things ye cast behind ye,
What monuments of man!

[f] *Had*] Mason's correction. Both the folios "Have"; and so Sympson; so too the Editors of 1778, who say that "something (perhaps a whole line) seems lost here." Heath (MS. Notes) proposes "Would have".

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Enter ARMUSIA *and* Guard.

K. of Ti. Once more, Armusia,
Because I love you tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win you mine, I wish you,
Even from my heart I wish and woo you——
Arm. What, sir?
Take heed how you persuade me falsely; then you hate me;
Take heed how you entrap me.
K. of Ti. I advise you,
And tenderly and truly I advise you,
Both for your soul's health and your safety—
Arm. Stay;
And name my soul no more; she is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too secure too.
G. of Tern. Consider the reward, sir, and the honour
That is prepar'd, the glory you shall grow to.
Arm. They are not to be consider'd in these cases,
Not to be nam'd; when souls are questionèd,
They are vain and flying vapours. Touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye; put it to what test
It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest,
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountain out o' the way with bellows,
As soon as stir my faith: use no more arguments.
G. of Tern. We must use tortures, then.
Arm. Your worst and painfull'st
I am joyful to accept.
G. of Tern. You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our deities,
Deliver'd openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free conversion to our customs,
Or equal punishment, which is your life, sir.
Arm. I am glad I have it for ye; take it, priest,
And all the miseries that shall attend it:
Let the gods glut themselves with Christian blood;
It will be ask'd again, and so far follow'd,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy justice,

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Your gods of gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your altars and your temples shake to nothing;
And you, false worshippers, blind fools of ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your heads and fears in,
For seas to swallow you from this destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye,
Your mothers' wombs again——

G. of Tern. Make the fires ready,
And bring the several tortures out!

Quisara. Stand fast, sir,
And fear 'em not: you that have stept so nobly
Into this pious trial, start not now;
Keep on your way; a virgin will assist you,
A virgin won by your fair constancy,
And, glorying that she is won so, will die by you:
I have touch'd you every way, tried you most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing-chaste, and temperate,
Valiant without vain-glory, modest, staid,
No rage or light affection ruling in you;
Indeed, the perfect school of worth I find you,
The temple of true honour.

Arm. Whither will she?—— [*Aside.*
What do you infer by this fair argument, lady?

Quisara. Your faith and your religion must be like you;
They, that can shew you these, must be pure mirrors:
When the streams flow clear and fair, what are the fountains?
I do embrace your faith, sir, and your fortune:
Go on; I will assist you; I feel a sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my affection,
And tells me it will rise to flames of glory:
Let 'em put on their angers: suffer nobly;
Shew me the way, and, when I faint, instruct me;
And, if I follow not——

Arm. Oh, blessèd lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph!—
Come, clap your terrors on.

Quisara. All your fell tortures;
For there is nothing he shall suffer, brother,

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I swear by my new faith[g] (which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so), but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of affliction,
In spite of all your gods, without prevention.

G. of Tern. 'Death! she amazes me. [*Aside.*

K. of Ti. What shall be done now?

G. of Tern. They must die both,
And suddenly; they will corrupt all else.—
This woman makes me weary of my mischief;
She shakes me, and she staggers me [*Aside*].—Go in, sir;
I 'll see the execution.

K. of Ti. Not so sudden:
If they go, all my friends and sisters perish.

G. of Tern. Would I were safe at home again! [*Aside.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, sir!
Seek for defence; the castle plays and thunders,
The town rocks, and the houses fly i' th' air,
The people die for fear. Captain Ruy Dias
Has made an oath he will not leave a stone here,
No, not the memory here has stood a city,
Unless Armusia be deliver'd fairly.

K. of Ti. I have my fears: what can our gods do now for us?

G. of Tern. Be patient: but keep him still; he is a cure, sir,
Against both rage and cannon. Go and fortify;
Call in the princes[h], make the palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a king; look nobly,
And take your courage to you. Keep close the prisoner,
And under command; we are betray'd else.

Arm. How joyfully I go!

Quisara. Take my heart with thee.

G. of Tern. I hold a wolf by the ear now: Fortune, free me! [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

[g] *by my new faith*] The first folio has "*by new faith*". The second reads "*by a new faith*".

[h] *princes*] The folios "Princesse" and "Princess."

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SCENE III.—*The same. A street. Firing of cannon within.*

Enter four Townsmen.

First Towns. Heaven bless us, what a thundering 's here! what fire-spitting!
We cannot drink but our cans are maul'd amongst us.
Sec. Towns. I would they would maul our scores too! Shame o' their guns!
I thought they had been bird-pots, or great candle-cases:
How devilishly they bounce, and how the bullets
Borrow a piece of a house here, there another,
And mend those up again with another parish!
Here flies a powdering-tub[i], the meat ready roasted,
And there a barrel pissing vinegar;
And they two, over-taking the top of a high steeple
Newly slic'd off for a[j] sallad——
Third Towns. A vengeance fire 'em!
Sec. Towns. Nay, they fire fast enough; you need not help 'em.
Fourth Towns. Are these the Portugal bulls? how loud they bellow!
Sec. Towns. Their horns are plaguy strong; they push down palaces;
They toss our little habitations,
Like whelps, like grindle-tails[k], with their heels upward;
All the windows i' the town dance a new trenchmore[l],—

[i] *a powdering-tub*] i. e. a vessel in which meat is powdered or salted.

[j] *a*] Omitted by Weber.

[k] *grindle-tails*] Nares, on the authority of the present passage, gives; "*Grindle-tail.* Like trundle-tail; meaning, I presume, curling tail. Possibly from a grindle-stone, or grind-stone, which is round." *Gloss.* in v. Richardson also cites the present passage in his *Dict.* under *Grind. Trindle-tail* has already occurred in *The Honest Man's Fortune*, act v. sc. 3., vol. iii. 438; and is found also in *Love's Cure*, act iii. sc. 3.

[l] *trenchmore*] Was a dance of a boisterous description performed to a lively tune. It is very frequently mentioned by our early writers. "The Court of England," says Selden, "is much alter'd. At a solemn Dancing, first you had the grave Measures, then the Corrantoes and the Galliards, and this is kept up [*read*

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'Tis like to prove a blessèd age for glaziers:
I met a hand, and a letter in 't, in great haste,
And by-and-by a single leg running after it,
As if the arm had forgot part of his errand;
Heads fly like foot-balls every where.

First Towns. What shall we do?

Sec. Towns. I care not; my shop 's cancell'd,
And all the pots and earthen pans in 't vanish'd:
There was a single bullet and they together by the ears;
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troop[m] of devils.

Third Towns. Let 's to the king,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handsomely:
By this hand, there 's no walking above ground else.

Sec. Towns. By this leg[n], (let me swear nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I shall owe[o] it,) if I were
Out o' the town once, if I came in again
To fetch my breakfast, I will give 'em leave
To cram me with a Portugal pudding. Come,
Let us do any thing to appease this thunder. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Portuguese Fort.*

Enter PINIERO *and* PANURA.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind priest?

Pan. Yes, most certain;
He has provok'd all this: the king is merciful,
And wondrous loving; but he fires him on still,

—this kept up] with Ceremony; at length to *Trenchmore*, and the Cushion-Dance; and then all the Company dances, Lord and Groom, Lady and Kitchen-Maid, no Distinction. So in our Court, in Queen Elizabeth's time, Gravity and State were kept up. In King James's time things were pretty well. But in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *Trenchmore* and the Cushion-Dance, *omnium gatherum*, tolly polly, hoite come toite." *Table-Talk* (under *King of England*), p. 83, ed. 1696. The music of *Trenchmore* may be seen in Chappell's *Nat. English Airs*, i. 112 (No. 238).

[m] *troop*] Sympson silently printed "troops"; and so his successors.

[n] *leg*] After this word, both the folios have a short break (perhaps to mark the omission of "pox").

[o] *owe*] "i. e. own." *Ed.* 1778.

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And, when he cools, enrages him; I know it;
Threatens new vengeance and the gods' fierce justice,
When he but looks with fair eyes on Armusia;
Will lend him no time to relent. My royal mistress,
She has entertain'd a Christian hope.

Pin. Speak truly.

Pan. Nay, 'tis most true; but, Lord, how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her!
And, I fear, if not speedily prevented,
If she continue stout, both shall be executed.

Pin. I 'll kiss thee for this news; nay, more, Panura,
If thou wilt give me leave, I 'll get thee with Christian,
The best way to convert thee.

Pan. Make me believe so.

Pin. I will, i'faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The palace is close guarded and barricado'd.

Pan. I came through a private vault, which few there know of;
It rises in a temple not far hence,
Close by the castle here.

Pin. How! to what end?

Pan. A good one;
To give you knowledge of my new-born mistress,
And in what doubt Armusia stands:
Think any present means or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends. The princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also.

Pin. The damn'd priest——

Pan. Sure, he 's a cruel man: methinks religion
Should teach more temperate lessons.

Pin. He the firebrand!
He dare to touch at such fair lives as theirs are!
Well, prophet, I shall prophesy[p] I shall catch you,
When all your prophecies will not redeem you.—
Wilt thou do one thing bravely?

Pan. Any good I am able.

Pin. And, by thine own white hand, I 'll swear thou art virtuous,

[p] *I shall prophesy*] Mason believes that we should read "*I* do *prophesy*."

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And a brave wench. Durst thou but guide me presently,
Through the same vault thou cam'st, into the palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit?

Pan. Yes, I will do it, and suddenly and truly.

Pin. I would fain behold this prophet.

Pan. Now I have you,
And shall bring you where you shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences;
That shall be my care: but you must not betray me.

Pin. Dost thou think we are so base, such slaves, rogues?

Pan. I do not;
And you shall see how fairly I 'll work for ye.

Pin. I must needs steal that priest, steal him, and hang him.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his mischief; strangle him.

Pin. Come, prithee, love.

Pan. You 'll offer me no foul play?
The vault is dark.

Pin. 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And you may—
But I hold you honest.

Pin. Honest enough, I warrant thee.

Pan. I am but a poor weak wench; and what with the place,
And your persuasions, sir—but I hope you will not—
You know we are often cozen'd.

Pin. If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind?

Pan. To let you know, sir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gentleman——

Pin. I know what he 'll do:
Come, and remember me, and I 'll answer thee,
I 'll answer thee to the full: we 'll call at the castle;
And then, my good guide, do thy will; 'sha't find me
A very tractable man.

Pan. I hope I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE V.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter, below, the King of Bakam, *the* Prince of Syana, *and* Soldiers.

K. of Bak. Let my men guard the gates.
P. of Sy. And mine the temple,
For fear the honour of our gods should suffer:
And, on your lives, be watchful.
K. of Bak. And be valiant;
And let 's see, if these Portugals dare enter,
What their high hearts dare do: let 's see how readily
The great Ruy Dias will redeem his countryman[q];
He speaks proud words, and threatens.
P. of Sy. He is approv'd[r], sir,
And will put fair for what he promises.
I could wish friendlier terms; yet, for our liberties
And for our gods, we are bound in our best service,
Even in the hazard of our lives.

Enter the King of Tidore *on a balcony of the Palace.*

K. of Ti. Come up, princes,
And give your counsels and your helps: the fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turns our people wild with fears.
K. of Bak. Send for the prisoner,
And give us leave to argue.

[*Exit into the Palace with* Prince of Syana.

Enter, below, Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christophero, *and* Pedro, *with* Soldiers.

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the fort play still; we are strong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure:
It may be, on our view they will return him.
Christ. We will return 'em such thanks else, shall make 'em
Scratch where it itches not.
Eman. How the people stare!

[q] *countryman*] Both the folios "*countrey*-men."
[r] *approv'd*] i. e. proved—of tried prowess.

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And some[s] cry, some pray, and some curse heartily;
But it is the king——

Enter, above, King of Bakam, Prince of Syana, QUISARA, *and* ARMUSIA *chained, with* Soldiers.

Ruy. I cannot blame their wisdoms.
They are all above; Armusia chain'd and bound too!
Oh, these are thankful squires!

K. of Bak. Hear us, Ruy Dias,
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy answer:
Command thy cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted people,
Or suddenly Armusia's head goes off,
As suddenly as said.

Eman. Stay, sir; be moderate.

Arm. Do nothing that 's dishonourable, Ruy Dias;
Let not the fear of me master thy valour:
Pursue 'em still; they are base malicious people.

K. of Ti. Friend, be not desperate.

Arm. I scorn your courtesies:
Strike when you dare!—A fair aim[t] guide the gunner,
And may he let fly still with fortune! Friend,
Do me the honour of a soldier's funerals[u],
The last fair Christian rite; see me i' the ground,
And let the palace burn first, then the temples,
And on their scornèd gods erect my monument:
Touch not the princess, as you are a soldier.

Quisara. Which way you go, sir, I must follow necessary;
One life and one death.

K. of Ti. Will you take a truce yet?

Enter, below, PINIERO, SOZA, *and* Soldiers *with the* Governor of Ternata *disguised as before.*

Pin. No, no; go on.—Look here; your god, your prophet!

K. of Ti. How came he taken?

[s] *And some,* &c.] In this line Sympson silently omitted the first "and", Weber the second.

[t] *aim*] Sympson's correction.—The folios "arme" and "arm". See my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's editions of Shakespeare*, p. 152.

[u] *funerals*] See note, vol. v. 298.

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Pin. I conjur'd for him, king:
I am a sure cur at an old blind prophet;
I'll hunt [v] you such a false knave admirably;
A terrier I; I earth'd him, and then snapt him.
Soza. Saving the reverence of your grace, we stole him,
E'en out of the next chamber to you.
Pin. Come, come, begin, king;
Begin this bloody matter when you dare—
And yet I scorn my sword should touch the rascal——
I'll tear him thus before you.
[*Pulls off the false beard and hair of the* Governor of Ternata.
Ha! what art thou?
K. of Ti. How's this! art thou a prophet?
Ruy. Come down, princes.
K. of Ti. We are abus'd.—Oh, my most dear Armusia!—
Off with his chains!—And now, my noble sister,
Rejoice with me; I know you are pleas'd as I am.
[*Exeunt all above.*
Pin. This is a precious prophet!—Why, Don Governor,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?
Ruy. Why, what a wretch art thou to work this mischief!
To assume this holy shape to ruin honour,
Honour and chastity!

Enter, below, the King of Tidore, *the* King of Bakam, *the* Prince of Syana, QUISARA, ARMUSIA, *and* Soldiers.

G. of Tern. I had paid you all,
But Fortune play'd the slut. Come, give me my doom.
K. of Ti. I cannot speak for wonder.
G. of Tern. Nay, 't is I, sir;
And here I stay your sentence.
K. of Ti. Take her, friend,
(You have half persuaded me to be a Christian,)
And with her all the joys, and all the blessings!
Why, what dream have we dwelt in?
Ruy. All peace to ye,
And all the happiness of heart dwell with ye!
Children as sweet and noble as their parents——

[v] *hunt*] Sympson's correction.—Both the folios "haunt".

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Pin. And kings at least!
Arm. Good sir, forget my rashness;
And, noble princes[w], for I was once angry,
And out of that might utter some distemper,
Think not 'tis my nature.
P. of Sy. Your joy is ours, sir;
And nothing we find in you but most noble.
K. of Ti. To prison with this dog! there let him howl,
And, if he can repent, sigh out his villanies!
His island we shall seize into our hands;
His father and himself have both usurp'd it,
And kept it by oppression: the town and castle,
In which I lay myself most miserable,
Till my most honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signior Piniero, I bestow on you;
The rest of next command upon these gentlemen;
Upon ye all, my love.
Arm. Oh, brave Ruy Dias,
You have started now beyond me! I must thank you,
And thank you for my life, my wife, and honour.
Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, sir.
K. of Ti. Come, princes;
Come, friends and lovers all; come, noble gentlemen;
No more guns now, nor hates, but joys and triumphs!
An universal gladness fly about us!
And know, however subtle men dare cast[x]
And promise wreck, the gods give peace at last. [*Exeunt.*

[w] *princes*] The first folio has "Princesse", the second folio "Princesses". "The first copy surely is right, Armusia meaning to apologise for his passionate language, in a former scene, to Quisara." *Ed.* 1778. "The answer of the Prince of Syana evidently proves the propriety of [Sympson and] Seward's reading. The same corruption has occurred before in this very play, and is also found in *A Wife for a Month*, and several others." WEBER.

[x] *cast*] i. e. contrive, plot.

END OF VOL. VII.

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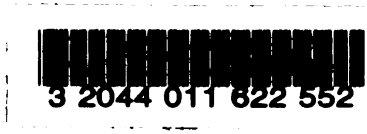
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